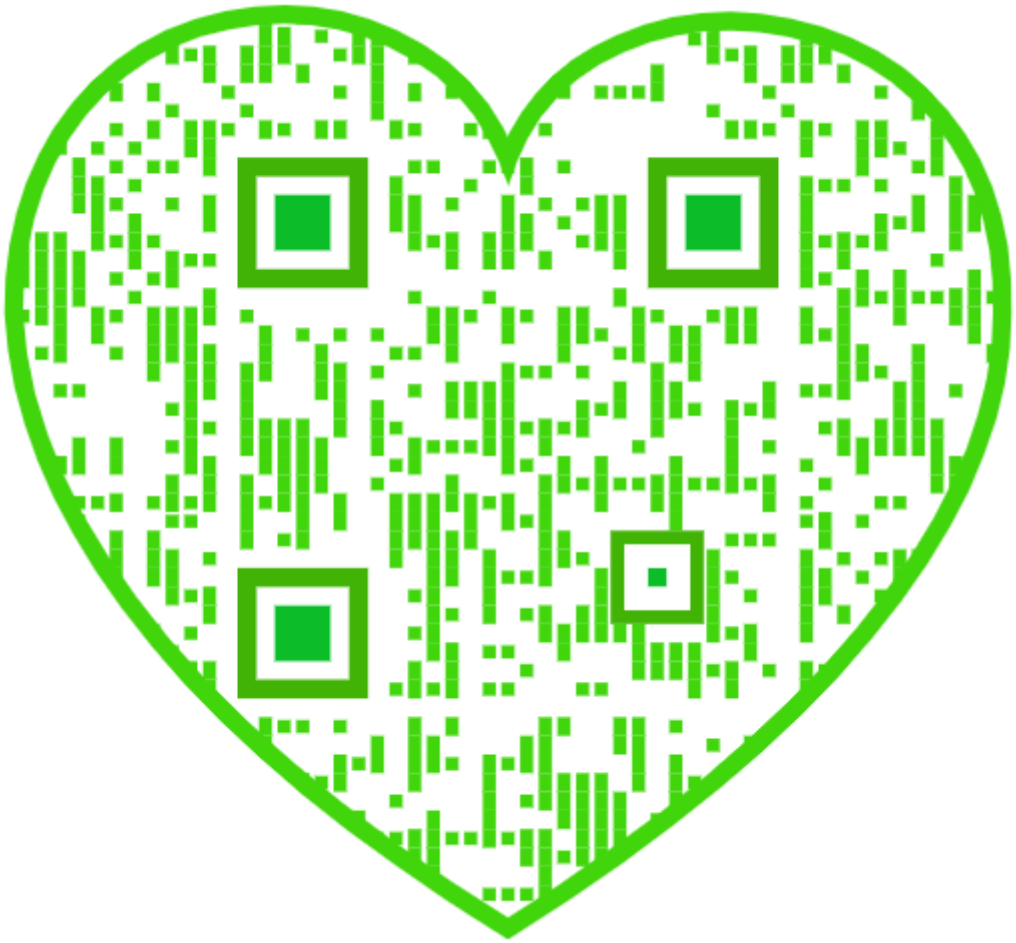

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF JOURNALISM.

THE [illegible]

Personal Reminiscences

OF

Thirty-five Years of Journalism.

BY
FRANC B. WILKIE
("POLIUTO")

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Mrs. Henry B. Joy
8/17/46

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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF JOURNALISM.

I.

First View of an Editor.

The first editor, printing-office, and other attachments of a newspaper which I ever saw were in Schenectady, New York, in 1854. They were all a revelation as stunning, as novel as the first view of Niagara Falls to an appreciative stranger, or the art galleries of the Louvre to an enthusiastic visitor.

The newspaper was the *Evening Star*, then lately started in that ancient city, and was the initial daily pioneer. It was located on the second floor of a building between the canal and the railway, on State Street.

An ardent curiosity possessed me to inspect the mysteries of a newspaper. Born far up in the hill region, I knew but little of the civilization of cities, and had come to the town to take a course in its college, with the hayseed still in my hair and with the aroma of the barnyard scarcely removed from my boots. I waited for no invitation to visit the

Star office, but, with the innocent audacity of the average country bumpkin, I, self-invited, climbed the narrow stairway, and entered an open door which led into a small and very dirty room.

There was fresh tobacco-juice, and stains of ancient leechings of the quid all over the floor. The window-panes were obscured with dust. There was a long table across one end of the room which was littered with newspapers, agricultural and Patent Office reports, and piles of pamphlets.

At a smaller table, on the opposite side of the room, was seated a man leaning over some printed slips. I had a quarter view of his countenance and figure. His legs were of enormous length and were coiled all around and under his chair. The portion of his face that I could see was deeply pitted from small-pox. He was in his shirt-sleeves; he had no collar or cuffs, but wore on the back of his head a towering "stove-pipe" hat, white, with a woolly surface.

The small table was occupied to its utmost capacity. There were a paste-pot and brush, a pair of scissors, an ink-bottle, several newspapers, dozens of letters, some torn and dirty, some manuscripts open and folded. Before him lay some long, narrow pieces of white paper, printed on one side, leaving a small margin, on which he appeared to be making hieroglyphics with a lead-pencil.

It was with awe that I felt myself in the presence of that potent magnate, an Editor!

He glanced over his shoulder, said "How do you do?" rose to his feet and faced about, towering with his tall hat to

the altitude of a pine tree. His face was regular, his expression good-natured, his eyes a pleasant, penetrating blue, his mouth wide, and his lips touched with smiles. He was thin, which exaggerated the effect of his great height.

Such the appearance of the first of the many hundreds I have encountered since in the editorial profession. His name was Colborne — an Englishman by descent, a printer by trade, and editor and publisher by profession.

"What can I do for you?" he asked in a low, pleasant voice.

I explained that I was from the country, and had an intense desire to look through a newspaper establishment.

"Oh, is that it? All right. Bob!" he called through the door leading into another room; "here, show this young man through the office."

Bob was the initial specimen of my view of printers' devils. His hands, face, clothing were disguised in ink; he wore a calico shirt, and a pair of ragged trousers, suspended from his shoulders by a tow string.

I will not stop to give the details I saw in the composing-room. I may say that all were novelties, and that the feature which most excited my admiration and surprise was the distribution of the type into the small boxes in which each piece belonged. The printer, taking a line of type in his right hand, would distribute them among scores of these little compartments, his fingers flying like lightning all over the "case," never making an error, and, apparently, much of the time looking somewhere else.

II.

How I came to enter the Profession.

At that period I was in possession of the sentimentality, common to youth, which finds utterance in rhythmical lines characterized by being headed with capital letters. I sent several of these products to the *Star* over the signature of "Freshman," and was astonished one morning to find at the top of the editorial column a request for the writer of the "Freshman" articles to call at the *Star* office.

With a throbbing heart and my brain whirling with anticipation, I climbed the stairway of the *Star* and found myself in the presence of the pock-marked giant with the tall, woolly hat.

"Are you the editor?" I asked in a shaking voice.

"Yes," he replied, with a genial smile, as he looked up from his work. "Can I do anything for you?"

I handed him the slip from the *Star*, and said: "I called in response to this."

"Are you 'Freshman'?"

"Yes, sir."

He rose, offered his hand, shook mine cordially: "Sit down; I wish to talk with you."

He then asked me some questions about my life, residence,

how much I had written, what had been my course of reading, what I was doing, and then continued:

"The *Evening Star* has lately been started, and is yet an experiment, although, I believe, with excellent prospects of success. My time is so much taken up with the practical details that I can not give the literary department much attention. What I want is to secure somebody to take the department off my hands. It is for that purpose that I inserted the request for 'Freshman' to come to the office."

I was thunder-struck, and tried to say something, but could only stutter incoherently.

"Now, what I wish is that you should take the place. Can you do it?"

I found breath finally to say that I would be very glad to undertake the work, but had no experience, and, besides, I had to carry on my studies in college.

"Try it. It won't take much of your time from your studies; you need only add a couple of hours a day to your labors."

"Well," I said, after a few moments' thought; "I will try it for a while, but I'm afraid I won't be able to give satisfaction."

"All right; I'll chance your failure. At present what I most need is editorial matter. As to compensation, we are just starting, and are not yet on a paying basis, so I can't offer much salary."

I was quick to assure him that salary cut no figure, at least for the present.

As a matter of fact, money did cut a very important part in my affairs. I was distressingly poor. I had earned enough, by teaching school in winter and performing mechanical work in summer, to fit myself for college, and had earned sufficient to pay my board three months in advance by building a barn for a farmer near the city. The three months had about expired at the time when I was sent for by Colborne, and I had no immediate prospect of further income till I could teach school another winter.

Hence, despite my apparent indifference to the matter of salary, it was really of vital interest.

"I'll pay you, at the start, four dollars a week," he said. "It's so small an amount that I'm ashamed to offer it."

"Oh, that's all right. Money is of no account," I replied, with supreme indifference.

In truth, the amount named, ridiculously small as it now seems, suffused my soul with a joy and satisfaction which, for the moment, almost suffocated me. I had just engaged board at two dollars a week, with no possible prospect of meeting the payment until I had taught another term of a country school.

Four dollars a week! It was unbounded wealth. I have never since, in the matter of wages, found any offer a thousandth part as inspiring and satisfactory as this munificent offer of the princely Colborne. It was as unexpected and welcome as the discovery by Wolfe of the pathway which led to the heights of the plain of Abraham, Montcalm, and victory.

III.

A Full-Fledged Editor.

The *Star* had no especial political affiliations, being neutral and independent. It was a folio of six columns, and mechanically handsome, for Colborne was an artist in typography.

The literary department was turned over to me, and I handled it without interference, and with a bare suggestion now and then from the chief.

I wrote ponderous essays, comments on local affairs, handled dog-fights, was insolent, flippant, argumentative, sentimental, impertinent, pessimistic, or the reverse, as the mood possessed me.

There was little order in the make-up of the editorial page. The leader might be an erotic article in verse, followed by a fierce assault on the mismanagement of the railway for running over one of the cows that wandered at will in the ancient town, or sage suggestions to the reverend principal of the college, Dr. Nott.

"Everything went." The estimate placed on my work may be inferred from the fact that, at the end of the first month, my salary was raised to eight dollars, an addition of one hundred per cent.

I became ambitious. I learned, at odd spells, to "set type," to "make up the forms," and in other directions to secure a fair knowledge of the practical workings of a printing-establishment.

I carried on my studies and recitations, and found time to start a literary weekly, the most of whose original matter, including a long serial story, was never written, but composed as I set it up at the case.

One of its features was a page of musical composition, the words being furnished by some one of my literary acquaintances. I purchased a font of type for musical notation and learned to use and "set up" the matter with my own hands. It may be readily seen that, in editing the *Star*, learning the printing business, keeping up my college studies, and issuing the literary venture, I was a busy youth.

The great New York Central honored me with an annual pass, by whose agency I saw much of the country and cities along that line of railway. It was an era when passes were as common as air. Traveling to the terminus of the Central, I would call on the superintendent of a connecting road, show him the annual pass of the Central, and say:

"I am the editor of the *Evening Star*, of Schenectady, and I would like to look over the country reached by your road. I shall write some letters as things of interest present themselves."

"Certainly! Glad to accommodate you. There you are! Good day."

The official of the next road was shown the two passes and exhibited the same compliance. I traveled over many of the railways in New York, Michigan, Illinois and Iowa, and in no instance met with a refusal.

IV.

Union College and its Notabilities.

Union College, at that period, was in its prime. The famous Eliphalet Nott was president; Laurens Hickok, vice-president; after whom came a galaxy of genius and scholarship: Taylor Lewis, Elias Peissner, "Captain Jack" Foster, Prof. Newman, and others who had no superiors in any other college faculty on the continent.

A prominent figure was Mrs. Urania Nott, the wife of the president, and exercised as much influence in the management of college affairs. She was many years the junior of her venerable husband, and her tall figure, raven hair and flashing black eyes made an admirable contrast to the stooping form and white locks of the Doctor.

She had a voice in the counsels of the faculty; she was an essential factor in the numerous business enterprises of her husband — for he was a shrewd, practical man outside of educational matters, and made much money in outside operations.

Urania Nott was his Mentor, his staff, his inspiration. She knew every student; was their friend, their nurse, their sympathizer, and a mother.

A curious sight to the new student was the white-haired

president and the stately and juvenile wife riding about the streets of the old city in a three-wheeled vehicle, drawn by a sober white horse which had all the dignity of its driver.

Many of the students had fine literary ability, and contributed liberally to my weekly publication, in both prose and rhyme. One of these was Egbert Phelps, who, during the war, served as a captain in the regular army, and who has for many years been a resident of Joliet, engaged in the successful practice of the law.

Another one of my contributors, Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, became afterwards very famous on account of his genius and his misfortunes. One of the poems which he wrote for the *New Era*, as my publication was entitled, was "The Hymn of the Soul of Man," and which, although appearing in his later works, was originally prepared for my journal, and on my personal solicitation. It is so fine an effort that I reproduce it in full:

"We are not things of yesterday:
Our souls' ancestral rivers run
From fountains of antiquity
That gushed ere God lit up the sun.
Across the solitudes of Time,
No more by mortal footsteps trod,
Where the dead nations sleep sublime,
Come whispers of our source in God.

"The slumber of Humanity
Is ever vexed by mighty dreams:
She smiles or shudders ceaselessly,
According as the vision seems;

For, ever mingling in her sleep,
Are glorious temples broken down,
And gulfs, across whose awful deep
She grasps at a primeval crown.

"And here and there among the years
Some giant prophet lifts his hands,
And pours his burden in her ears,
As Furus sweeps the ocean sands.
Such was the voice that shook the world
From out Academia's trees,
And such the lightning that was hurled
From thy blind eyes, Maconides!

"Unconscious prophets though they be,
Seers meaning more than they have known,
And dreaming not that Deity
Was speaking through them from His throne,
Their word shall like the sea-waves roll,
Their burning thoughts shall never die,
Till man awakes his sleeping soul,
To know its immortality.

"Arise to deeds of great intent,
O man! and with thy valiant hands
Rear heaven-high a monument
Whose shadow shall reach other lands.
The glories of a noble strife
Survive the pulses of endeavor,
The echoes of a mighty life
Ring through Time's corridors forever."

Ludlow immortalized himself, at least among the *alumni* of Union College, by his "Song to Old Union," which is since always sung at the annual commencement exercises, and at the various *alumni* banquets held throughout the country.

There are three eight-line verses, and a chorus. The first verse will afford an idea of the qualities of the song, especially its exquisite smoothness:

"Let the Grecian dream of his sacred stream,
And sing of the brave adorning
That Phœbus weaves from his laurel leaves
At the golden gate of the morning:
But the brook that bounds through the Union's grounds
Gleams bright as the Delphic water,
And a prize as fair as a god may wear
Is a dip from our Alma Mater.

CHORUS:

"Then here's to thee, the brave and free,
Old Union smiling o'er us,
And for many a day, as thy walls grow gray,
May they ring with thy children's chorus."

Ludlow, at that period, was about twenty years of age, slender, of medium height, light as to eyes, hair and complexion. He was regarded as somewhat "queer" by the other students, among whom he was not very popular.

He was reticent, and hilarious and talkative at intervals; he was a confirmed punster. He came into a room, one day, where some students were chatting. He carried a stiff silk hat in one hand and smoothed its nap with the other.

"Say, fellows, what kind of a hat is this?" he asked.

Beaver, silk and other materials were mentioned.

"Wrong, all of you. Don't you see it's *felt?*" as he continued to rub its surface.

His life was, on the whole, a most unhappy one. He fell into the habit of opium-eating, from which he never entirely

recovered. He was unfortunate in his domestic relations. He published a good deal, "The Interior of the Continent" being the most important. Its main feature, and one of the most interesting, was his study of the Mormons.

He died before he reached middle age, the victim of opiumania and disappointment.

V.

Toward the Setting Sun.

The *Star* did not dim in its luster, and within a year my salary grew to twelve dollars a week, and the free occupancy of a fine suit of rooms in the residence of Mr. Colborne.

One of my college chums was George C. Harrington, the son of a farmer near Joliet. When he left Union, he joined a brother, a steamboat man, who lived at Davenport, Iowa. The latter was possessed of considerable means which he offered to share with his brother. George looked the ground over, and, being more or less literary in his tastes, concluded that the best investment would be an evening newspaper.

This was in the spring of 1856, and soon after young Harrington reached Davenport I received a letter from him in which he offered me a half interest in his enterprise, without cost to myself; he to furnish the plant, and sufficient capital to sustain the publication until it grew strong enough to walk alone.

I felt, of course, highly complimented by this liberal proposition; and after some further letters from Harrington, in which he painted, in richest colors, the beauty and won-

derful prospects of the city and its surroundings, and more especially the certainty of immediate success, and ultimate fortune in the newspaper venture, I threw up my position on the *Star*, and went to Davenport.

Davenport was then a handsome and promising town. The first railway bridge across the Mississippi had just been completed, connecting the Chicago and Rock Island Railway with Davenport.

It may be said at this point that this splendid connection was an object of intense opposition — its building, and its existence long after its completion. The river interests, which included the majority of the population of the city, saw only ruin in the bridge. It would make the town a way-station ; it would annihilate the two ferry-boats which transported freight and passengers across the river, and pauperize the team-owners and all the other industries involved in the transportation business.

The opposition was furious. Threats of blowing up the bridge were common, and when some reckless pilots, in taking their vessels through the draw, would now and then wreck one against a pier, the disaffection against the structure assumed almost the dimensions of a riot. Time passed. There was a ferry-boat or two thrown out of service, but, in the end, Davenport throve under the alleged misfortune and became rich and prosperous, *malgre lui.*

Davenport was, at that time, a characteristic "river town." The majority of the business interests were involved in the receipt and shipment of goods by the Mississippi

River. Long lines of steamers lay along the "levees," as the landings were termed. The men connected with the river traffic were the aristocracy of the region. The captain was away up in the altitude of rank.

The pilot, when he stood at his wheel, was a greater person than the captain. The clerk of the boat was always spoken of by the newspapers as "Billy Johnson, the gentlemanly and popular clerk of the *Hawkeye*."

Even the burly, big-fisted, bull-necked, blaspheming mate rose considerably above the average business man, the lawyer and the preacher in the estimate of the elements of the population which found occupation in loafing or working on the levee.

Back of the shanties, the capacious warehouses, the gin-mills, the ground rose slowly toward the lofty bluffs, on which were scattered dwellings, a few business blocks, the steeples and spires of three or four churches. The sloping site of the town was a lovely one, and, to some extent, justified the ardent belief of its residents — especially those who owned and owed for real estate — that it was the future city of the great West.

VI.

Rainbows in the Sky.

Harrington, my partner, a slender young blonde, had thoroughly mastered the printing business before he entered Union College, and, as a consequence, he had no difficulty in selecting the material for the new venture. Office and composing, as well as press rooms, were all secured in a single apartment on the second floor of Judge James Grant's block.

On September 20, 1856, the first number of the *Daily Evening News* was given to the public. It was a five-column sheet, and, being printed from brand-new type and on some paper selected for a beginning, it was exceedingly handsome, and satisfactory to the publishers and a fairly large share of the community.

As a matter of course, the initial number had a plethoric supply of advertisements, so that the first paper was full of promise of substantial circulation and excellent business patronage.

"Isn't she a beauty?" asked my partner, as he picked one of the first copies from the pile and regarded its clear, distinct impressions with a warmth of admiration such as he would have extended to a masterpiece of Guido.

"Indeed she is!" was the reply of his equally enthusias-

tic partner. "We have got it! The future is ours, and we'll wipe the *Democrat* out of existence!"

The *Democrat* was a morning daily which had been started some months, and concerning which more anon. Suffice it that, without knowing any of the editors, publishers, or anything else concerning the paper in question, we hated it with deadly animosity.

There was also a morning Republican newspaper, the *Gazette*, and which, of course, we were compelled to look upon with contempt as the organ of the opposition, the mere and mercenary instrument of fanatics and bigots; but from a personal and business standpoint there was nothing venomous, as in the case of our rival.

Time rolled on till the holidays came, and during all this period business was satisfactory. Other newspapers sent us marked copies of their issues, in which were flattering notices of the *News*, with "Please X" on the wrapper. These papers were nearly or quite all weeklies, semi-monthlies or monthlies, and yet they were so cordial and flattering in their allusions that we could not resist their request for an even exchange.

Under the staring head-line, "What the Press Thinks of Us," we reproduced all these compliments in leaded minion, and felt that we were deserving of all the outrageous flattery, and also thought that the public, perusing these notices with an untrammeled interest, would accept all as Gospel truth.

Up to the last day of the year business was flourishing,

and we frequently felicitated each other on the bonanza we had found and the certainties of a grand success in the near future. So promising was this period that our enterprise attracted attention from foreign capital.

Hon. George Van Hollern, now a well-known judge on the bench in New York City, and his brother, John, were in Davenport at the time engaged in the practice of law. They were so impressed with the success of the *News* that they proposed to its proprietors to organize a real-estate and banking house in connection with the newspaper.

Capital in New York City became interested; the purposed institution was given a name; cards were printed on which were the names of the Van Hollerns, and those of Harrington and myself, as constituting the combination.

One may fancy the feelings of two young fellows just out of college as they contemplated this galaxy of glory, all within less than four months! It was overpowering, incomprehensible! We could not repress our joy; we moved on wings; we no longer walked: we soared far up in the blue empyrean!

VII.

Clouds follow the Rainbows.

Almost immediately after the holidays there was big falling-off in advertisements. The shrinkage was palpable and alarming. At the same time collections became difficult: accounts regarded as gilt-edged, and which we had held back for a possible emergency, were met by requests to "call again!"

The *News*, in a little time, was running at a loss. For a couple of months we had worked off the issue on a hand press, and just before business turned we had taken advantage of the boom to purchase a power press, the money for which had been advanced by an enthusiastic farmer who was anxious to have something to do with a newspaper. We were to pay for the press in installments, one of which was past due, and another near maturity, and our patron was getting inquisitive, paying us frequent visits and seeming to be unusually interested in our welfare.

George and I discussed the situation.

"What, in the name of Heaven, is the matter with everything and everybody? Business is stampeded and is on the run," was his discouraging remark.

I had nothing to do with the practical department of the

paper, and only knew that up to date things had gone well.

"What's the trouble?"

"The bottom has apparently dropped out of the *News* and also out of the town. I can't collect anything; the paper-bills are over-due; the old man is getting uneasy about the press, and to-day, for the first time, I have had to pay the printers only a little over half their wages."

"That's pretty tough! I don't see but one way out of it."

"What's that?"

"To 'strike' John for enough to cover the deficit and tide us over till spring business opens."

John was the steamboat man who was backing our enterprise, or, rather, who had supplied us with funds to start in business.

"I was in hopes," said George, "that I would not be obliged to call on him again, for some time at least. You know that the amount he has left in the pot is only two thousand dollars, and this was to be kept for improvements."

The conclusion was, however, that the situation imperatively demanded relief. George reluctantly agreed to interview our patron.

A couple of hours later he came back, his face white as a shroud and his mouth twitching with pain.

"In God's name, what ails you?" I asked, in alarm at his appearance.

"We are ruined!" was his despondent reply.

This incident demands some retrospection. In the Presi-

dential election of 1856, Fremont and Buchanan were opposed, and the contest, involving all the bitterness and hatred of the free-soil issues, was carried on with a vindictiveness that was almost deadly in its intensity. Our capitalist was a strong Democrat, but was carried away, confused, lost in the political turmoil, and concluded that Fremont would carry Iowa, as well as the entire election. Inspired by this conviction, he wagered one thousand dollars that Buchanan would lose Iowa and another thousand that he would not be elected.

Of course, he lost both the bets, and the money thus wagered was the fund he had laid aside for the support of the *News*.

This was the information which my partner brought me after his interview with his brother.

"But he says," added George, "that he will make it up to us when navigation opens in the spring. That will be three months yet; but when the river is clear he will make money fast — at least a thousand dollars a trip from St. Louis to St. Paul."

"Well, we'll have to get on some way till that time. But don't you think it pretty rough on us and the party that a Democrat should invest money on a Democratic defeat, especially when there was not the slightest possibility of a Republican victory, and more especially when the money thus lost was the vital support of a struggling Democratic newspaper?"

We did not disagree on this point. We separated, very

despondent, but determined to try and get through some way till the winter ice floated out of the river.

VIII.

Struck by a Cyclone.

The dullness of the winter season was of itself depressing; the loss of the money wagered on Fremont's election added vastly to our embarrassment; and even this was not all that conspired to impede our progress.

Without being at all aware of the imminence of a catastrophe, one was pending which was to wreck almost a nation's prosperity. There were indications of a financial depression; the commercial barometer showed a rapid decline; but few, unless the more sagacious of the weather-prophets, foresaw anything like the real extent of the storm.

It was the famous, malignant, destructive financial crisis of 1857 that was moving over the country, and which, in time, swept everything before it with the fury and destructiveness of a tornado.

I need not enter into the details of this calamitous event, further than to state that Davenport was especially affected by its operations. The only currency in use in the community was what was termed "Florence" money, and which was the issue, in Florence, Nebraska, of a firm of private bankers doing business in Davenport. The wild-cat banks everywhere had been utterly ruined; the Florence

money had been brought in in order to evade the law, and circulated freely at a considerable discount below gold.

As said, the *News* did not at first comprehend the real calamity that was pending. When we found that the reserve on which we had depended was lost, we turned our attention to efforts to tide over the crisis in our affairs till the opening of navigation, when we confidently anticipated an ample supply.

It had always been the case on the river, that, when the ice went out on the Upper Mississippi, there were always boats below, between Cairo and St. Louis, waiting for the clearing of the ice.

Among these waiting boats there was a fierce strife prevailing as to which should take the lead in the first trip up the river. Good pilots were in high demand, and sure of a small fortune in case they succeeded in holding the wheel of the first boat.

My partner's brother, John, was one of the best pilots on the Upper Mississippi River. He was always among the first to be selected for the initial trips; and it was upon this engagement that our hopes now turned. His vessel was the *Argo* that was to bring us the golden fleece.

The pilot left some time in February for St. Louis, to be on hand in ample time for the sailing of the first boat.

"Boys," he said as he left, "you needn't worry any more. She" (meaning the river) "is going to open early, and I'll be back in a jiffy, loaded with cash to the hurricane deck."

"When do you think you will get back?"

"Oh, the first or middle of March, for certain."

We shook hands all around, and put up a fervent orison for his success and his swift return.

From this period on, George and myself occupied ourselves in making small payments on the more pressing debts, staving off others, and waiting and watching for the breaking up of the river ice. The latter seemed as if it were a permanent fixture: teams continued to cross it as if they anticipated keeping it up all summer.

Then there was a break opposite the city, and our hopes were aroused, and then it gorged on the rapids, and we were torn with despair. Thus hopes and fears alternated while we watched the river as Sister Ann looked from the window of the castle in search of relief from death.

Finally the fetters were knocked off, and we began to scan the lower river to discover the smoke of a steamer over the horizon; we listened at all hours of the night for the welcome shriek of a whistle.

"There she is!" ejaculated George one day. "There she comes! Glory to God, we're all right!"

We rushed down to the levee, which was but a couple of blocks away, and saw far down the river the form of a steamer, with clouds of smoke pouring from her smoke-stacks, and a jet of white steam flying from her whistle.

Her deck had a few passengers, and two or three men were in the pilot-house.

IX.

The Wreck of Matter and the Crash of Worlds.

"That's John, sure!"

"It doesn't look like John. If it's he, he is shorter than he was, and has raised whiskers."

It required a visit to the pilot-house to learn the personality of the supposed John. The man proved to be somebody else.

"Did I see Jack in St. Louis? He was there a-waitin', like fifty others, for a job. There is six pilots for every boat. They say that river navigation is all gone to h—l on account of that bridge."

It was true that the bridge was materially influencing certain commercial phases; but the real interruption was due to the paralysis of the financial crisis.

Several boats from below came up the river, and it was not until two or three weeks after navigation was clear that the much-yearned-for pilot made his appearance. He cut all our ardent hopes off at a single blow.

"River business is played," he said, with indignation. "Time was when steamboat owners almost broke their necks trying to get first to St. Louis, to secure their favorite pilot and to beg him to accept a thousand dollars to take a

boat to St. Paul! Now there are more pilots than wheels, and the best of talent has to go begging for a job at half the old figures. It's all that cussed bridge!"

It was with broken hearts that we received this unexpected intelligence, which promised only remediless disaster. It is true that John hinted that perhaps later on there might be an improvement, but the suggestion was so exceedingly faint that it afforded us no actual encouragement.

The steamer pulled out, went up through the draw, and soon after disappeared around the bend.

We two were prostrated by the intelligence, and for a time concluded that there was no recourse save to close out our business. After a time the elasticity and hopefulness of youth asserted itself, and we determined to continue the struggle.

"We've got more coming to us than we are owing; let's make 'em pay up!"

We tried assiduously to "make 'em pay up," but they couldn't in some cases, and wouldn't in others. As a matter of fact, business was prostrated. Very much of the real estate was owned by large proprietors who were eaten up by taxation, who could get no sales for their lands, with the result that many of them were millionaires in the possession of corner lots and acre property, and but little better than beggars in means of livelihood.

Now began a death struggle on the part of the young owners of the *News*. To meet a pressing indebtedness,

they had resort to some one of the numerous "banks" engaged in loaning Eastern money and discounting local paper. Two-and-a-half per cent. a month was the smallest figure at which accommodation could be obtained, and which, of course, was ruinous to any legitimate business.

During the summer of 1857 we struggled in deep water. Often it was up to our chins, and now and then we sank over our heads, only to be rescued strangled and exhausted.

Finally the task became no longer tolerable. It was suggested that the cost of the support of one of the partners would be only half that of two. Accordingly an attempt was made to lighten the craft by throwing over ballast. I was the ballast that was dropped into the raging waters.

Harrington assumed the ownership of the paper with all its credits and liabilities. I was left adrift without a dollar.

I may as well, at this point, trace the career of the *Evening News* to its sepulchre. George Harrington became wearied of assisting its weakened steps, and turned it over to the charity of John Johns, a son of Bishop Johns, of Baltimore, who was then in the practice of law in Davenport. Johns was immensely pleased to become the owner of a newspaper, and beyond doubt contemplated making it one of the leading newspapers in the West.

However, Johns soon tired of his pet, and within a short time handed it over to some other credulous victim, who passed it along till it finally was placed in the receiving-vault of the *Democrat*, where, for a while, there appeared the inscription, *The Democrat-News*, and soon after the latter

half disappeared and was interred in the fathomless, insatiate potter's field of defunct journalism.

X.

A Model Western Town.

My partner, Harrington, engaged in some other occupation till the outbreak of the Civil War. He entered the service in an Illinois regiment and rose to the rank of Captain. He afterwards engaged in business and has met with great success. He was for several years mayor of Watseca, is president of a wealthy bank, and the possessor of substantial wealth. He is a man of family, and a citizen universally respected in his community.

At the date of my journalistic venture in Davenport, there were two other English dailies — the *Gazette* and the *Democrat*, both morning issues, the first-named Republican, and the other Democratic.

The first journal started in Davenport, if not in the State, was in 1838, by Andrew Logan. In fact, it undertook to cover portions of two States, Iowa and Illinois, as may be inferred by its name, which was *The Iowa Sun and Davenport and Rock Island News*. It was published as a weekly till 1841, when it was succeeded by the *Davenport Weekly Gazette*, by Alfred Saunders. In 1853 it became a tri-weekly, and in 1854 a daily.

The *Democrat* commenced as a daily issue the next month

after the *Evening News*, in October, 1856. It was started by Hildreth, son of the Attorney-General of New York, and who died the next September, when the *Democrat* fell into the hands of Richardson and West. Later, West was succeeded by Richardson's brother, and the firm yet remains Richardson & Brother.

This newspaper, the latest-born of a brood of dailies in Davenport, was in the nature of Aaron's rod, inasmuch as it swallowed all the others. It first bolted the *Evening News*, and, after digesting it, threw it out; a couple of years ago it swallowed the *Gazette*, and became an evening journal, the *Democrat-Gazette*. In due season the *Gazette* nutriment was assimilated, and the paper became solely the *Democrat*, which it yet remains.

There is a queer phase in the life of this newspaper which will bear narration. Some years ago it lost money with great rapidity — so much so that the senior proprietor became disheartened, and one evening announced to his brother that the next issue should be the final one. The institution had about beggared him, and he was determined to stop it before it dragged him into the poor-house.

Thereupon the younger brother pleaded earnestly for a delay of three days. The request was reluctantly granted, and the young man hastily packed his carpet-bag and took the night train for Chicago.

The next morning, bright and early, he began work. He approached all sorts of business men and offered to advertise their goods and take his pay in kind. The scheme

"took." It was but a couple of days before goods of all kinds commenced pouring into the home office. Large warehouses were secured and were filled with "truck" of every possible kind.

Nothing came amiss. There were reapers, mowing-machines, all kinds of agricultural implements, patent medicines, baking-powders, boots and shoes, ready-made clothing, seed-potatoes, rat-poison, pianos, guitars, barrels, demijohns and bottles of whisky, wine, champagne, sewing-machines, watches, jewelry, steam-engines, and a thousand other things of every possible kind and conception.

A ready sale, at figures below the market price, was had, and wealth rapidly inundated these fortunate brothers.

The Davenport newspapers were, as a rule, mere party organs at that period. They had no telegraph news save such as came at second-hand from the then limited supply of the Chicago newspapers. Devotion to party was the test of the value of the journal. All else was subordinated to this feature. The *News* once "bolted" in the case of some small Democratic action, and was at once denounced by some of the managers, and efforts were resorted to to deprive it of the patronage of advertising men and the support of subscribers.

There was a single point of agreement among the local newspapers: that of holding Davenport to be the healthiest, handsomest, most promising city in the State and on the Upper Mississippi River.

John Harrington, the pilot, died in Texas, soon after the

war; the elder Saunders of the *Gazette*, a suave, dignified, cultivated gentleman, died a few years ago, and "Add," the younger brother, a dyspeptic lath which a slight breeze would blow away, entered the army, rose to be a General, and issued from the conflict with the health and muscle of a light-weight prize-fighter.

There were some men in Davenport, at the period of my stay, who afterwards obtained more or less note. One of the most famous of these was Austin Corbin — now a noted capitalist — then a private banker of the firm of Corbin & Dow. He was noted for his sterling Democracy, his close attention to business, but gave no hint of the height which he was to attain.

Hon. John F. Dillon, who has since attained so great a height in the judicial world, was a young and promising lawyer.

Hon. James Grant, the well-known millionaire, was a leading citizen, a large owner of real estate, a firm Democrat, and a leading, influential public man.

Captain James May, a veteran steamboat-owner from Pittsburg, was very prominent as the owner of enormous tracts of unimproved land in Davenport. He was so much so that he was unable to carry it through the panic, and lost every dollar of his supposed wealth.

Hiram Price was a resident of the town. His extreme views on prohibition; his labor to build up the Sons of Temperance; his connection with various conspicuous federal offices, and his great wealth, have made him widely

known. His daughter was the wife of Rev. Robert Laird Collyer, to whose memory the beautiful structure connected with the Unitarian Church, on Wabash Avenue, was erected.

Mr. Neeley, a venerable and respected citizen of Chicago, and the father of the Neeley Brothers, Rochester shoe-house, was the distributor of the *Evening News* in Davenport.

Another noted person living in that day at Davenport was Antoine LeClaire. His father was a Canadian Frenchman, and his mother the grand-daughter of a Pottawattamie chief. His wife was the grand-daughter of a Sac chief, Acoqua (the Kitten). In 1808 he was in business in Milwaukee; in 1809 he was a partner of John Kinzie, at Fort Dearborn (Chicago), and in 1833 he was appointed postmaster at Davenport. He spoke some twelve Indian languages, or dialects, and both English and French. He lived to a great age, his life replete with action and adventure; his charities were vast, including the beautiful church of St. Margaret, and he died leaving immense wealth.

XI.

A Change of Base.

The disposition of the *News* to Harrington left me without a dollar in cash. I had taken a wife in the spring of 1857, in the belief that I had an assured income. This fact added considerably to the embarrassment of my condition.

I cast about for some occupation, and soon decided that there was a good opportunity for a book on Davenport and vicinity.

It is a town in and about which many stirring events took place in the early part of the century. A fort — Armstrong — was built on the Island in 1816 as a protection against hostile Indians; it was the home of Blackhawk, Keokuk, and other notable Indian chiefs.

I talked over the plan of a book which should embody the history of the place, its present character, and the probabilities of its future, and found that it was well received by my friends. I laid the matter before the printing-house of Luse, Lane & Co., who agreed to consider the proposition in case they could get some guarantees as to the sale of the work.

I made a canvass among some of the more prominent citizens, and in a week secured a written agreement for the purchase of 3,000 copies at $3.00 each.

The printing-firm eagerly snapped up the job, and I began the work. There was no contract between us save a verbal one that, as I had secured the sale of the book in advance, and was to do all the literary labor, there was to be a fair division of the profits. Meanwhile it was agreed that the firm should advance me five dollars a week while writing the book, and which they proceeded to do in Florence currency, worth from fifty to sixty cents on the dollar.

With this labor in hand, I had no trouble to establish a credit for food and supplies of all kinds, so that, with the cash in hand each week, I managed to get through till spring without much difficulty.

I drove the work to the full extent of my ability, and at the end of three months it was printed and in the bindery. As may be inferred, I was well satisfied with my winter's work. I confidently anticipated that my share of the enterprise would be at least fifteen hundred dollars.

One day, Lane, one of the partners, came to me, and said he wished to have a little private talk with me. We went into a secluded corner, when he said :

"I suppose you have no doubt that I am your friend?"

"Why, yes, I always thought so. Why do you ask?"

"Well, there is liable to be trouble about your book."

"Trouble? What do you mean?"

"This is it. I learn that Judge Grant has taken out papers to levy on your book."

"What for? What has Judge Grant got to do with the book, or what have I to do with him?"

"It has something to do with some debt of the *News* for rent."

"But I've nothing to do with the *News*. When my old partner took possession, he formally assumed all the liabilities and agreed to collect all the indebtedness from outsiders."

"That don't relieve you. You are holden for the debts of the paper just the same as if you were still a partner."

"That would be an infernal outrage!"

"Maybe it would be, but Grant has the law on his side, whether he has or has not right."

I was suddenly tossed back to earth with a force that stunned me. All my hard winter's work useless, all my bright anticipations blasted. Lane watched me as I writhed under the torture, and, after allowing it to operate for a time, he said:

"Look here; it's too infernally bad, and I'll help you out! There is no justice in this claim, for the man who took the *News* should pay its indebtedness."

"What can be done about it?"

"I'll tell you. I'm your friend, and, as a mere matter of form, you know, you sign this bill of sale for the book. It's all right — just to prevent an injustice."

Wholly ignorant in such matters, I signed the paper under the conviction that it was but justice to my rights.

When the book was on the market, and the cash was coming in, I spoke to Lane, saying:

"Can't we have some settlement about the book? I am pretty hard up. My creditors who have trusted me all winter naturally expect to get their pay."

"Settlement? What settlement? About what book are you talking?"

"Why, my share in the sales of 'Davenport Past and Present.'"

"Your share? What have you got to do with it?"

"Why, everything. What do you mean?"

He pulled out his wallet, took out a folded piece of paper, straightened it, held it before my eyes and said:

"You can read that, can't you?"

It was the bill of sale of my book!

"But that was understood to be merely a protection against an unjust levy for debts for which I am not responsible."

"You think so, do you? Well, make that plea in the courts, and see what will be the effect!"

I later called the attention of the principal member of the firm, the holy, godly, total-abstinence, sanctimonious unit of the printing trinity. He heard me through, and then said:

"I understand you have threatened to bring this matter into a court of equity. If you had not made this threat, I would have done something for you. As it now stands, I refuse to do anything, and you may carry it into the courts."

He knew well that I would not undertake legal proceedings. I was a pauper; he and the firm were wealthy, and he reasoned that no court would believe that a firm of such sanctification and piety would engage in so outrageous a proceeding.

I dropped the matter. I had spent three months' hard work on the book, for which I had received $65 in "Florence" currency, worth not over $45.

The firm had the sale of the three thousand copies minus the few sent to the press, and for which they received about $5,000. In addition they published a large number of steel engravings of the principal citizens of Davenport, on each of which they made several hundreds of dollars. Moreover there were wood-cuts of business blocks and private residences from which they obtained considerable sums.

In all, from the sale of the book they realized seven or eight thousand dollars, of which, according to a verbal agreement, I should have received ten per cent, or some seven hundred dollars, and in lieu of which I was the recipient of sixty-five dollars in depreciated currency.

It is with some considerable satisfaction that I relate that the member of the firm who inveigled me into signing the bill of sale afterwards died a drunkard in the gutter, and that both the other members have since been persistently afflicted by chronic ill-health, and death and other misfortunes.

XII.

Traveling with a Panorama.

I was left without a cent and in debt for my supplies during the winter. My wife went home to her parents in Elgin, and thus lightened my immediate burdens.

I have since often wondered why my career did not end at this period, and what there was that prevented my going to hell by a short cut. I was thoroughly discouraged, demoralized, and possessed by despair. I naturally gravitated into low company, into association with levee toughs and other disreputable characters. I drank heavily; I saw nothing worth living for; I reasoned that a life which in less than two years had been so disastrous and total a failure was not worth caring for.

I was lifted out of the slough into which I had fallen by an unexpected incident. The war with the Mormons was then brewing, and a company was raised in Davenport and offered to and accepted by the Governor of Illinois. As I had some knowledge of military drill, I was commissioned as lieutenant, and this gave me some employment in disciplining the company. It also led to my studying up the Mormon question, with which I became tolerably familiar.

The war-scare died out, leaving the Mormons much in the

minds of the public. There was a steamboat man in Davenport who had lost his eyesight in a boiler-explosion. He had a little money of his own, and some which his friends offered him.

It was suggested that advantage might be taken of the Mormon excitement for the benefit of McGuire, the blind man, and a local artist was commissioned to paint a panorama relating to the "Saints," and which it was thought could be shown by him through the country, and thus afford the blind exhibitor a living.

Davenport and Rock Island became interested in the enterprise and determined to give McGuire a send-off. A lecturer being a necessity, I was chosen for the role, and accordingly introduced the exhibition and its proprietor to a large audience in each of the two cities.

And then McGuire and his friends insisted that I should accompany him on his tour. I was offered twenty dollars a week in gold and all my expenses; it is needless to state that I accepted the proffer.

In the opening nights, at the two cities, the orchestra was a blind fiddler, a musical genius named Parker, and connected with a fine family in Davenport. He pleaded hard to be allowed to accompany the expedition, but was refused by the proprietor, who was evidently of the opinion that two of a kind could not agree.

The panorama was a long canvas on a roller, and which began with the finding of the plates of the Mormon bible, then showed the city of Nauvoo, then the fighting, the

winter quarters in Missouri, and afterward the long and deadly march across the plains and through the mountains to Salt Lake City; concluding with pictures of conspicuous streets, churches and public buildings, and finishing with the portrait of a bull-necked, hairy giant, surrounded by half a hundred women, the *ensemble* being "Brigham Young and His Wives."

The *personnel* of the company consisted of the blind proprietor and a young fellow to do the packing and unpacking, to take tickets at the door and generally to act as factotum.

Our trip, as outlined by the enthusiastic McGuire, was to take the principal towns between Davenport and Chicago, stopping one night at each. In Chicago we were to stay several months, then through the larger towns in Michigan, thence along the New York Central way to Albany, down the Hudson, to New York City, and thence home through the larger cities of the South.

In addition to my duty as lecturer was that of advance agent. When a lecture was finished, it was my custom to hurry on by the first train to the next town and bill it for the following night.

The combination did not have the wealth of modern amusement companies, and, as a consequence, there were no gorgeous posters on fences and bill-boards. Before starting, Mr. McGuire had secured the printing of a large quantity of hand-bills, or hangers, about the width of three columns of the average newspaper and of the length of the ordinary newspaper page.

These modest bills gave some details in fine type of the thrilling character of the panorama, and left near the bottom a blank space in which might be written the name of the hall and date of the exhibition.

I confess that when it came to distributing these bills I was not energetic. I hung up two or three in the hotel where I stopped, dropped a small package on the table of a saloon or two, and pasted up a few on the bulletin-board of the hall. It was not congenial work, this distribution of bills, and my conscience does not acquit me of having well performed the duty.

Geneseo was the first town billed for the exhibition of the Great Mormon Panorama; but, as I had some old-time acquaintances in the place, I induced McGuire to give the necessary talk, and I went on to bill La Salle. The only room to be had was the court-house, a dirty, narrow, stuffy den. It rained all day, and was pouring in torrents when the exhibition opened. There were not more than six people present, at least half of whom were composed of the porter, bar-keeper and landlord of the "tavern," and who, of course, were on the free list.

The expenses broke McGuire. The next morning, led by his boy, he went back to Davenport to raise some more funds and left me in "soak" at the hotel as a guarantee of the liquidation of the bill on his return. He came back in a couple of days, took the panorama and myself out of pawn, and we continued our journey toward the rising sun.

XIII.

Once More in the Depths.

I shall not dwell much longer on this phase of my experience. We did not spend some months in the bewildering dissipations of Chicago as had been promised by McGuire. In fact we did not even come to the town. There was a railway that led from Joliet to Michigan, and over this we went to avoid the Garden City. I have since believed that McGuire had grave doubts as to his ability to interest the great city, and avoided it for humbler places.

We kept along the Michigan Central railway till we reached Kalamazoo, showing in several small towns, and only in one — Dowagiac, I believe — having a paying audience.

Much was expected of Kalamazoo. It was a large, handsome, refined town, and its cultivated people would yearn to know all about the wicked Mormons. I engaged Fireman's Hall, the most aristocratic place of amusement in the town, feebly billed the show and then awaited the rush.

I was the ticket-seller till the time came to begin the lecture. The entrance was twenty-five cents. The very first call for tickets was from a husky countryman with a strapping girl on each arm, who laid down seventy-five

cents with an air suggestive to me of marvelous opulence. The landlord and his wife (free list) were present, and perhaps twenty-five others were in the house.

At the close of the lecture, and after the audience had gone, McGuire came from behind the curtain. His eyeless sockets were streaming with tears, and his voice was giving utterance to a doleful Irish lament, in which "Wirra! Wirra!" were the words most audible, given in a swift, pathetic monotone.

He was again "strapped." A constable had come to levy on the panorama for the rent of the hall. He said he was going back to raise some more money, and meanwhile I might go and bill the next town and wait there till he returned. He gave me thirty-five cents for the fare, and we parted.

I rushed to the hotel, asked for my bag, told the attendant that Mr. McGuire would pay the bill for all, and then went to the station and waited for the next train east. The thirty-five cents just paid my fare to the next station. I dismounted, and registered at a "hotel" without a cent of money in my possession, telling the landlord I was the advance agent of a panorama company which would be along in a few days.

I never again saw the panorama, nor McGuire, till during the war, when I met him with some Iowa troops, acting as sutler.

It was in April that we left Davenport; it was about the first of June when I reached the little town beyond Kala-

mazoo. I was destined to remain there for a considerable time, as will be seen later.

Before leaving the panorama business, I would like to say that, although it was such an egregious and humiliating failure, the same enterprise properly managed would have yielded lucrative results. The Mormon affair was fresh in the mind of the public, armed hostilities between the prophet and the Government were in the air, and there was everywhere in the communities a lively curiosity in regard to the "Saints."

There were two serious mistakes in the management of the panorama enterprise. It was not sufficiently advertised. Had the display advertisements of the newspapers and a liberal supply of colored posters been afforded, then the attention of the public would have been awakened. The other mistake was in the nature of my lecture.

As I had then studied the Mormon question, apart from the absurdity of their finding of the metal plates of the Book of Mormon, their course was one which at once inspired my respect, sympathy, and hot indignation at the manner of their treatment. Nothing more pathetic, atrocious and unwarrantable occurred in the persecution of the Jews than was inflicted on the Mormons in Illinois and Missouri. The arduous march of the Israelites through the desert for forty years, when they were smitten by deadly plagues, bitten by venomous serpents, starved, slaughtered, old and young, male and female, was no worse in its repellant features than the march of the Mormons to Salt Lake.

Thus believing, in my lectures I treated them as an abused people. I pictured feeble women, tender infants and aged men and women freezing in the drear storms of winter, broiling under summer heats, starving in alkali deserts, sickening, dying, and marking the line of march with thick-lying mounds of the dead. I asked pity for people who were willing to endure so much for their faith, even though it might be a mistaken one.

The small number of the public who heard this statement were not in sympathy with it. In common with the great majority, they wished for denunciation. To have succeeded in drawing crowds, I should have taken an opposite course. Religious fanaticism should have been appealed to; bigotry should have been invoked, and then an enterprise which terminated in a disgraceful failure would have resulted in a brilliant success.

XIV.

How I Amused Myself.

As said, I had not a cent of money when I registered at the hotel of the little town. I informed the landlord of my business, and that the proprietor of the show was the capitalist and the cashier.

A couple of weeks ran on, and then somebody from Kalamazoo brought in intelligence that the panorama was attached for debt.

I was ashamed to write to any of my relatives for assistance, and staid on, giving the landlord assurance that McGuire's friends were rich, and it would only be a question of time when he would return with a substantial roll, redeem his pictures, and square his indebtedness.

The landlord was an easy-going fellow with a termagant wife, and who found me of use to him in avoiding her, at times taking me fishing and to play ten-pins, and other diversions. I managed by a diplomatic bearing to keep on her best side and thus enjoyed the support of both the belligerents.

The hundred or two people of that place took an interest in me. I formed a dozen young fellows into a military company, and taught them to face, wheel, march, double-quick,

to move file and column front, and to do something in the manual of arms with an old rifle or two, and some double and single-barreled shot-guns. I joined the youths in their games, cultivated the justice of the peace and the minister, was invited to church sociables, to picnics, and finally into private families.

Once in a while some one would ask what was the latest about the panorama; but in a few weeks the panorama was no more mentioned, and I was accepted as a regular and well-liked member of the community.

XV.

Led into Temptation.

A curious adventure occurred during the early part of June, and which will bear narration.

I was sitting in the bowling-alley watching a game between a couple of local experts, when a stranger entered, and, after glancing about, finally, as if by accident, dropped into the seat adjoining mine. A peculiar stroke by one of the players elicited a remark from me to which he responded. This passed into a conversation, and, later, into an intimacy.

He was a tall, powerfully-built man, with a smooth, open face, keen, dark eyes, abundant brown hair, and shapely limbs and figure.

He was voluble, sociable, treating the crowd freely at the bar, and, in doing so, exhibited a good deal of money in gold pieces. He appeared to take a liking to me, and assiduously cultivated my acquaintance. He had been a good deal about the world, and knew many curious people and wonderful things. In my isolation he was a welcome distraction; I became attached to him, and thereafter we were inseparable.

One fine Sabbath morning he invited me to take a walk in the country. We strolled along the highway for a mile

or so, and then turned into a large meadow, near the center of which stood an immense tree, in solitary grandeur.

"Let's go over and sit down in the shade under that old elm."

He led the way, and when we reached it, we sat down in the grateful shade. My companion, as if inspired by the clear brightness of the sky, the serenity of the environment, and the delicious coolness of the shade, was unusually genial and happy.

His talk, after resting a short time on the holy calm of the Sabbath day, drifted on the splendors of wealth, the charm of travel, the favors of beautiful women, and other matters kindred in their roseate suggestions.

After a time his thoughts and conversation passed into the far East. He exhibited familiarity with ancient history, with legends of the unlimited wealth of oriental princes and rulers, their excesses, their excessive expenditures, their amours, their luxurious dissipations.

He related many curious legends among which Solomon appeared as a conspicuous figure. At last he related the following:

"Some fifty years ago, a traveler was engaged in exploring the ruins of the temple in Jerusalem. He found what seemed a choked-up well, which he opened, and discovered a passage leading several hundred feet through the solid rock, and which terminated in a square chamber, where the passage apparently ended.

"He examined every portion of this room, and at length found some hieroglyphics engraved on a sunken panel.

These he deciphered, and found himself the possessor of a valuable seeret."

Here my *vis-à-vis* stopped speaking, as if his story were complete.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"No; but what followed is so mysterious and incredible that you wouldn't believe it if I were to tell you."

My curiosity — as he probably intended it should be — was powerfully stimulated by this maneuver.

"Oh, I can believe anything that you can. What was the secret that he discovered?"

His story in brief was that the antiquarian learned the secret of a concealed trap-door to a stairway leading to a room underneath the one in which he stood, and in which he found a stone chest containing a metallic plate on which various characters were graved. This plate he concealed in his clothing, and, after closing up the entrance, left the place.

"Well, what became of him, and what was engraved on the plate?"

He looked all around as if there might be a strange listener, and then said:

"It was a recipe for making gold!"

"And what became of the antiquarian?"

"See here!" and his voice sank to a low whisper. "I'll tell you something if you'll swear never to reveal it. Will you?"

"Yes; I promise to keep the secret."

He put his lips close to my ear and whispered:

"In Upper Michigan, in a locality covered for miles with timber and rocks, which no human being can penetrate without a guide, there lives a man so old that no one can guess his age. He is believed to have lived there a hundred years. He lives there entirely alone, and no one has ever visited him. Once a year he appears at some point where he purchases supplies, which he pays for always in gold — in twenty-dollar pieces, bright and new, just like these." And he pulled a handful of double-eagles from the pocket of his trousers.

"Are these that you have made by him?"

"Every one of them!" he replied, as he tossed them in the sunshine, through which they fell in a shimmering cascade, whose golden hues mingled harmoniously with the green of the grass.

"Why, that's counterfeiting, isn't it?"

"No, sir! There's no difference between these and those coined by the United States. If they are exactly the same, who is defrauded by their circulation?"

I expressed some doubts as to their likeness to the gold coined by the Government. I thought that an expert would perhaps be able to distinguish the difference.

"Wait till to-morrow and I will convince you!"

The next day he purchased tickets to Battle Creek and we went there on the first train. We went directly to a shoe-store, where he ordered a pair of shoes and paid for them with one of his double-eagles. The proprietor gave him the change without hesitation.

"He may not be a judge of coin," I said, after we had left the establishment.

"Well, let's try an expert."

We entered a bank, and he threw several of the pieces on the counter.

"Please give me change for one of these, and look them over, as I have reason to think some of them may be bogus."

The banker weighed them, and applied an acid test.

"They are all right. If you are afraid of them I will take them off your hands, and give you currency for them."

"Thanks! I only wished to be satisfied as to their being genuine."

I was astonished at the outcome, and convinced that the coins were all right.

And now a new phase was developed by my associate. At first he began to enlarge on the enjoyment and splendors of a career with illimitable wealth at one's command. Then he advanced a step, and suggested that we should obtain some of the gold, and then go our way through the world rejoicing.

He was in a position to obtain all that we could use for a mere song. I had told him about the panorama venture, and he suggested that we should purchase a wagon and horses, redeem the painting, and then travel, ostensibly to exhibit the panorama, but in reality to distribute the coin.

"I can tell you how you can carry all the gold we want. We can bore holes in the inner side of the bar that supports the box of the wagon, and fill them with twenty-dollar

pieces. Nobody would even think of looking in such a place."

Thus did he ply me for several days. I listened to him with a lively curiosity. His plan seemed safe, feasible, and sure to be productive of unlimited wealth. Often in looking back at this period do I wonder that I did not yield to his glittering temptation. I was young, impressible, and entirely alone. I had failed disastrously in business, and saw nothing to hope for in the frowning future.

I was in that morbid condition when I felt as if I cared for nobody, and nobody cared for me. For some reason, however, I never reached the consenting-point. I was interested in his plans, and with no conscientious scruples heard him discuss measures for placing his coin on the public.

One morning he was missing, and I learned that he had left on an Eastern train.

During the siege of Fort Donalson I happened to run across a regiment of Michigan sharpshooters, and went into the sutler's tent to secure some supplies. The person in charge I recognized as my old acquaintance with the supply of double-eagles and the antiquarian in the wilderness.

"Hello, old man," I remarked, "how is the gold business?"

He stared at me for a moment, then a look of recognition flashed into his eyes, and, with a roar of laughter, he said:

"Oh, it's the panorama man!" And he continued to laugh until his cachinnation became almost a convulsion.

"Still spreading the eagles?" I asked.

"Oh, eagles be damned."

"What do you mean?"

"Are you still a fool? Haven't you ever tumbled to my racket up there in Michigan?"

"I can't say that I have, even to this day. What was it, anyhow?"

"You must be the biggest idiot in the world! Honest, now, don't you know what I was up to?"

"Honest, now, I don't. What was it?"

"Well, by G—, that beats me! I'll tell you, although it doesn't seem possible that any man with a pinch of sense would have failed to have 'got on' to the job. At that time Michigan was flooded with counterfeit money, especially along the line of the Michigan Central. You came to town an entire stranger and were looked on as a suspicious character. I was a Government agent and was sent down to look you up."

"And the bogus money?"

"All genuine coin. Of course the bank could find no fault with it."

"And the antiquarian up among the rocks?"

"Only a blind! I'll be plain with you. I intended to get you into the business of shoving the 'queer.' If you had consented I would have seen that you had a supply, and as soon as you had started you would have been 'pinched.' The consequences would have been that now you would be about the middle of your term in Jackson."

I gave him a piece of my mind in the most vituperative and blasphemous English at my command, and then rode away.

I wish to add that this article embodies facts in my personal experience and that they occurred substantially as presented, in June, 1858, in and about the date on which I went from Kalamazoo.

XVI.

Another Change of Base.

I had a dollar or so left when my friend went away, which was the remnant of some small sums I had borrowed from him, but this did not last long, and I was soon again penniless.

The Fourth of July came along and brought with it freedom from the slavery which had so long held me in the little town. The Fourth of July furnished the occasion for my emancipation, and a young woman was the principal, and jealousy the assisting motive.

There was a celebration of the natal anniversary. There was a procession headed by the soldiery, a march to a grove, an address and a military volley from the soldiers.

It may have been my *distingué* appearance, with a cane for a sword, and one side of my straw hat pinned up *à la militaire*, which attracted the admiration of a very pretty young lady among the spectators ; but, whatever the reason, immediately after the crowd had separated, I was waited on by a young clerk, whom I knew to be "soft" on the young woman in question. She and I had strolled back together from the grounds and appeared to be in the closest of confidential conversations.

"When are going to leave town?" asked the young man with a scowl.

"As soon as I can get some money from the East."

"Is that all that keeps you here?"

"That's all."

"If you had the money would you leave soon?"

"As soon as I could catch the first train."

"How much would you require?"

"Five dollars will take me where I wish to go, and will do it in royal style."

"Come over to the store!"

I went.

He fished five dollars from out the money-drawer, and looked at his watch, and said:

"The train for Chicago is due in twenty minutes. Here is the five dollars. I will go down to the depot with you and see you off."

He was on time. He saw me on the train, into a seat, and only left after the train was under motion. I looked out of the window and saw him on the platform watching the receding train. He had evidently determined to watch me out of sight.

I reached Chicago after dark. I bought a light supper, and, counting the balance of my funds, found I had just enough remaining to purchase a ticket to Elgin, the place I wished to reach. A serious consideration presented itself. If I paid out only a portion of the amount, I should have

to walk some part of the thirty-six miles which separated me from my destination.

I concluded that walking under a burning July sun was undesirable. I had heard of the hospitable John B. Drake of the Tremont House, and thither at bed-time I went, registered, and was shown a room. Nothing was said about any compensation when I retired, and in the morning, when I left, I observed the same reticence.

When I found myself in Elgin, I went to the house of my father-in-law, Mr. John Morse, a well-to-do lumber merchant. He did not seem greatly overjoyed to see me. In fact, while on the *News* in Davenport, I had, without any preliminary notice, drawn a draft on him for a considerable sum to meet a pressing payment on our new Guernsey press. He had honored the draft, and had gone to Davenport, and secured himself by a mortgage on the press; but he did not like the summary and unauthorized manner in which I had made on him the requisition for funds.

I had intended to visit him till I could find something to do. He was quite cool, and had a good deal to say of the hard times, of his losses in lumber, and how he believed that he would have to go into his Wisconsin pinery, and chop wood, in order to keep his family from suffering.

At the end of a fortnight he informed me that there was an active demand for harvest hands, and that any able-bodied young man was able to earn enough at least to pay his board.

I took the hint, except to the extent of hiring out as a

harvest hand. I went to an acquaintance in the town, and related the situation, stating that I was sure of getting work in time, if, in the meantime, I could have a place to stay.

"Come right home with me and stay all summer, and all winter if necessary!" responded the gentleman, a Mr. Simeon Lanehart, whose generous action I shall never forget.

I found in Elgin a young law student, Thomas W. Grosvenor, who afterward, during the war, joined the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, lost an arm and was promoted to a colonelcy. Grosvenor and I soon became acquainted, then warm friends.

We were ardent Democrats, and both admirers and supporters of Stephen A. Douglas; the senatorial campaign between the "Little Giant" and Lincoln was at full tide, and, at the suggestion of some ardent devotees of the former, Grosvenor and myself started a campaign weekly in the interests of Douglas.

We had neither of us a dollar in money. An enthusiastic Democratic printer offered to take the risk of publication for what he could make out of the circulation and advertisements.

The greed for railway passes and the alacrity with which the demand was responded to was shown by an incident when the *Campaign Weekly* was started. When the first side, that is, the first and fourth pages, had gone to press, I took one of these copies, with the second and third pages blank, went to Chicago to the office of the superintendent of

the old Galena road, showed him the advertisement of the time-table of his line, and asked for the usual courtesy. He opened the paper and saw the two unprinted pages and expressed something in the nature of an objection to issuing passes on a half-printed newspaper.

I assured him the other half was probably already printed, whereupon he wrote out two season passes over the road, one for Grosvenor and the other for myself.

The *Campaign Weekly* probably did not assist Douglas very materially, but it was a publication with a venomous sting, and made it very hot for the Republicans. There were then scarcely a baker's dozen Democrats in the vicinity; the *Weekly* fostered their growth, and laid the foundations of the potent and substantial Democratic element now existing in Kane County.

The pecuniary outcome from the venture was not a fortune. My sole return for three months' hard work was glory and a pair of shoes.

The *Campaign Weekly* had one news "scoop" over all the other newspapers. When the news came the second time, in 1858, that the Atlantic cable was working, a private dispatch announcing the fact came late at night to a gentleman in Elgin. The *Weekly* was all made up; the press was stopped, the news inserted, and the next morning the *Weekly* was on the streets three hours in advance of the Chicago papers with the same information.

During the summer of my stay in Elgin I studied the theory and practice of short-hand and succeeded in attaining

a proficiency of one hundred words a minute — not enough for verbatim reporting, but of immense value in after years for the taking of notes.

While in Elgin, I wrote to newspapers in Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburg, St. Louis, St. Paul, and many others, asking for work as an editorial writer, paragrapher, news editor or reporter, and not until in November did I get a single answer, which was from the editor of the Dubuque *Herald*, stating that he was in need of a city or "local" editor.

The instant I read this letter I had a conviction that my luck had at last changed and that the long year of poverty, tramping, suffering, humiliation and degradation was about to be succeeded by a better life.

I had my pass over the Chicago and Galena Railway; I borrowed from my friend Lanehart a dollar for incidental expenses, and left that night for Dubuque, happier than I had been at any time since the failure of the Davenport *News*. I saw only success and prosperity in the future.

Unfortunately my disappointments were not quite all ended. When we reached Freeport, I found that we had to change cars onto an Illinois Central train which ran to Dunleith, opposite Dubuque, on the Mississippi River. When the Central conductor examined my pass he informed me that it was not good on his road, and that I would have to pay fare to Duluth.

I was thunderstruck, and for an instant there was a total revulsion in my late hopeful condition, and it seemed as

if there had been only a momentary rift in the clouds, and that the old storm and darkness were about to settle once again over the sky of my life.

"This is bad for me," I said to him. "I supposed the pass was good to Dubuque, where I wish to go. I haven't money enough to pay fare, and I don't know what to do. Shall I have to get off?"

"That's the rule of the road," was his answer.

I looked out of the window. It was a black, rainy November night. "It would be hard on a dog to be turned out such a night as this."

"That's so, but it won't be quite as bad as that. You will have to get off at a station."

I gazed earnestly at the conductor. He was a young fellow about my own age, and did not seem case-hardened like an old employe.

"Let me tell you something," I said. "I am a newspaper man and have been out of work a whole year. I am on my way to Dubuque to take a place on a paper there. Are you acquainted in Dubuque?"

"Yes, I live there. What paper are you going to?"

"The *Herald*. Here is Mr. Dorr's letter."

He read it.

"Now," said I, "I am going to see the *Herald* in the morning. When do you go back?"

"To-morrow night."

"Can't you take me through, and I will square it with you just as soon as I get to work?"

"You may not get to work; there's many a slip"——

"Don't say that! I'm like the boy digging for the woodchuck, who must have the animal because he was out of meat."

He consented, although with the assurance that, if the fact were to come to the ears of the company, it would cost him his situation. I trust that the great Illinois Central corporation has never heard of the occurrence, which took place thirty-two years ago, and this is the first time I have ever given it publicity.

XVII.

A Gleam of Sunlight.

I called at once at the *Herald* office, and found Joseph B. Dorr, the editor, then one of the most famous in Northern Iowa, and afterwards, during the Civil War, a courageous warrior. He was a well-built man of about thirty years of age, light as to hair and complexion, smooth-shaven, with heavy lips, gray eyes, good-sized head, and an expression at once firm, pleasant and benevolent.

He received me cordially when I gave him my name ; in fact, with a most unexpected warmth which I did not comprehend until, a little later, I met my old friend Captain James May, of Davenport, who told me that he had seen Mr. Dorr, and, learning that he had written for me, had put in a good word in my behalf.

We were not long in reaching a conclusion. I declined to name any price for my services, having firmly determined before coming that the matter of price should cut no figure. My aim was to secure a foothold in journalism which, once obtained, would satisfactorily arrange the amount of compensation.

His first offer was ten dollars a week, which I accepted without an instant's hesitation. I think it would have made

no difference in my conclusion if he had offered me half the sum. It was a part of the understanding that I should board in his family, paying a stipulated amount per week for myself and wife.

I have had several engagements since that period, many of them for several times the same figure, and, I feel entirely certain, none of them afforded as supreme a satisfaction as this ten-dollar-a-week contract as city editor of the Dubuque *Herald.*

The day before I began my work was the last one of enforced idleness that occurred in over thirty years.

Dubuque was then — November, 1858 — a characteristic Mississippi River town. It adjoined a large and rich mining region whose leaden pigs shone in profusion over the landing, awaiting shipment. There were two English newspapers, both daily, the *Herald*, Democratic; and the *Times*, Republican, presided over by Gen. Frank W. Palmer, later Public Printer for Iowa, editor of the *Inter-Ocean* and Postmaster of Chicago, who, when in Dubuque, was assisted by an ex-Baptist clergyman, Jesse Clemens. The *Herald* had as an assistant at first a Scotchman, and a close thinker and able writer, McNulta, and later, the famous Dennis Mahony, of whom more anon.

Dubuque at that period was a pretty "tough" town; the laborers in the mines, the wharf-rats and various hangers-on made a disturbing element, and crimes, including robberies and homicides, were not uncommon. I was present at no less than three public hangings within two

years. Political animosities were bitter, and sometimes resulted in fist, club or pistol conflicts.

The bar included some men of prominence, such as Ben. M. Samuels, a gigantic product of Virginia, versed in law, a powerful pleader before a jury and an unrivaled orator before a crowd of people. There was William T. Barker, for many years State's Attorney, and a man of marvelous modesty and great legal learning, and who never failed to chase a criminal to the gallows as his offense deserved.

Wm. B. Allison was a resident; a smooth-faced young man with long, light hair and the neatness and expression of a Presbyterian preacher. He had a brother there, a real estate agent, one like and unlike the future Senator, paunchy where the coming official was thin, wasteful where he was economical, open and communicative where the presidential aspirant of 1888 was secretive and Jesuitical.

Peter Kiene, Jr., the son of German-Swiss parents, a lad of thirteen years of age, was an apprentice in the *Herald* office. At sixteen he was a private soldier, being large for his years, and soon after participated in several battles in Tennessee. He was captured at Corinth, and was taken to Andersonville, where he remained a year, and would have died from neglect and starvation had it not been for a young lady living in the vicinity.

This lady, in company with a party, visited the prison, and had her attention attracted by the youthful appearance of Peter. She questioned him, and learned his place of residence.

"Is that anywhere near Rock Island?" she asked.

"Just a few miles farther up the Mississippi River.

"I have a brother who is a prisoner at Rock Island. Now, I will be glad to supply your necessities if your people will do something for him."

Peter wrote the facts to Peter Kiene, Sr., who at once went to Rock Island, and, being a man of large wealth and liberal in his nature, cared for the Confederate prisoner in first-class style, and the sister reciprocated in the case of Peter, Jr.

Peter, Jr., did not marry his Southern benefactress, as required in all well-regulated romances. He selected a Northern girl. He is now a prosperous business man, and one of the most popular and respected citizens of the "Key City."

H. H. Heath, a stately person of the old school of manners, was Postmaster, being an outsider, sent to the town by Buchanan. Captain Eli Parker, grandson of Red Jacket, lived in Dubuque, and superintended the construction of the Custom-house. One of the most notable residents of the town was Gen. George W. Jones, whose efforts gave Iowa its territorial organization, who was contemporary with Clay, Webster, and other distinguished statesmen, who was a second in the Cilly duel, who was Minister to Bogota under Buchanan, and occupant of the Bastile under Seward.

At this date General Jones is still living. He is almost a centenarian; he is erect as a pine, active as a boy in his movements, possessed of all his faculties, and in many essential respects the most notable living American.

XVIII.

Experiences in Dubuque.

I am free to assert that this period of my professional career is one I recall with the greatest satisfaction. I worked very hard from nine in the morning till the paper went to press at 2 A. M.

A "local" editor in a town of the dimensions of Dubuque or Davenport is the greatest man in the community if he knows his business. Every door is open to him. He is every man's friend; he is on the free-list to all entertainments; his hat is "chalked" on all excursions and railways; he is the universal referee, whether at cock-fights, billiard matches, church raffles; he is petted, flattered, coddled, overwhelmed with compliments, new hats, buggy-rides, cords of fire-wood, suits of clothes.

I flatter myself that I made myself "solid" with Dubuque; at least such is the assurance of the people of that city. I had only one fight — if the occurrence may be called a fight — during my residence, which speaks well for my popularity in a city in which knives and pistols were common and assaults of frequent occurrence. This sole contest was insignificant, and had a ludicrous outcome.

I had lampooned or in some other way hurt the feelings

of a man who gave it out that he was going to thrash me. A couple of nights after, I went into a barber-shop to get shaved preparatory to attending a social party at the Larimer House. While standing there, with one of my hands in my overcoat pocket, the irate man entered, and, without a word, suddenly seized me by the shoulders and gave me a push. My legs encountered the foot-rest of the barber's chair, and I tripped over it, striking against some shelves on the wall, and carrying a cascade of soaps, essences, shaving-cups, razors and hair-brushes with me to the floor.

My assailant then left the place. I was cut by pieces of glass on the side of the neck, which was repaired in a couple of moments by a drug-clerk and a piece of court-plaster. I then went immediately to the Larimer House, and entered the main hall, where a large company was assembled.

My enemy stood in a group of ladies, among whom was his wife, to whom he was evidently relating something of a very thrilling nature. As some friend told me, he had just before entered the room with a hurried step and marched up to the group of ladies.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife, as she noticed his unusual agitation.

"Nothing much, only I just had an encounter with Wilkie?"

"Good heavens, Colonel, are you hurt?"

"Not a scratch!"

"How's the other man?"

"Pretty bad! He won't get outdoors in less than six months!"

"He may die!" said a sympathetic listener. "Why, he must be dead already, for there's his ghost!" as I appeared within six feet of where the group were chatting.

The face of the valorous Colonel fell, and there was a scream of laughter among the feminine listeners as they saw I was unhurt.

This was the only instance of a personal collision that I had a part in during my three years as "local editor" of the *Herald.*

Dorr was a very positive, obstinate, courageous man, and showed in his editorial career what he afterwards proved as a soldier — that he was beyond fear and made no count of the odds against him. One day, Mulkern, a young lawyer, took mortal offense at something in the *Herald,* and, with a loaded revolver, climbed to the editorial floor.

He blusteringly demanded a retraction, which was refused, and then, pulling his pistol, advanced toward the editor, who sprang to his feet, seized an old umbrella, and, with it uplifted high in air, charged straight on the mouth of the gun. Mulkern was so demoralized by the fierce rush of his frowning antogonist that he fired at a venture, or under excitement, and evidently without aim, for the bullet lodged high above Dorr's head in the ceiling.

Mulkern then turned and flew down the stairway, pursued by the editor, who hammered him on the head, back and shoulders till the fugitive reached safety in the street.

On another occasion Dorr, while passing through the Court-house, was attacked by two brothers, named Quigley, both of whom were powerful men in the prime of life. Both threw themselves on him, and, after a furious struggle, all three went to the floor, one of the Quigleys underneath, Dorr next, and the third man on top. All three scrambled to their feet, when Dorr grappled one of the others and dashed him with such force to the floor that he lay without motion.

At this moment the other Quigley drew a navy revolver from his pocket, balanced it on his knee to cock it, and had just raised the hammer to full cock when he was seized from behind by a gentleman who happened to pass, and was disarmed. The one who thus opportunely saved the life of the editor was Abram Williams, now the wealthy manager of a prominent insurance corporation in Chicago and a well-known citizen.

I perpetrated an article during my occupation of the local editorship of the *Herald* which is a matter of comment to this day, and which created more excitement at the time of publication than the breaking out of the Civil War.

There was a large nursery on the bluffs, owned by a young man, since dead, who, in 1860, married the eldest daughter of one of the oldest and most respected families of the city. A few days after his return from his wedding tour, he invited me to visit his nursery and notice some additions and improvements.

When I reached the place I found that the bride was

present. She was a tall, stately woman, of great beauty and an elegant carriage.

In my article I wove in an elaborate description, in botanical language, of a rare plant which the owner had lately introduced into his grounds, and this at once attracted the attention of every reader in the city fond of flowers. A procession was soon formed, which climbed the bluffs to the nursery grounds, in search of slips from this marvelous plant.

The proprietor was non-plussed; he had no idea as to the growth sought for, and the English gardener, while admitting that the botanical description of the mysterious product was that of a wonderful plant, could give no idea as to what it was or where in the grounds it was to be found.

Scores of letters came to the paper from a distance, asking for information as to this plant, its name and cost. Many people came to see me after learning that I had seen and described it. No one was ever given any satisfactory information.

The mystery continued for some two weeks, and the "Mysterious Plant" was the theme of universal excitement and discussion.

I thought the joke so good that I wanted some one to enjoy it with me, and one day, over a glass of beer, I communicated to "Old Alf Thomas," as the city editor of the *Times* was popularly known, the secret of the plant description, doing it under a solemn pledge from him that he would not reveal it.

The very next morning the *Times* had an article of a column, with big head-lines, revealing the mystery of the plant, and, for the first time, the public learned that the description was that of a woman, the wife of the proprietor of the nursery.

"Old Alf," in order to make a point against a rival, denounced the description as insulting and indecent, which it was not in the slightest sense except as interpreted by a libidinous mind. A tremendous excitement followed the revelation of "Old Alf." The article was the talk of the town; it was said that the husband would shoot me on sight; in fact, in company with some friends, he was in search of me with a gun.

Delegations of people who had been fooled by their journey up the long, steep bluffs, to get a slip, called to see Dorr and denounce the publication as an outrage. Still others, accepting "Old Alf's" moral characterization, insisted on my discharge.

Dorr was the most amazed editor ever called on for a retraction by indignant subscribers. At first, he, too, was scandalized and outraged that his paper had been, as he thought, abused to further an unworthy purpose.

I heard he was mad, and hunted him up. He was hot as a furnace.

"I did not think this of you!" he said, in a voice shaking with anger. "Go over to my wife and get the bill for your board, and come back here, and I'll pay you off!"

"Does that mean a dismissal?"

"Well," he said, hesitatingly, "yes. The town is insane, and something's got to be done!"

"And don't I have any show in the matter? Can't I have a hearing before the evidence closes, the verdict is rendered, and sentence pronounced?"

"Why, yes, I suppose you should be heard. But I can't imagine a thing you can say. There is the article; it shows for itself."

"Let me give my view of it."

I went over the article, explaining the technical botanical terms in their application to a beautiful woman, and when I had finished I could see that smiles were playing behind his lips, and his eyes were gleaming with good humor.

"There isn't anything vulgar or indecent in it," he said, "but it will take time to convince the people of that fact, and meanwhile something must be done to placate the mob. You go out to Waterloo and stay out in that region for three weeks. I'll tell the people you've gone away. I do this to show you how much I think of you."

I went away. At the end of a week Dorr wrote me to return; the trouble was all over. I went back, and was received with an ovation by the townspeople.

To this date the Mysterious Plant is one of the subjects of legend in the families of Dubuque.

Mr. Dorr was an editor of ten thousand. He was as pure in his motives as a saint. He used his paper in the interest of his party and of the community. He would denounce crookedness in his own party as vehemently as in

that of the opposition. He was controlled by no corporation; he hated jobs, intrigues, meanness, wrong of every kind. No scheming of political knaves could influence him. He was accessible, affable, just. The public could always reach him; he was willing to listen to those who felt themselves wronged, and eager to afford ample reparation. He did not hold himself apart from the masses; he was the embodiment of simplicity, integrity and his conceptions of right.

His domestic life was a beautiful one. When he went home, business was never mentioned nor thought of. He then occupied himself with his wife and children. His household arrangements were patriarchal. His venerable father was one of the family; an unmarried sister lived with him, and among others who gathered about his table were two apprentices in the printing business toward whom he and his excellent wife acted the part of parents. With my wife, I occupied this family circle for the greater portion of my stay in the city, and found in it all the warmth and attractions of a home.

Fancy any modern editor occupying himself with the paternal care of the younger men intrusted to his charge!

I saved more money during my stay on the *Herald*, at ten dollars a week, than I ever have since, considering the difference in the earnings.

XIX.

Mahony and the Bastile — War.

In the early part of 1861, Dorr left the *Herald*, and it fell under the control of Dennis Mahony. Mahony was a large, dark man of sixty years of age, with a massive head, a benevolent face; a child in meekness and simplicity, a rock in the firmness of his opinion. He was known among his intimates as "Old Dogmatism."

He espoused the cause of the South after the election of Lincoln and was an ardent advocate of the right of States to separate from the federation.

This old man, shaking with incipient paralysis, was pulled from his bed, late one night in August, after he had retired, by a Federal Marshal and a squad of soldiers, and, without even being given time to gather any clothing, was dragged out of the city and finally taken, by a devious route, as if he were a victim being exhibited by a conqueror, to Washington, where he was thrust into the Old Capital prison, and was held till November, when he was discharged without trial. In fact, no charges were ever made against him; his arrest, confinement and discharge were as arbitrary as is the action of the Russian Government in the disposition of the liberty of its subjects.

I called on the old man in the Washington bastile a month after he was arrested, gave him the first news from home and purchased him a change of underwear, the first he had had since his arrest.

Not the slightest official reason has ever been given why a peaceful, harmless old man was subjected to this outrageous assault. It is supposed by some that it was done to prevent his running for Congress against a Republican candidate. He was arrested and held till after the election. What intensified the offense was that he was dragged from his home in the presence of his wife, a timid, nervous invalid, and who was necessarily frightfully alarmed by the inroad of armed ruffians.

I left for the front with the First Iowa Regiment as an army correspondent. Under the *régime* that succeeded Dorr, my salary was agreed to be continued at the same figure that I had received as city editor — ten dollars a week. I may here state that for the three months' service in the field I received nothing from the *Herald.*

Fortunately for my necessities, I became attached to the *Times* of New York, by which I was well paid and with which I remained till I left the army, in the latter part of 1863.

I shall, in these reminiscences, do no more than allude to the war phase of my journalistic career, except in a single particular. This relates to the New York *Times*, its editor, and the manner in which I became connected with that newspaper. I may say here that I have already given

the public — in two published books: "Army and Miscellaneous Sketches," 1869; and "Pen and Powder," 1887— the main incidents, characters, adventures, trials and labors of my career as an army correspondent. Suffice it at this point that I was present in a majority of the campaigns in the West from Wilson's Creek, in August, 1861, up to a couple of months after the fall of Vicksburg, and including four months in the summer of 1862, when I was engaged in watching operations against Richmond in the Chickahominy campaign.

In July, 1861, in the march of the First Iowa Regiment across Missouri to join Lyon, we stopped at Macon long enough to issue a small sheet, *Our Whole Union*, of which, by order of Colonel Bates, I was made editor. The column moved the next day, and, a week later, we went into camp at Booneville.

Here I was approached one day by a man in civilian's dress, who inquired if I was the person who edited the Macon sheet. Being replied to in the affirmative, he said:

"I am the representative in St. Louis of the New York *Times*, and I have been instructed by Mr. Raymond, if possible, to engage you to act for his paper in this movement."

Had a thunderbolt exploded under my feet, I could have been no more astonished. A bargain was completed at $7.50 a column, and necessary expenses.

The column moved on. I wrote to the New York paper over the signature of "Galway," and requested a remit-

tance. I never received a line in reply, and, when the battle of Wilson's Creek was fought, I sent my account to the Dubuque *Herald*, meanwhile dropping a letter to Raymond, saying that, as I had never heard a word from the *Times*, I had concluded that my services were not needed and had sent my account of the fight to another paper.

I wound up with a request that if there were anything due me to send it to me, and that I should look for another engagement. A telegram came in reply, saying: "Don't resign; letter on its way to you." The letter came with a draft, a regret from Mr. Raymond that he had not received an account of the battle, and a request to continue as his representative.

What other editor living would have met my action with such treatment?

In September, I crossed from St. Louis to Lexington, where Colonel Mulligan was surrounded by Price; surrendered to the Confederate commander, at the risk of being hanged for a spy; witnessed the siege and the surrender, and forwarded an exclusive account to the *Times*. Raymond was more than grateful; he sent a substantial draft to my wife as a present; he gave my feat at Lexington a half-column editorial, in which he warmly commended my daring, my devotion to the interests of the *Times*, and pronounced it one "unparalleled in the history of journalism."

He did more; he raised my pay to a salary of $30 a week, all my expenses, and gave me charge of all military operations in the West.

When Vicksburg fell, I had taken a short run up the river, instructing my assistant, if the place surrendered, to start instantly for New York, writing his account as he went. He followed instructions as far as Indianapolis, where he fell by the way, and his account never reached the office. Raymond even possessed the generosity to excuse the failure so far as I was concerned, merely expressing a mild regret over the unfortunate choice of a subordinate.

Raymond was the incarnation of generosity, suavity, a desire to please. He always wrote me with his own hand when some portion of my work especially pleased him ; and he did not hesitate to compliment my style in writing, and to mention to me any good points in my efforts.

I have alluded to my connection with Henry J. Raymond because it is a legitimate portion of my journalistic reminiscences, and for the further reason that such treatment of employes by the managers of newspapers is of the rarest occurrence. He was, in these considerate qualities, a *rara avis* in his profession.

I remained in the South a couple of months after the surrender of Pemberton, and then, having been a full year in the swampy regions of Vicksburg, and having before me only the prospect of a winter's campaign under Steele, in Arkansas, I concluded to give up the service.

Mr. Raymond expressed satisfaction with my services, and informed me that, if I would come to New York, the *Times* would give me employment.

I left the army in robust health, never having been ill during my service, save a slight bilious attack before Vicksburg.

XX.

Man Proposes — Fate Disposes.

My intention, when I concluded to leave the army, was not to return to journalism, at least for a time, but to turn historian; that is, to write up the histories of the troops of various States. In this determination I was strongly encouraged by Whitelaw Reid, then the army correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*. He gave me a letter to the publishing house of Moore, Keyes, Wilstach & Co., of Cincinnati, whom I visited, and suggested the project of a history of the Ohio troops.

They readily fell in with the scheme, and a bargain was made with no difficulty. It was a very liberal one on their part. They were to pay my traveling expenses in the search for information, a substantial sum per week while engaged in the work, and a very satisfactory total when the book should be finished.

"By the way," said the senior member of the firm, "although this agreement is, to all intents and purposes, fixed, as a matter of form we wish to consult our junior partner, who is now in New York, and who is expected back within a week. It need make no difference in your arrangements. You can go home, make your necessary

preparations, and as soon as Mr. ——— returns, we will notify you by mail. But I assure you again, this is done merely out of respect for our junior member and will not affect the agreement."

"All right. It will not require more than a week to make my preparations."

I left Cincinnati, expecting to be back within a very brief period. I concluded all necessary arrangements for the change of base, and then waited for the letter.

A week passed, no communication; another week rolled by, and still a third, and then I abandoned the project, under the belief that the junior partner had negatived the project.

Just at this time I received a letter from James H. Goodsell, city editor of the Chicago *Times*, in which he stated that he was instructed by Mr. Storey to offer me a position as assistant editor on his staff. In view of the failure of the Ohio enterprise, the Chicago offer seemed providential, and I at once wrote Goodsell an acceptance, and the next morning was a regularly engaged employe of the *Times*.

The very next day after I had taken possession of my editorial desk, a letter reached me, forwarded from El Paso, Ill., where I had been stopping with some relatives after leaving the army, and was the announcement of the Cincinnati firm that the junior member, as had been anticipated, had given his consent to the project!

The letter had been delayed on its passage. Had it

reached me in due season, I should have received it at least a week before hearing from Goodsell.

L'homme propose; Dieu dispose!

There was another feature in this event which was in the nature of a *deus ex machina.* Some weeks before this change in my occupation had occurred, the world was shocked by the announcement that a steamer on the lakes, laden with passengers, had been destroyed in a storm, and not a soul was left to "tell the tale."

Among the passengers known to have embarked at Chicago, and who was never after heard of, was a young man, Warren P. Isham, a brother-in-law of Wilbur F. Storey, and who, at the time of his leaving on the fated ship, was acting as assistant editor on the staff of the *Times.* It was this vacancy that I was called on to fill.

A letter had to miscarry, and a man to die, to provide me with a situation.

Isham's history was a brief one. He was with Storey when he was the publisher of the Detroit *Free Press*, and it was pretty well understood that Storey made his life a sheol. He disappeared from Detroit, and when Storey moved to Chicago and purchased the old *Times*, Isham was found to be connected with it in some capacity. He remained with the paper when the property was transferred to the new owner, and took the position of assistant editor.

In the spring of 1862, he was sent to the front as a correspondent. I saw him a couple of days after the battle of Shiloh. He was a slender, handsome young fellow, and

noticeable from the fact that he was stylishly dressed, and looked very much out of place in the roughness and uncleanliness of the surroundings. I saw him but for a moment, and it was the only time I ever met him.

Later he was in Memphis, when the Federal commander of the post made the famous retreat from the raid of Forrest, in which flight, it is said, the fleeing Federal wore but a single garment.

Isham wrote up the occurrence in a manner which, if possible, added to the real absurdity and ludicrousness of the situation. It was a communication which set the entire North in roars of laughter. The fugitive with the single garment, and his frantic, headlong rush, became the butt of universal ridicule.

The offense of Isham was too serious to be condoned. It exposed the legs of a mighty brigadier-general scurrying through the streets of Memphis, with a slender, sail-like appendage flapping swiftly in his rear.

The dignity of the Federal arms — perhaps legs is a better word — had been insulted, and stern and swift, like the flight of the fugitive, must be the punishment of the insolent offender. A court-martial was convened, and at the termination of the trial he was sent to the penitentiary at Alton.

He remained there some months. I have never heard that Mr. Storey ever made an effort to get the prisoner released, or gave him the slightest attention. It may be that

he was pleased at Isham's seclusion, as it relieved him of a brother-in-law whom he appears to have profoundly hated.

It was in the last month of the summer, in 1863, that Isham embarked on the steamer "Sunbeam," a splendid boat running between Chicago and Ontonagon. The morning after leaving the last-named place, a tremendous storm came up, and every person on the vessel, save the pilot, Frazier — who escaped on a raft — was lost.

It was this calamity, in which some thirty people lost their lives, which opened a route for me into the Chicago *Times*.

XXI.

Summary of the Life of Storey.

Before entering on my personal reminiscences of Mr. Storey, it may be well to present a brief epitome of his life up to the date — in September, 1863 — when I first met him.

Wilbur F. Storey — I never learned what the "F." stood for — was born in Salisbury, Vermont, December 19, 1819. His father was a farmer, with whom the son remained until he was twelve years of age. There were other children, at least another son, and two daughters. Nothing has ever been learned to indicate that Mr. Storey derived any portion of his great genius through heredity, unless from a point more remote than that of father and mother.

They are reported to have been plain, good, common-sense people, exactly adapted to the station in life which they occupied. It is not, however, without example that the egg of an eagle may be incubated and hatched in the nest of a plain domestic fowl.

It is stated that young Storey exhibited no marked peculiarities, save that he was somewhat more grave and less frolicsome than his companions. It is not learned that he was a reader, or studious to any extraordinary extent; in fact, in later life he was neither. He could not have had

much opportunity to study before he was twelve years of age, the period when he entered the office of the Middlebury (Vt.) *Free Press*, to learn the art acquired by another distinguished character, Ben Franklin.

Five years later, with the wandering instincts of the old-days printer, he went to New York, where he worked at his trade in the *Journal of Commerce*, then migrated to La Porte, Indiana, where, in company with Edward Hannigan — later a Federal Senator — he started a Democratic journal, the *Herald*. Mr. Storey's later career and peculiarities permit the inference that harmony would not long prevail in an association of which he was a part. A year later the *Herald* expired from anæmia, due to lack of sufficient nutrition.

He then blew the *Tocsin*, to Democratic airs, at Mishawaka, Indiana, and, his breath giving out at the end of eighteen months, he moved to Jackson, Michigan, where, for two years, he read law, and then, by aid of his brother-in-law, a Mr. Farrand, he started the Jackson *Patriot*, also Democratic. He combined with journalism a drug-store and a book-selling shop, and, owing to a dispute about the sale of alcohol from his drug-store, he withdrew from the Congregational denomination to which he belonged, and never after identified himself with any religious body.

He was married in 1847 to his first wife, Maria P. Isham; was Postmaster under Polk; Commissioner of the State Constitutional Convention, and, in 1853, by a political deal, secured an interest in the Detroit *Free Press*, a then almost worthless Democratic organ, and which, in 1861, he

increased so much in value that it had paid for itself and was sold for $30,000.

He then came to Chicago and purchased the Chicago *Times*, in company with A. Worden, a "Wolverine," and a brother of Commodore Worden, whose eyesight was damaged in the Monitor and Merrimac fight in Hampton Roads.

The *Times* had been started in 1854, as a Douglas organ, by the well-known James W. Sheahan and Daniel Cameron. In 1860 it was in the sole possession of the former, who sold it to the great Presbyterian magnate and reaper manufacturer, Cyrus McCormick, who was also the owner of a paper known as the *Herald*, a Democratic journal established in the interests of James Buchanan in 1858.

The two journals were consolidated as the *Herald and Times*, McCormick intending, in season, to drop the latter. It was edited by ex-Governor McComas, of Virginia, who held his place until the sale to Storey in June, 1861. The new owner brought his staff with him from Detroit. They were John L. Chipman, editorial writer; Henry M. Scovel, news editor; Warren J. Isham, city editor; Henry B. Chandler, business manager, and Austin L. Patterson, assistant book-keeper.

Chipman left soon after, and his place was taken by M. L. Hopkins, an ex-member of the Michigan Legislature. James Goodsell, of Detroit, soon was made city editor. The *Herald and Times* was started in the McCormick Block, on the fifth floor, and then was removed to the street floor on

the southeast corner of the first alley on Randolph Street east of State Street.

It was at this location that Mr. Storey began his publication of the *Times*. The purpose of the proprietor of the double-headed sheet, McCormick, was thus reversed.

Mr. Storey was a Democrat and favored a war for the preservation of the Union. In the autumn of 1862, Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation, and thereupon Storey became an ardent opponent of the war, urged, as he asserted, solely for the freedom of the Southern blacks.

I need not recall in detail the famous attempt made to suppress the *Times* in June, 1864, by military force, through an order issued by Gen. Ambrose F. Burnside. Early on the morning of the third, the press-room was taken possession of by Federal soldiers. Several thousand copies had already been distributed on the streets, but a smaller number were seized.

Great mass-meetings were held. Lincoln was telegraphed to by leading citizens to revoke the order, among whom United States Judge David Davis took an influential part. All of the edition of the fourth of June was suppressed.

Lincoln revoked the order, but there was far from being peace. All over the Northwest, among civilians, there was a tremendous excitement among partisans of both sides. In Illinois many secret meetings were held, organizations were formed, and armed insurrection on the one hand, and forcible resistance on the other, were determined on. Had the work of Burnside been persevered in, there would have

been an outbreak in hundreds of places, and a neighborhood war would have followed, equal in rancor to that which prevailed in Missouri between the home-guards and the guerrillas.

The attempt at suppressing the *Times* was an immeasurable benefit to the financial interests of the journal. Without Burnside's ill-advised interference, it was within the limits of the possible that Storey, in less than five years after moving to Chicago, would have resumed the drug business in Jackson.

During the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention in Indianapolis, in the seventies, I was entering the Bates Hotel, when I met General Burnside coming out. I recognized him by his whiskers and general appearance, as popularized by his portraits in public prints, but had never before seen him.

I was at once seized by a rather malevolent idea.

"General, I have never before met you, and you will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you."

He looked at me with a rather puzzled expression, and, smiling genially, took my proffered hand, shook it cordially and said:

"I'm always glad to see my friends." Then he waited for me to explain.

"General, I have been waiting for many years to thank you for a great service you conferred on some of my friends, during the progress of the war."

"Indeed! I don't remember you or the event; what was it that you refer to?"

"It was a service of immeasurable magnitude. It rescued a great institution from a collapse; it is something for which the beneficiaries can never sufficiently thank you."

The face of the General shone all over with delight and benevolence, and smiles played over his eyes and lips like the irradiation of the northern lights over the polar sky.

"Please tell me what you refer to. Who is it that says these pleasant things?"

"General," I said, as I again seized his hand and shook it heartily, "I am one of the editors of the Chicago *Times!*"

A change flashed over his countenance like that of clouds suddenly obscuring a sunshiny sky. He glanced at me with a pained sort of look, and, brushing swiftly by, went into the street.

XXII.

Storey's Alleged Brutality.

The clamor about Storey was so great, his reported abuse of his employes so wide-spread, the assertions as to his open treason so emphatic and universal, that it was with considerable hesitation that I responded affirmatively to Goodsell's letter offering me the position vacated by Isham. This was in the early part of September, 1863, and the clamor against the editor was at its full height. I must say, also, that another motive made me disinclined to ally myself with the *Times*. I was an unfaltering Democrat, strongly favored the war for the preservation of the Union, and, hence, did not care to incur the odium of being a "copperhead," a "rebel sympathizer," "secessionist," and all the other terms of contumely and opprobrium which I knew association with Storey's paper would necessarily inflict on me.

However, after a long debate with myself, I concluded to accept the offer, and so notified Goodsell, and that I would meet him two days later at the Tremont House.

"Jim," as everybody termed Goodsell, met me. He was a tall, slender, handsome young fellow, with a bright face, active motions, and very agreeable in his manners. As I

soon discovered, although barely out of Ann Arbor University, he was already a valuable man in his profession — alert, capable, vigilant and untiring.

On our way to the office, I said to him that I had hesitated a good deal before deciding to accept his offer.

"Is that so? Why? I regard it as an unusual opportunity for a young man to jump at once to a staff position on a first-class newspaper like the *Times*. What made you hesitate?"

"Well, because they say Mr. Storey treats his employes with severity, and that he is a brute who likes to rend the flesh of his subordinates."

"Who is 'they' who say this?"

"Oh, everybody! I heard it in the Ozark Mountains, in the Yazoo Bayou, in the Chickahominy Swamps, in New Orleans, at Shiloh, Vicksburg; in brief, everywhere, from everybody."

"Don't let that worry you. 'Everybody' is a slanderer, and, of course, a liar. Mr. Storey is the finest gentleman in the world to work for if you know your business and attend to it."

Nevertheless, it was with a strong apprehension that I entered the faded old brick building used by the *Times*. It had been built for a store of some kind; there was a glass front; the upper half of the door was of the same material. The first room was a large one, in which were the counters, desks, tables and other furniture of a counting-room. Beyond this, a small room, in which, at a desk, was seated

a handsome man, with a long, silky, flaxen beard, and hair which matched in hue.

I was presented to him: "Mr. Worden, Mr. Storey's partner," said Goodsell.

Mr. Worden was very affable; he was glad to see me, he said, as he rose and warmly shook my hand with both his hands.

I felt relieved: if this was a specimen of the partnership, the remainder of it could not be so terrible.

We passed on through the small room and entered a much larger one beyond, and which, I could see, was dimly lighted from a court at the opposite side. It was a room in which there prevailed a twilight obscurity, in which there appeared, seated at a small, plain table, a figure with thick white hair, and a long white beard that fell, like that of a patriarch, over his breast. Without seeing any more of the details of the figure than the outlines and the white, I knew that I was in the presence of Mr. Storey, the awful ogre, the *bête noir*, the terror that ravaged the jungles of the great West.

As I gazed at the white-crowned figure, it seemed to tower to monstrous dimensions, something like the genius which issued from the casket in which it had been confined by Solomon. We approached. He was looking over the columns of a newspaper, and must have heard our steps, or seen us out of the corner of his eyes, but he did not look up; he sat as immovable as a white statue in marble.

It was only when Goodsell said: "Mr. Storey, this is

Mr. Wilkie," that he appeared to be aware of our presence. Then he looked up, and I caught sight of deep-brown eyes, superb in shape and expression, serious, deep, commanding, and which he fixed on me as if examining my qualities rather than my appearance.

"How do you do, sir?" extending his hand, and still retaining his seat.

His utterance was slow, deliberate, his voice deep, impressive, and with a suggestion of harshness rather than of melodious qualities.

He invited me to take a seat. Our conversation, or, rather, his, was very brief. He said he had lost an assistant writer and must fill his place. Could I take it, and, if so, how soon? I replied, "In three days." That would do.

He asked me no questions as to my training or experience; gave no intimation as to work, whether it was day or night which was wanted, nor was anything said as to pay.

"There is nothing more to say, is there?" I asked, as he ceased to speak.

"Nothing!" he answered.

"Then good morning, sir."

I rose and started for the door, and at the same moment he also started up, and began to move in the same direction. Supposing he was going into Worden's den, or the counting-room, I stood aside to give him the precedence, which he refused, and moved along at my side. In this order we moved through Worden's room, and along the passage in

the counting-room which led to the front door. As I reached out to open the door, he said, looking at me inquiringly, and as if there might be some doubt in it:

"You will come without fail in the three days?"

"Yes, sir, if I'm alive!"

He returned down the passage, saying nothing when he left.

I re-entered the editorial room at nine A. M. on the agreed morning. A small, swarthy man with jet-black hair, large, very dark eyes, and a face full of intensity, sat at a small table glancing over a newspaper. We made ourselves acquainted. He was, he said, Mr. M. L. Hopkins, senior assistant editor. I was, I said, the successor of Mr. Isham. He was pleased to see me. For several years thereafter we occupied tables in the same room.

"Do you prefer a pen or pencil for your writing?" he asked.

"I think I prefer a pencil."

"Very well; I'll get you a supply of material." He went out and soon returned with pencils and soft writing-paper.

I often wonder why I selected the pencil in preference to the pen. I had never in all my writing used anything, even in the war, but the last-named. I recalled, as he laid the pencils and paper before me, how, less than a month before, I had been in the office of the St. Louis *Republican*, and had noticed that the venerable senior of the staff was scratching out his "stuff" with a lead pencil on soft paper.

It seemed to be something effeminate, and I felt a species of contempt for the writer and his products.

Hopkins, I saw, had before him a pile of good, solid foolscap, a big bottle of ink, and a collection of steel-pointed spears.

I took possession of the table pointed out to me by Mr. Hopkins, and, as Mr. Storey had not yet come, I studied the room. It was spacious on the floor, high as to ceiling, lighted dimly from the dirty windows of the light-shaft. There was a book-case, with glass doors, containing perhaps one or two hundred books of a very miscellaneous kind, and piled in a corner were great numbers of black-coated official reports, and litters of newspapers.

There was a carpet on the floor, a sofa on one side, all of which substantially comprised the furniture of the editorial room.

XXIII.

Getting Broken to Harness.

Probably at no time in my journalistic experience was I in so great a quandary, so perplexed, so undecided what to do, and how to do it. I felt that much, everything, in fact, depended on the impression which would be produced by my initial effort.

I pondered over the problem for a long time. Should it be something on the war question; a political essay; a smart denunciation of some military commander? These and others of the kind might strike the editor-in-chief as being pretentious, stiff, presumptuous.

Meanwhile Storey came in. I glanced over my shoulder at him, but he noticed neither me nor my colleague. He seated himself and commenced opening a pile of letters. His presence considerably intensified my embarrassment.

It was an hour or more after I had taken my seat, when my eye lighted on a brief account of an outrage perpetrated on the inmates of a charitable institution for the care of poor children. Here was the sought-for theme! Something to awaken the sympathy of the tender-hearted; to arouse righteous indignation; to stir the pulses of the public. It contained pathetic elements; it involved pity; it was

just the class of craft needed with which to embark on unknown waters.

I wrote up the subject in my best style; I was poetical without being "sloppy," indignant without being brutal in expression, and Christian-like in my demand for the punishment of the guilt of the culpable managers.

I added two or three short articles, and, in the afternoon at about four o'clock, walked humbly to the table of the silent sphynx, and laid my package before him. He did not look up, nor in the least indicate that he was aware of my existence or presence. That night was a long and troublesome one. Would my articles be in? Would the "old man" throw them into the waste-basket, or would he print them? Long before daylight I was in the street waiting, hoping, half-despairing, for an early *Times*. A newsboy's cry at last echoed along the distance, and, a moment later, I had one in my possession.

I scarcely dared unfold it. I kept saying to myself: "They are not in!" I finally opened it to the editorial page, and scanned it with a vision obscured by doubt. I failed to see the articles, and my heart bolted into my mouth! Then I looked over the page in detail, and, this time, found them. They were there, just as I had written them, punctuation and all.

This may seem a confession of great weakness on the part of one who had written as much as I had before I joined the *Times*. I never afterwards had any hesitation as to theme or treatment; but, in this instance, I was puzzled,

mystified by the incomprehensible enigma that filled the atmosphere in which I wrote.

Storey, at that period, was a person to command respect. He was about forty-five years of age, in the very prime of manhood. He was fully six feet in height, with a fine head, poised on his shoulders with the grace of an Apollo; his figure was easily and perfectly erect; his chest was strong, not with the contour of an athlete, but the lines which indicate flexibility, activity and strength.

His arms were long, with slender hands, and shapely, tapering fingers. His feet were narrow and long, his legs perfectly straight, and well shaped in calf and thigh, and his hips were slender enough to harmonize with the width of his chest.

His face was especially intelligent, noble, dignified and aristocratic. His forehead was deep, full, massive, beautifully rounded; his nose strong, and characteristic of vast will-power; his mouth artistically carved, and his eyes — one of his finest features — were a deep hazel, large, clear, and wonderfully expressive.

His long beard and ample hair, white as snow, did not suggest age, but rather a grand dignity, which added much to the attractiveness of his splendid head.

A few days after connecting myself with the *Times*, I met two gentlemen on Randolph Street who were walking arm in arm. One of them was a man with jet-black hair and beard, and who, in all other respects, resembled Storey. The next day, after the senior had taken his seat, I glanced

at him out of the corner of my eye, and saw a man with raven locks and beard. So far as I remember, this one time was the only one in which he resorted to the use of the dye-pot. As the dye faded out, and all sorts of queer and grotesque blotches came into view, he was, for a time, an Apollo masquerading as a Silenus.

He was statuesque in his immobility, and more particularly in his silence, as he sat before his table in the center of the dim editorial room. I was told by Worden, his partner, that Storey had insisted that employes never should be recognized on the streets, or in other places. The employes were to be regarded as mere machines — to be operated, but in no sense to be human beings.

The first year I sat within almost hand-reaching distance of Mr. Storey, and never once during that period did he say, "Good morning!" or in any way utter a word unless I asked of him instruction in some treatment of political or other questions.

One night, I startled him out of his silence, as I happened to meet him, and informed him that a very important employe, connected with the composition department, was indulging in a big drunk, and wound up my communication by offering my services to take the other man's place.

Storey looked at me with as much astonishment as if it were the first time he had ever seen me.

"Thank you! I'll see about it, and if I need you, I'll send for you!"

Had I met him and told him that the next building to

the office was on fire, he would have passed on without notice or reply. But when the information concerned the "make-up" of the columns of his paper, it was a matter of vital importance. From this time it seemed to me that when we met he looked at me with a dim, half-conscious expression as if he might have somewhere before seen me.

XXIV.

Jealousy and Hatred of Storey.

These years were stirring ones in the career of the editor. He had excited the envy of the slow-going newspapers that were in existence when he came among them. They were no more than country sheets in the matter of enterprise. Even in news from the seat of war, the feeble and meager reports of the Associated Press were in the main relied on for intelligence. Special dispatches were rarely employed; they cost money; and when the white-haired evangel came here from Detroit, and began to distribute the revelation of news, he roused the dozing fogies of the newspapers from a comfortable nap.

He spread great, staring head-lines through his columns, which were black, numerous, and full of promise of startling information. Wherever a correspondent with the army was within possible reach of the telegraph-wire he was instructed to use it without limit.

"Telegraph fully all news, and when there is no news, send rumors."

This was a telegram which I received from Storey during a period when I went to Thomas' army at Nashville

to temporarily relieve George Rust, who was the regular correspondent, but who was taken ill.

All the news by wire, and rumors where there is no news! This was Storey's idea, and it worried the Rip Van Winkles of the Chicago press. Hence they hated him; he had awakened them from a comfortable "snooze." Of course, they did not tell the public the real reason of their dislike for the strange editor; they professed to dislike him on patriotic grounds. He was a rebel, a traitor, a copperhead, a secessionist, a scoundrel who ought to be hanged by Judge Lynch, a reptile that ought to be exterminated at sight.

The loyal mob took all these teachings as Gospel truth. Now and then detachments of regiments, coming home on a furlough and to recruit, announced days in advance of their coming that, when they reached Chicago, they were going to "stop long enough to clean out that damned secesh sheet, the *Times*."

They didn't, however. There were boxes of muskets, pistols and ball-cartridges in the building, and numbers of pipes connected with the steam-chest of the boilers. Courageous men were on watch night and day, and others, well-armed, could be summoned at a certain signal. No, they did not attack the "secesh concern," and it was well for their skins, their hair, their flesh, and their bones, that they didn't!

There was, however, just a slight effort made to suppress "treason" and punish a "traitor." One forenoon, four loyalists in blue — a corporal and three privates — all brim-

ming over with lofty patriotism and poor whisky, staggered into the counting-room, bent on destroying a nest of rebellion.

They were talking very loudly, albeit somewhat incoherently and huskily, of "copperhead," and the like, and shaking their fists at the frightened clerks, when Mr. Storey entered the door from the street and walked rapidly along the passage-way in the direction of his room in the rear. He paid no attention to the patriots, and was passing through them, when the corporal staggered against him.

"Who you a-pushin', you damned old secesh son of a ——?" said the gallant patriot in blue.

As quick as a flash of light Storey turned, seized the corporal by the throat, and pushed him backward until they reached the window, through which the patriot went, head and shoulders, carrying a considerable portion of the sash and glass with him into the street. This done, Storey, without a glance at the other loyalists, who were rapidly falling back toward the sidewalk, went to his room, not having uttered a word during the occurrence.

Still every loyal citizen believed he had a God-given right to attack Storey on sight, and kill him if he could. That patriot, that eminent lover of human freedom, George Trussell, a notorious professional "skin gambler," felt his loyalty so much outraged by Storey's treason that, seeing the editor coming down the street, he put a good-sized cobble-stone under his coat, and, as the "traitor"

passed, pulled out his weapon and from behind struck Mr. Storey on the head, felling him to the sidewalk.

The latter regained his feet, pulled a Derringer and fired at the "avenger," who was backing away with an expression on his face of mortal apprehension. The shot missed its mark, but it was not very long after that Trussell was shot dead by Mollie Trussell, his mistress. The shooting occurred directly across the street from the office of the *Times*.

A gigantic loyalist, mainly hair and muscle, named "Horse Eddy," had his patriotic instincts aggrieved by Storey's treason. Meeting him one day in front of the Sherman House, he delivered a tremendous and unexpected blow with his huge fist directly in the face of the editor, sending him prone on the walk.

Goodsell was assaulted one night in a dark place, and beaten until he was insensible.

Down among the armies the war against the *Times* was carried on. At Memphis its circulation was prohibited. Sherman, in his march south toward Atlanta, forbade its entrance into his lines. There were country places and small towns all over the West in which no *Times* were taken, and in which its reading subjected the offender to social and church ostracism. And yet, despite all this opposition; despite the attempts of Burnside, the denunciation of the Republican press, the fierce assaults of the pulpit, and the universal howl of the stay-at-home populace, the *Times* grew in influence and circulation.

XXV.

Mr. Storey as a Worker.

Mr. Storey was a hard worker in some directions. He wrote but little, rarely ever an editorial with head-line, but mainly paragraphs. Generally his compositions were characterized by force rather than elegance. There was in his style something of the fugue movement; the announcement of a motive, and then its repetition over and over again; the blows of a heavy hammer delivered repeatedly on the same spot.

Mr. M. L. Hopkins and myself furnished all the editorials, save the occasional paragraphs of the editor-in-chief, for some two years.

Mr. Storey's hard work in connection consisted of a close supervision of every department and detail of the paper. He had a wonderful exactness, as, for instance, no feature could gain publication in an editorial which in the slightest degree contradicted anything in other editorials, whether they appeared in the same issue or any other one, however widely the two might be separated.

When the forms were being "made up" it was his custom to give the operation a personal supervision. Each article had its place in the columns according to its news

value, or importance in other respects. It must "break over" the top of the column; that is, where it reached to the next column, it must be divided at a certain part, so as to show a certain amount in one column and a certain amount in the next.

A special study of his was the use of type for display "heads." Each heading, according to the importance of the article, must have so many lines of such a kind and size — a disposition which he perfected after a long and exhaustive study of possible type-effects. Printing was the one art in which he excelled.

In view of the exactness thus obtained in the make-up of the columns of the *Times*, one can possibly fancy my disgust when, one day, a little chap, of unmistakable English origin, rushed into my room — we had then moved into the new building on Dearborn Street, in which each writer had his own apartment — and in a fussy, imperious, overbearing way said:

"Your paper his hall made up 'iggledy-piggledy! You want to 'ave some one take 'old hof hit who hunderstands 'is business."

"Do you understand it?"

"I know hall habout hit!"

"You do, do you? Well, you are exactly the person we are looking for! You are the right man; one we have been in search of for years! How lucky that you came along just at this critical time!"

His face lighted up with a warm satisfaction.

"'That's good news! When can hi commence?"

"Right away, probably; but you'll have to see another man. Go down to the corner room, and knock pretty hard at the door, for the occupant is rather hard of hearing. Speak up in a high tone to the old philanthropist with the benevolent face and venerable hair and beard. He is a little peculiar, but you needn't mind that, for he's all right in the long run."

"Aw, thanks! You hare very kind, hi'm sure!"

I opened the door to let him pass out, and, leaving it open, stood in the doorway. Storey's room was the second one from mine.

"'Adn't you best go and hintroduce me?"

"Not at all necessary. It's all right! Just go ahead!"

There was a tremendous pounding on the editor's door, to which, owing, no doubt, to the astonishment of Storey at the racket, there was no immediate response. Then the door was again smitten by a vigorous tattoo, and then it was suddenly pulled open, and Storey, with eyes blazing with fury, thundered, in a voice almost incoherent with rage:

"What do you want?"

"Hi'm an English printer, and the make-up of your paper his hall 'iggledy-piggledy."

"What!" came in cyclonic tones.

"Hi say the make-up of your paper his hall 'iggledy-piggledy, and hi" ——

"Get out of here, you damned idiot, or I'll throw you down the stairway and break your cursed neck!"

Appalled at the spectacle and the language, the ambitious young Englishman fled.

The idea that any one should insinuate to Storey that a system on which he prided himself, and which he had spent years in perfecting, was a failure, was an insult of intolerable dimensions.

One of Storey's most arduous industries, which occupied a great deal of his time and exercised a great deal of his patience, was in an effort to make his Hoe press do good work. There was a procession of new pressmen passing through the vaults every day. The editor would turn up when the edition was struck off, and, after an examination of the impression, would thunder at the pressman: "You get out!"

And thus one victim after another turned up and disappeared, till one day there came along a young fellow who announced his desire to secure a place as chief pressman of the *Times*. Storey heard the request, grinning maliciously as he thought of the fate of the present applicant's predecessors — very like the princes who lost their heads in their endeavor to cure the ailing daughter of the king.

Nobody, however, was barred, and the young man was admitted to a trial.

The next morning the editor took up the latest imprint of the issue, and, a moment later, breathing hard through his set teeth, as he always did when he was mad, he was rushing for the press-room. He found the new man under

the press, engaged in some mechanical tinkering, and at once yelled at him :

"Here you ! Damn you ! Get out ! You're no good !"

The youth crawled from under, erected himself and exhibited a figure with a bull neck, and legs, thighs and torso like a prize-fighter. He glared defiantly at the editor and answered :

"I'll see you damned first ! You can't put me out, nor all the men in your concern."

Storey seemed to become paralyzed over this unexpected and insolent rejoinder. How it came about I do not know, but I do know that for more than twenty years, from the date of this interview, "Jack" Woodlock — for that was the name of the athletic young man — remained as the principal pressman of the *Times* establishment.

Another pursuit which occupied much of the attention of Mr. Storey was the study of the New York newspapers. In those days the present lavishness of special telegrams was unknown. Now ample details of events from all parts of civilization are sent to each great newspaper, to the extent, in cases of importance, of many thousand words. Then the wires were used more sparingly ; a brief summary of momentous affairs would be sent by telegraph, and the local newspapers would be relied on for complete accounts.

New York was the great news center of the continent, and, hence, its journals were depended on for full particulars of transactions of consequence.

On the news editor fell the important duty of receiving

these papers and going through them. All the news of value which had been indicated by telegraph had to be scissored out and prepared for the printer. It was a work which required extraordinary capacity of a special character. As the New York issues always reached Chicago late at night, but a short time remained to get them in shape.

It was not enough to cut them out and prepare their headings. Each article must be treated according to its value; one must be cut down one-half or more; others must be condensed by rewriting; and only here and there were there instances in which an article could be used in its entirety.

It may readily be seen that the news editor who could well perform this task must be one capable of the exercise of infinite swiftness in action and judgment. The man who performed this work for the *Times* was Harry Scovel, who justly merited the reputation of being the very best of his kind on the continent. He would go through a hundred newspaper "exchanges," apparently only glancing at them, and yet would never miss an item of the smallest consequence.

Each morning Storey would pore over the New York papers, the *Times* and the city rivals, to compare the results. If any of the other local journals had a superior paper, or the extracts in his own newspaper were not what he thought they should be — too much or too little — dire was the racket. Blasphemy, curses, savage denunciations shattered the atmosphere.

XXVI.

A Mysterious Falling-Off.

There came a time when the collections of the *Times* began to fall off in a most inexplicable manner. Worden, the junior partner, became very much alarmed by these conditions, and finally concluded that the concern was destined to failure, and induced Storey to buy him out. He took for his share in the paper a job office and some cash.

Very soon after he had left the firm, Henry B. Chandler, the book-keeper, offered his resignation. As he was the only man who knew all the complications and intricacies of the business of the establishment, Mr. Storey was compelled to give him a quarter interest in the *Times* on easy terms. Strangely enough, the difficulties attending the collection of accounts suddenly disappeared; a large number of bills which had been pronounced valueless became of par value, and so extended was the income from this source that the profits substantially paid the cost of Mr. Chandler's quarter interest.

Two or three years later, Mr. Chandler parted with his interest to Mr. Storey for $80,000.

This transaction suggests a personal experience. One day a party of gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Storey,

were together somewhere, when my name was mentioned, and Mr. Storey announced, after some complimentary remarks anent myself, that he intended to give me an interest in the *Times*. This was repeated to me by one of his auditors, and, as may readily be believed, inspired me with unalloyed delight.

For at least two months I was in a condition of feverish excitement, waiting for Mr. Storey to announce his purpose. All this period, which was an eternity, he said nothing of the thing nearest my heart. He was agreeable, unusually so, beamed on me genially and exhibited much friendliness. At last, at one of our meetings, he said, as he gazed on me with great benignancy in his glance :

"Wilkie, how would you like an interest in the *Times?*"

Confused by the offer, it was with difficulty I could say anything whatever, but I finally managed to stammer my thanks.

"You are a young man, and capable of much hard, good work. As a member of the firm, you would undoubtedly be willing to constantly put out your best efforts."

"Most certainly ! I could not do too much to express my gratitude for so great a favor, and so distinguished a consideration on your part."

"We'll think the matter over, and some day we will resume it. How would an eighth interest suit you?"

"It would be beyond my wildest dreams !"

I will make a long story short. For two years, or nearly to the time of the great fire, he dangled before my lips this

luscious bait, and kept me nibbling at it. I did the work of two men, and always, when I attempted to bring up the partnership matter, he would postpone it.

At last I became convinced that he was only tricking me for the purpose of getting more work out of me. I was so enraged over the conviction that I wrote him a note, in which I stated that I should decline any further talk in regard to a partnership.

The next day, when I saw him, he said:

"As to that partnership, I have determined never to take another partner." (Chandler had then just gone out.) "But I will tell you what I will do for you: I will raise your salary ten dollars a week, which will be between ourselves, and will not go on the books."

I had to be satisfied. For over ten years I was paid this extra salary, getting it from him in checks, in large amounts as I needed it. Whether or not this extra sum paid me compensated for the additional labor I performed during the two years waiting, I am not prepared to say.

The *Sunday Times* was not started till a year or so after I became connected with the institution. It almost immediately sprang into popularity. It was in this issue of the *Times* that I took a considerable part, from which both myself and the paper attained a substantial reputation. A series of articles entitled "Walks about Chicago" secured from the public a ready appreciation, which largely increased the sale of the Sunday paper, and resulted, in 1869, in the sale of several editions in book form, in which many

of the "Walks" appeared, and several other articles, the work being entitled, "Walks about Chicago, and Army and Navy Sketches."

The fire of 1871 destroyed the stereotype plates of this book and large quantities of the printed edition.

I wish to state here that I have usually had the credit of being the author of a series of papers which appeared in the *Sunday Times* headed "Walks among the Churches," and which were published about 1873. The credit is wholly undeserved. They were the product of a reporter, John R. Bothwell, an ex-captain of the regular army, and who has since obtained large notoriety as the editor of the *Round Table*, which had a brief existence in New York, and as the participant, with Professor Clark, of a New England university, in a huge mining project which failed and ruined many, and as a promoter of railway schemes in which he made an immense fortune.

These articles created a tremendous excitement, especially among church people. They were audacious exposures of social abuses in church bodies, and brought to light innumerable flagrant iniquities among men and women against whose morals there had never before been any suspicion.

As the articles appeared there was a frightful commotion created among the churches whose misdemeanors had already been given, and an anticipatory convulsion among those whose turn was yet to come and who did not know when, or at what point, the bolt would strike.

There was, in connection with this occurrence, a very un-.

complimentary development of certain feminine traits. So soon as the articles began to attract attention, the writer was inundated with missives from women, expressing a lavish admiration of him and asking the privilege of making his acquaintance. Many of these, as a matter of course, were from the lewder feminine elements, but, at the same time, many of the silly fools were shown by examination to be wives and even mothers of irreproachable standing in their respective social places.

As a matter of fact, the same tendency is exhibited in the case of any man who secures notoriety through well-ordered, or vicious — more especially the latter — efforts.

For a time, I published my "Walks about Chicago" without a signature. One day a lady, an acquaintance of mine, was in a book-store, and overheard the proprietor complimenting a young litterateur on the success of his "Walks about Chicago." He modestly accepted the commendation and made no denial of the authorship.

My acquaintance informed me of the incident, and thereupon I determined to take a pen-name for my articles. Going along the street, a bill-board caught my eye on which was a poster announcing the opera of "Il Poliuto," meaning the martyr. I adopted Poliuto, not for its meaning, but simply as a name distinct from any other.

It was a great concession on the part of Storey to permit the use of this signature, and it was the first, and, in fact, the only one that was allowed for many years. His motive was to discourage individuality on the part of his writers.

When the *Sunday Times* was first started certain matter appeared first in the Saturday issue and then reappeared in the Sunday edition.

One Saturday there appeared over the signature of Poliuto an entire page of biographical sketches of the leading members of the Chicago bar. On Sunday the same article appeared without any signature.

"Why did you leave off the name of Poliuto from the Sunday article on the bar?" was asked Storey, by one of my friends.

"Because I wanted the *Times* to have the credit."

This, so far as I remember, was the only instance in which it was omitted, during a use which extended over twenty-two years.

Up to the time of the great fire, my work was principally editorial writing, of which I furnished from a column to a column and a half each day. Considering that the *Times* was then a "blanket sheet," with very long columns, the daily labor was no small one. At odd spells I furnished translations, mainly from the French, for the Sunday issue, and for which I received extra pay from the office.

George P. Upton, of the *Tribune*, over the *nom de plume* of "Peregrine Pickle," published in the Sunday issue of his journal special articles which, with those of Poliuto, fairly divided the attention of the public, both meeting with gratifying success.

XXVII.

An Audacious Editor.

The ante-fire course of Mr. Storey was audacious in the extreme. He bitterly, unrelentingly opposed and lampooned President Lincoln, belittled the Federal leaders, made of Grant a target for incessant malignant vituperation, made light of national victories and exaggerated defeats. He had only praise for the Confederate leaders and their followers, their courage, their devotion, and their fighting qualities. The Northern armies were composed of mercenary aliens, of the foreign scum, the vermin and riff-raff of old-world slums and gutters.

Insolent, audacious, defiant as he was in war matters, his paper became almost equally noted for another quality in its ante-fire existence. This feature was its glaring indecency in its selection of topics and the manner of their handling. There was a time when his paper was as rigidly tabooed from decent families as it would have been had it been the small-pox.

Scandals in private life, revolting details from the evidence taken in police-court trials, imaginary liaisons of a filthy character, reeked, seethed like a hell's broth in the *Times'* cauldrons, and made a stench in the nostrils of decent

people. All this was done with a purpose : it was to attract attention to the paper, to secure notoriety, advertising and circulation.

The city editor, during the period of the prevalence of this pestilence, remarked to me, with an unctuous satisfaction :

"I have a great force in the city department. Two of my men are ex-convicts, ten of them are divorced husbands, and not a single one of them is living with his own wife !"

It was this class of material that furnished the food daily offered on the local board of the *Times*. It was a feast fitted only for the tastes and appetites of vultures and carrion-loving vermin.

The attempt of Lydia Thompson to "horsewhip" Mr. Storey grew directly from this prevalence of the indecent in the management of the *Times*. The editor had a quarrel with Albert Crosby, the owner of the Opera-house ; in fact, it seemed a part of his policy to be at odds with theatrical managers. For years there was a bitter feud between Storey and McVicker.

One of my first duties after I joined the paper was to attend McVicker's, under the guise of a critic, but with instructions to denounce everything irrespective of its merits. I failed to fill the bill, as I could not very enthusiastically condemn things which I saw to be meritorious. I was withdrawn as dramatic critic, and the position was given to one of the Chisholm brothers, the one who was drowned in the experimental trip of a vessel built expressly to defy

submersion. Chisholm was reading in the cabin, when the vessel was suddenly turned bottom-side up, and could not be righted.

In his desire to further his quarrel with Crosby, Mr. Storey attacked the "British Blondes," then performing at the Opera-house. They were large-limbed, beefy specimens of a heavy class of British barmaids, of whom Lydia Thompson was the principal, and Pauline Markham, lieutenant. They were a novelty in Chicago and created a tremendous *furore* among the bald-heads and other susceptible masculine elements.

Drawing vast crowds, they were a source of profit to Crosby. To lessen this patronage, Storey attacked the chastity of the British visitors. Attack followed attack, at which the muscular blondes could not but have rejoiced, as it increased the attendance, till one morning there appeared, at the foot of the editorial columns, the following:

"Bawds at the Opera-house! Where's the police?"

This was too much, and Lydia vowed revenge.

The afternoon of the morning on which this *morceau* was offered to the lips of the public, a small gathering, consisting of two women and two men, might have been seen on Wabash Avenue north of Twelfth Street. One of the men was a large, athletic person, the other a little chap, wearing a single eye-glass, which, as in the case of Dundreary, was constantly slipping from his eye. The two women were Lydia Thompson and Pauline Markham; the big fellow was the manager of the "British Blondes," and who was

then, or later, the husband of Lydia Thompson. The little chap was a newspaper reporter, "Archie" Gordon, who was supposed to be very much enamored with Miss Thompson.

This group did not move far from the corner. They chatted in excited tones and accompanied their words with vehement gesticulations, meanwhile, at short intervals, casting their glances along Wabash Avenue to the north.

Coming south on State Street was a couple — a very handsome woman, tastefully dressed, about thirty years of age, and a gentleman twenty years her senior, a tall, distinguished-appearing person, with a long white beard and hair of the same snowy hue. They were in excellent humor, laughing, chatting, and moving with a leisurely step, which indicated that they were enjoying their walk.

This couple left State Street at Harmon Court, and strolled toward the lake. When they reached Wabash Avenue, they wheeled to the south, and came into view of a party of four people waiting on the next corner.

The four who were waiting caught sight of the couple, and at once exhibited intense agitation.

"He has a woman with him," said the large man; "we will have to put off the affair."

"Why put it off? What difference does it make if there is a woman?" queried the little chap.

"It may be his wife," said Markham.

"I don't care whether she is his wife or not. If she is, so much the better. It will make his punishment all the more

humiliating!" ejaculated Lydia Thompson, with fierce eagerness. "He has outrageously insulted us, who are women, and if she is his wife, he will get an idea of what it means to attack one of the sex!"

The pair approached, still chatting. They saw the group at the corner and thought nothing of it, they were so absorbed in their conversation. As they came opposite the four, the latter sprang forward, one of the women, as she came, drawing a riding-whip from under her wrap, which she raised in the air, and with the words, "You dirty old scoundrel!" struck at the face of the white-haired man. He caught the blow on his left arm, and, with his right, seized by the throat the woman who had struck him. At this instant the little chap sprang on his back and began clawing his face; the large man reached forward, tore the hand of the other from the woman's throat, and then the two grappled.

"Wilbur, pull your pistol!" shrieked the woman who had accompanied the white-haired man.

He made no reply. The little chap still clung to his back. The other woman of the group of four was belaboring the elderly man with a parasol.

The two men writhed fiercely for a couple of moments and then went to the ground, the white-haired man uppermost. Just then some men came running to the spot and separated the combatants.

The next morning all the persons were before "Chief

Justice" Augustus Banyon, a paunchy, swollen-nosed, red-faced celebrity of the day.

Mr. Storey stood up and told his version of the attack.

"That creature, there," pointing to Lydia Thompson, "undertook to strike me with a whip. I caught her by the throat and would have choked out her life, when that little chap," indicating Gordon, with a contemptuous look and gesture, "jumped on my back, and that ruffian attacked me from the front!"

"Why did you not use your pistol, as Mrs. Storey asked you to do?" queried John Lyle King, who appeared for the defendants.

"Because I did not need it, sir!" was answered in a tone as if Storey regarded the question as an impertinence.

"The defendants are found guilty, and fined each $100 and costs!" was the verdict of the "Chief Justice."

Of course the collection of the fines was suspended.

Storey walked out of the court-room not showing a scratch from the conflict.

The other city journals, the next morning, had articles with immense display lines, headed "Storey Horsewhipped by Lydia Thompson," followed by distorted accounts of the occurrence. The telegraph had been busy the night before, and the same morning there appeared in every newspaper of importance in America the lying statement that Wilbur F. Storey had been "horsewhipped by Lydia Thompson."

For months and years the opposition newspapers and orators replied to every political argument made by the

Times with the statement that it was only the assertion of the old scoundrel "horsewhipped by Lydia Thompson."

As a matter of fact he was never "horsewhipped by Lydia Thompson." He was attacked by four ruffians, two male and two female, and would have strangled one of the women, and broken the neck, or back, of one of the men, or both of them, had he not been interfered with by outsiders.

The headline of a truthful account of the affair should have been: "Editor Storey attacked by a mob, which he vanquishes single-handed."

The incidents of this famous and generally-misrepresented event, as I have related them, are correct. They are founded on conversations with Mr. and Mrs. Storey, the testimony before Banyon, the statement of Dr. Reynolds, who interfered, and what was seen by others.

Storey I believe to have been a thoroughly "game" man; one who, in common language, literally "feared neither God, man, nor devil." I know of but one instance in which he ever showed anything suggestive of the white feather.

During a legislative election, some time in about 1867 or '68, a candidate named Morrison was presented by the Republicans. I was informed by some persons, who claimed to be posted, that Morrison had deserted from the army, whereupon I proceeded to baste him daily in the style which so heinous an offense deserved.

One day I heard the noisy clatter of numerous heavy-shod feet coming down the hall; it ceased in front of my door,

and then there was a knock. To my "Come in!" there entered a clerk named Morrison, who was in O'Brien's art and book-store, and with him three stalwart Irishmen. I had known him for many years, and was very intimate with him in connection with his trade. He was a mild, inoffensive young fellow, whom I very thoroughly liked. I noticed that the entire party seemed very stern in their expression.

"Hello, Morrison, old boy, how are you? What can I do for you? Sit down, gentlemen."

My kind greeting seemed to take Morrison by surprise. He gazed at me doubtfully for a moment, and then, bowing his head into his hands, he began weeping violently. For a moment he could do nothing but sob, and then he burst out with:

"Oh, Wilkie, how could you do it? How could you do it?"

"Do what? I don't understand you. What have I done?"

"Done? Haven't you accused me of being a deserter, and ruined my reputation and made me infamous?"

"Are you crazy? I accuse you of being a deserter? I have never even mentioned your name. Why should I charge you with being a deserter?"

He opened a *Times*, which he had brought with him, and pointed to an editorial. I read it; it was one in which I lashed the candidate Morrison. A sudden light broke over me.

"Good God, Morrison! Are you the Morrison spoken of in these articles?"

"I am the candidate named Morrison whom you have been abusing, and without the least shadow of justice."

"I assure you that I never had a thought of you. Even had I known it was you, I would not have said it, for I have known you too long and well to believe that you could commit a disgraceful offense like that which I have been charging this Morrison with committing. I am awfully sorry the mistake has happened, and I shall fully correct it in to-morrow's issue."

"Thank you a thousand times!" he said, as a smiling face replaced the tear-stained one, and he seized my hand and shook it heartily. We chatted pleasantly a few minutes.

"Well, boys, we can go now. You see it's all a mistake."

"By the way, who told you that I wrote these Morrison articles?"

"Why, the old man himself, who, as soon as we got in and asked about the Morrison matter, said that you wrote them and that we must see you! Good-by!"

It is the rule in newspaper etiquette that the editor is personally responsible for everything which appears in his columns. He never gives the name of the writer of an article unless under very extraordinary circumstances. I have since believed that the faces and stalwart figures of the fierce-looking Celts who attended Morrison as a guard may

have constituted sufficient "extraordinary circumstances" to permit the violation of an almost inevitable rule.

Morrison was afterwards appointed by the Federal Government to a mission of some importance in Mexico.

XXVIII.

The Social Character of the Editor.

It is impossible in this portion of my reminiscences to separate them from Mr. Storey to any considerable extent. He was an essential part of them for many years; in fact, in many instances, he may be said to have been all of them.

Fidelity to truth compels the presentation of many unpleasant features in this portraiture of the great journalist. He was grand in many respects, and infinitely mean in others.

In the discussion of the phase of indecency connected with his paper the fact that he, too, was indecent in a most painful sense cannot be overlooked. He was possessed by brutish instincts of a most abominable nature. He was a Bacchus, a satyr, a Minotaur, all in one. He thoroughly despised women; he asserted to me frequently that women were fitted only for a life in the harem — but he expressed this conviction in realistic language which was intensely revolting.

He had a contempt for what he termed society, although how far this feeling was due to the fact that, during all his life in Chicago, society shut and double-locked its doors against his admission, I am not prepared to say. I have a

sort of indefinite impression that he did have a desire for social recognition, and which I base on a single occurrence.

Before the fire, while living with his second wife, there was a private reception given by some family on the North Side. In the *Times*, the next morning, there appeared a most eulogistic account of the reception, in which details were given at great length. A list of the guests was published, the names of all save the editor and his wife appearing in the usual small type, set "solid," while those of this single couple were given in capitals, with spaces above and below, thus:

MR. and MRS. WILBUR F. STOREY.

The entire article had somehow the suggestion of a bid for further invitations. It was very fulsome; and the prominence which he gave to his own name and that of his wife had the appearance, to me, at least, of an attempt to impress the reception-giving with his consequence.

He either did not cultivate good men for friends, or else, if many such were cultivated, they rejected his advances. I can recall but three men whom he numbered among his friends: General Singleton, Judge Tree and Judge David Davis. He had some chums, convivial companions, such as Dr. J. Adams Allen, with whom he had in time a bitter and lasting quarrel; Dr. Fowler; Charles Woodman, of Springfield, with whom he afterwards also had trouble, and E. G. Asay, a lawyer, whom he dropped very soon after his third marriage.

I wish here to state that what I term the indecent phases of Storey's life were in existence in September, 1863, when I first knew him, and terminated in 1868, on his marriage with Mrs. Harriet Dodge.

His first wife was Maria P. Isham, from Jackson, Mich., a *petite*, slender woman, with a sweet face, great sensitiveness, and an amiable disposition. Their mating was that of the hawk and the dove. When I joined the *Times* they were boarding at the Sherman House, but were not living together. For the sake of appearances, they met in the parlors, and went together to the table, and then separated, she living in a room at the hotel, he occupying rooms in the Portland and Speed blocks.

At these times, when they sat together at the table, it was noticed that they never exchanged any words. They were one, at that moment, in the eyes of the public, but thousands of miles apart in reality.

A divorce, on the grounds of incompatibility, was quietly obtained, alimony being granted at the rate of $2,000 a year, secured by a lien on a lot owned by Storey, on Dearborn Street, on the unmortgaged half of which was built the new *Times* office.

Speed's block was on the east side of Dearborn Street, between Madison Street and the first alley north, and was very nearly opposite the new *Times* building.

The rooms occupied by the editor became very famous for their infamous practices. It was rumored — in fact, known to be true — that, night after night, they were the theater of

disgusting orgies in which Storey, whisky, debased women, and occasionally a boon companion or two, played the principal parts.

During this period of his life, in which his brute nature dominated, he was often the victim of intoxication. I have seen him in broad daylight reeling out of a saloon across the street from the office, so overcome that he could only ascend the stairway to his room with much difficulty, and, once there, he would be for hours incapable of attending to his usual duties.

I do not present this distressing picture for the purpose of a lesson, but solely that I may show the real Storey with fidelity to the truth.

Storey, neither in the teachings of many portions of his own acts, nor in his utterances, was an advocate of temperance in the use of stimulants. If an employe neglected his duty, and intoxication was found out to be the cause, Storey was unsparing in punishment.

"I don't care how much or how often any of my people get drunk, if they don't slight my business. They may be drunk at all other times, if they like, but when they are at work for me, they must keep sober or get out!"

In 1867 the *Times* had been removed to the new marble-front building on Dearborn Street, on the west side, and on the northwest corner of the alley between Madison and Washington Streets. The editor knew nothing of building material or prices, and was shockingly swindled in the erection of the new structure. Its hallways were narrow,

its floor-joists and partitions weak, and the probabilities are that, had it not, a few years later, burned down, it would, in time, have tumbled into the basement from disintegration.

It was in the year 1867 that the period of Storey's brute life practically ended. He left the infamous den in Speed's block, and took up his residence with Mrs. Harriet Dodge and her sister, who lived on Congress Street. Mrs. Dodge was of a good family from an Eastern State, where her husband had committed some offense for which he was sentenced to the penitentiary. Mrs. Dodge came west to begin life anew, and rented rooms which were ostensibly for "roomers," and in which Mr. Storey found a home.

Mrs. Dodge was a charming woman of about thirty years of age, with a clear, natural complexion, brown hair, prepossessing features, wonderfully soft and sympathetic blue-gray eyes, and a graceful figure and carriage. She had been well bred, and possessed winning manners.

Mr. Storey assisted her in securing her divorce, and then obtained the pardon of her husband. That the relations of Mr. Storey and Mrs. Dodge, during this period, were of a doubtful kind, was generally believed. If true, the scandal was condoned when, in the summer of 1868, they went to New York and were duly married.

It was some months before the new wife recognized that her exclusive duty confined her to her husband. She was in the bloom of life, with warm currents pulsating along her veins, fond of amusements, display and companionship. He was past the half century, indisposed to operas

and theatrical entertainments, and longing for the comforts of a home life from which he had so many years been debarred.

She attempted a few flights on her own account, but found that the vigilance of her husband supervised every movement that she made, and that for months every motion on her part had been watched and known to her husband. She tried vehement denial and hysteric tears when charged with certain practices, but was crushed with a single remark which I myself heard the old man make to her. It was terse, vigorous, conclusive:

"Don't deny it! Damn you, I've caught you at it!"

Mrs. Harriet Dodge Storey recognized the inevitable. She honestly renounced all her flirtations, devoted herself sincerely and assiduously to home life and the comfort of her husband, and succeeded. From this period up to the date of her death, in 1873, she and her Mr. Storey enjoyed a domestic life of rare felicity, not disturbed by a single jar.

She became a hard student. She took up French, joined an Episcopal church, and became a thoroughly devoted wife, and a deeply pious Christian. For the present I dismiss this amiable woman, but she shall appear again in these reminiscences.

I am firmly of the conviction that the long-continued excesses of Mr. Storey had, at the period of his marriage, effected an impairment of his constitution to a somewhat marked extent. He was then but forty-nine years of age,

and yet bore the appearance of a man fifteen years older. How far this impairment affected his future will appear later.

XXIX.

Jekyll and Hyde.

Storey, like a majority of men, had a dual life. He was almost as distinct in his two natures as Jekyll and Hyde. On the surface he was grand, superb in his dignity and appearance, and heroic in the impressions which he created on those who contemplated him at a distance.

The astonishing and altogether phenomenal success of his newspaper, the tremendous influence it exerted for good and evil, its ever-astounding succession of sensations, its frequent and insolent defiance of the proprieties of social life, its audacious position on the issues and the leaders of the civil war, furnished the data on which the world formed its estimate of the editor.

In his real life there was scarcely a trace of the grandeur which characterized his public career. He had in private none of the repose, the serene immobility which he presented in public. He was as irritable as an old woman with a shattered nervous organization, or a hypochondriac with ruined health. With all his apparent boldness, he was as shrinking as a young girl in the presence of strangers.

I once asked him concerning the reasons for the gruff reception which he often gave callers with whom he was not acquainted.

"How do you account for your frequent ungracious receptions of strangers?"

"The fact is it is a species of timidity. I never had, when I was young, an opportunity to meet men and women and become accustomed to society. My reception of strangers is oftener than not a fear that I may not say the right thing in the right place; that I may not be able to do myself justice."

This is true. It was often the case that he could not talk to the assembled members of his staff without a tremor in his voice. So sensitive was he about his conversational powers that generally, when he had anything to communicate to his staff, he did it by correspondence.

A peculiarity of Storey was a way he had of making me uncomfortable without saying anything. I used to furnish never less than a column of editorial matter, or a daily quantity equal to a column and a half of the modern page, and at three o'clock would lay my matter before him on his table. He would at once look up with apparent surprise, mingled with indignation; he would pick up the manuscript and flirt over the ends of the paper as if to show how little there was of it, pulling out his watch meanwhile and glancing at it — the entire pantomine saying as plain as if in words:

"Well, I'll be damned! Quitting this time of day, and only this little bit of matter!"

At first I was so impressed with this exhibition that I would work nights to increase my contribution; but he

enacted the part just the same, and I was forced to conclude that he did it solely to overawe me and make me uncomfortable.

After handing him my matter each afternoon, I would resume my seat for the purpose of devoting some time to reading. In a moment or two there would be heard from his table the ripping of paper, accompanied by what sounded like snorts of contempt.

This method of annoyance was a part of his system. During the first years I was with him he avoided everything like commendation. He never seemed to be willing to admit that a man had done a good thing, or, no matter how hard he worked, that he was doing all he ought to do. The effect of this treatment was to keep men of a certain sensitiveness on the rack. They were always under the depressing conviction that they were failing to do good enough, or a sufficient quantity of work, and were always striving for improvement. It was killing, but it produced incessant effort to advance.

He astonished me by speaking to me one morning, after I had been with him a couple of years. I had just returned from the Alleghany regions, whence I had written up the oil excitement which had just then broken out. As he reached my table he astonished me by stopping and saying:

"Did you have a good time on your trip?"

"Yes," I managed to stammer, "but I ruined a suit of clothes."

He laid down a roll of bills in front of me and passed on

without another word. The roll contained fifty dollars. It was the only case of the kind in my experience with him in the many years of our intercourse.

Mr. Storey was exceedingly vindictive in his nature and possessed little or no consideration for the feelings of others. His newspaper was a battery which kept up an incessant fire on the crowds about it; and whose result was the infliction of many ghastly wounds. Of all those who, in earlier years, sought his presence to complain that they had, without reason, been maligned or damaged by his newspaper, I know of no instance in which the complainant was not received uncivilly, often brutally, and turned away with his original injury intensified by his reception. As a rule, he even refused to listen to such cases.

Isolated, inaccessible, surrounded by men who spoke with bated breath, and who received his commands with the deference of Oriental servants, he fancied himself supreme, infallible. The groans, the shrieks of those wounded by his missiles simply conveyed to him a gratifying conviction of the unerring skill of his marksmanship. The yell of a victim was to him much as the ringing of the bell in target practice — indicating a center-shot.

He had a thorough contempt for the masses, and had no more compunction in lashing them than had the old slave-drivers in the case of their gangs. If they "hollered," it was proof that they were hurt, which was exactly what he wanted.

His vindictiveness was one of his marked features.

"We must go for 'gut-fat' in So-an-So," was his favorite instruction to his hounds as he unleashed them for the chase.

The lawyer who appeared against him was sure to become the target of Storey's battery. The judge before whom the case was tried and lost; the jury who rendered an unfavorable verdict; the witnesses who appeared on the side of the opposition — all of these, some dark night, when least expecting it, were liable to get a charge of buckshot from gunner Storey through their parlor windows.

These are some of the qualities of this most remarkable man. He was as much two characters as if part of him had lived in Africa a thousand years ago, and the remainder were a resident of the present generation.

XXX.

His Penuriousness.

Mr. Storey rose from a printer and a druggist to the foremost heights of journalism. He was a meteor of unusual splendor and dimensions, and the reflection of his light still shines above the horizon. He was a composite of greatness and meanness, of dignity and buffoonery, with the bearing of a polished gentleman, and with a tongue and the habits, at times, of a blackguard. He was now imperial, and again a Uriah Heap in his humility. He was sometimes generous, but niggardly in the majority of cases. He would draw his check for a thousand dollars for a special telegram, and scrimp the pay of a cheap reporter.

Most of the writers on his paper used pencils, and so close was Storey that, to save a trifling use of Fabers, he provided tong-like arrangements which would clasp the end of a pencil and permit a further use of it after it had become too short to be held in the fingers.

I recall an occurrence in which a prominent citizen was shot dead by another citizen equally prominent, and which was the most sensational homicide that ever took place in Chicago, but which, owing to the large number of social interests involved, was squelched without any of the inner

and more scandalous features coming to the surface. I heard of the shooting about six o'clock in the evening, within a very few minutes after it occurred. I knew all the persons connected with the tragedy, and lent my assistance to the reporters in collecting the facts, with the result that our paper distanced all the other morning journals in the quantity and quality of the presentation of the event.

In those days the street-cars did not run after midnight. It was some miles to my home, and, being detained until nearly daylight, I went home in a hack which I had been using some during the night. I sent in a bill for the five dollars which I paid for the vehicle, with a statement of the facts as to my participation in the working-up of the murder. Storey refused to pay it, not even condescending to assign any reason.

I made an extended trip through the Indian Territory and the Southwest, during which, near the close of the journey, in crossing a deep stream, all my accounts, notes and the like were carried away by the water. When I came to make up my expense account, I found that the total fell some fifty dollars short of the amount that I had expended. Storey refused to pay the difference, and only cashed the amount I charged up from memory.

I became involved in the famous Early libel suit in consequence of a labor performed under instructions from Storey and the legal direction of his attorney, Hon. W. C. Goudy. In the final trial he absolutely declined to employ council, and I had to depend upon A. S. Trude and Emery A. Storrs, who volunteered to defend me.

In another place I have mentioned the fact of his having offered me a partnership, and shown that it was probably done for the purpose of inducing me to increase my efforts as an employe.

Mr. Storey had a special dislike for printers, and regarded them as vermin. A difference came up with the union printers who at one time held possession of the office, and in which he was compelled to yield. The union secured control of the composing-room, and thereafter the noted hard breathing through his clenched teeth — indicative of rage — was heard as he strode about the building.

That he should be successfully defied by a printer was the deadliest of insults. For at least two months his exhibition of anger was constant, and then he suddenly became changed; his expression of wrath softened, disappeared, and was succeeded by something in the nature of a smile.

The union men, who keenly watched him as he came into the composing-room every night to supervise the "make-up," saw this transformation and were happy. They knew that the hissing breath boded evil, and, when there appeared a suggestion of a grim smile on his face, it was concluded that he had become reconciled to the inevitable, and that henceforth the union would be a fixture in the establishment of the *Times*.

For a month or so the union was elated, and word was sent all over the country that the *Times* had finally become a union newspaper.

One evening the printers strolled into the composing-

room and were immeasurably stunned at a spectacle which presented a young lady, "stick" in hand, in front of every "case," and picking up type with the swift exactness of a veteran. It was a *coup d'etat* which, in an hour, resulted in the throwing-out of the union and the installation of the female compositors.

It was when the union men saw these women busy at the cases that there dawned on them the meaning of the half-smile which had lately illumined Storey's face. They were overwhelmingly routed, and the *Times* was once more a "rat" office.

So soon as the union had obtained possession Storey had devised a scheme for revenge. A secluded place was secured, and, with entire secrecy, women were selected and taught type-setting, the effort requiring some months. As a checkmate to the union, the move was a complete success, but in all other respects it was a total failure.

Women do not seem to have the endurance necessary for all-night work — at least, such was the case with those employed by the *Times*. They were inclined to too much gossip; they lacked in mechanical exactness, and were often absent from indisposition. As they fell out of the ranks, their places were taken by masculine non-union printers. In time, both the feminine and the union printers were excluded.

Storey's extraordinary firmness in his fight against the union is shown by the fact that, although the members of that body succeeded several times in getting posses-

sion of the works, they never gained a permanent foothold. There were repeated strikes, during which Storey took off his coat and worked at the case, assisted by such employes of the literary department as understood type-setting, and such "rat" printers as could be picked up, and brought out as much of a paper as he could until non-union printers from other cities could be obtained to fill the cases.

XXXI.

Mr. Storey as a Writer.

Mr. Storey had the reputation of being a powerful, slashing, copious writer. This is both true and false. He wrote but very little, rarely more than a two to a ten-line paragraph. He had always the hardest kind of work to get started. He would begin to write, and, after a line or two, would rip up his manuscript and toss it into the waste-basket.

It was not unusual for him to tear up the beginning of a half-dozen, or even a larger number of articles, before getting under motion. He was balky, or skittish, or frisky at the send-off. He indulged in a good deal of scoring. He made many false starts before giving himself the word "Go!"

He exhibited great genius and skill in the management of his employes. He was always on the watch for intrigues in the various departments, and to prevent combinations among them he encouraged antagonisms. He used espionage among his force. I communicated to him one day some grave dereliction of duty on the part of one of his men. In response, he invited me to come around to his rooms in Speed's block.

There we talked over the particular case which I had

reported to him, when, after some conversation on other matters, he said:

"You can help me a great deal in this matter of preserving discipline among the men and preventing combinations against me."

"I should be very glad to be of any use. What can I do?"

"It is very essential that I should know all that is going on in the office, and somebody must keep an eye on men and things and keep me informed. I think you could do this in first-class shape."

"Why, Mr. Storey, that would be playing the part of a spy! I am sure that I can be of more use to the *Times* in other and more legitimate work."

He did not insist, but I am certain that he had no trouble in getting others to fill the place which I declined.

That there was no end of schemes, projects and intrigues is certain. The prosperity of the *Times*, anterior to the great fire, the apparent ease with which money was made toward the close of the war, the inflation of values, and the boom in business led to the conviction that the profitable establishment of a journal greater even than the *Times* was a perfectly feasible operation. Goodsell, John R. Walsh, then a rising, ambitious news-dealer, myself, and one or two others held many a secret consultation in regard to starting a new paper.

Figures were made by the thousand, estimates were produced by the quantity, the brightest of prospects were

developed, and a certainty of success assured. And yet, just at the time when everything was most promising, the scheme would mysteriously collapse. I have always believed that one of the most enthusiastic of the conspirators was in the pay of Storey — a spy who learned our secrets to betray them.

When Mr. Storey had a paralytic stroke in Switzerland in 1873, there was a combination in the *Times* office which proceeded *instanter* to divide up the effects of the supposed-to-be moribund editor. James W. Sheahan was to be editor-in-chief, and the other places were to be parceled out among several other ambitious people connected with the establishment. Unfortunately for their hopes Storey did not die, but lived nearly ten years longer — long enough to defeat the purposes of those who were intending to fill his vacant shoes.

Storey in 1867, '68 and '69 expressed a frequent wish to sell his newspaper. He started by authorizing me to dispose of it for a quarter of a million dollars. I negotiated with some local officials and capitalists and readily found a combination willing to make the purchase — a substantial share of stock to be given me for my efforts in securing the sale.

When I gave Mr. Storey information as to my success, he asked for time for consideration, and finally decided that he must have $300,000. I got an offer at this figure, and then he "went" a hundred thousand "better." I secured the promise of the needed capital for this third offer, when he

advanced the price another notch, and I relinquished the attempt. I have no doubt that he was willing to sell at the first figure offered, but raised it when he found that he could get his price. He was anxious to sell when he thought he couldn't, and unwilling to sell when he found he could get a purchaser.

XXXII.

The Newspaper Men of Chicago.

When I joined the *Times*, in September, 1863, that sheet had but one editorial writer besides Mr. Storey, and who, at best, was a slim contributor. After me, four years later, Andre Matteson was given a place on the staff. For a short period Isaac Newton Higgins filled a staff appointment, and was followed by James B. Runnion, who took his place just before the fire.

The city editor — or "principal reporter," as Storey for a long time insisted on terming that employe, for he did not care to have it understood that there was any editor on the paper save himself — was James H. Goodsell. He was succeeded by Charles Wright, formerly connected with a newspaper at Peoria, who, in '68 or '69, fell dead from heart-disease, and who was a very hard-working, capable newspaper man.

Mr. Storey's verdict on poor Wright was:

"An efficient, faithful man, equal to the excellent combination and handling of great masses, but lacking in the manipulation of details."

On one occasion, I have forgotten what, he wrote within fifteen hours a seven-column article of the old blanket-sheet length of the *Times*.

That Mr. Storey had some regard for Charley Wright was shown at his funeral, which was held at the Second Baptist Church, one of the Goodspeeds officiating. There was an immense attendance in the church and on the sidewalks. The editor-in-chief strolled up Morgan Street till within fifty feet or so of the crowd, where he leaned negligently against the board fence of a vacant lot. He stood as if posing and was apparently the least concerned spectator at the obsequies.

The successor of Wright became an immediate question. A week or so before, a well-written article had been received from a young man, city editor, I think, of an Omaha daily journal. Mr. Storey was so struck with the production that he wrote at once an offer of the city editorship, which was as promptly accepted.

The local newspapers and citizens gave him a grand "send-off;" he published a pathetic farewell to his old friends, in which he asserted that he was only led to leave them by the tender of a higher position. The journals gave hearty good-bys to him as he left, and felicitated themselves that they were being called on by mighty cities like Chicago to supply the demand for a higher order of genius.

The new appointee reached here after dark, and saw Storey, who simply told him that his room and desk were waiting for him on the same floor, and to go at once and take possession; he was occupied and would talk with him at another time. He found his way to the proper room, and informed a reporter at the desk:

"I am the new city editor!"

"Ah, indeed! Glad to see you. This is your desk. Sit down and make yourself at home!"

There were two or three reporters loafing about the room. The new man glanced over the number, and then he spoke:

"Do any of you gentlemen write in the descriptive style of composition?"

They gazed at him with something of curiosity and awe.

The next morning, at exactly eleven o'clock, Mr. Storey entered his room slowly, seated himself, removed his gloves leisurely, and then picked up a copy of the morning issue of the *Times*. He ran his eye over the head-lines: they were apparently all right; the make-up presented nothing especially objectionable. Suddenly his eye caught some item, and a savage scowl took possession of his face. Scarlet hues flashed over it. He pulled furiously the handle of a bell.

Joe, the black janitor, entered.

"What makes you so slow?" he stuttered. "Go and tell that new man in the city department to come here at once!"

"Yes, sah; right away, sah!"

The new "principal reporter" came in a moment later. What visions of commendation filled his soul as he passed over the short distance between his room and that of the editor may never be known outside his own recollection. They may have been ecstatic!

If they were, they were rudely dispelled the instant his

eye caught the scowling, purple countenance and blazing glances of the infuriate senior.

The "Old Man" was in his worst mood, a volcano in eruption, and boiling over with molten wrath. He choked as he burst out:

"What do you mean, you damned idiot, by printing this scandalous piece about Mr. Blank — you miserable fool?"

"It was handed — in by a reporter, and — I — I supposed it"—

"You 'supposed,' did you? What right had you to suppose anything? That man is one of my best friends. You are discharged! Get out!"

For two weeks a strange young man from the trans-Missouri region was noticed here and there in the Garden City in a condition of beastly inebriation, and then he disappeared.

Alexander C. Botkin, a young journalist connected with the Milwaukee press, was tendered the vacancy, and accepted it. He was below medium stature, slender, with a massive head, quick and agile in motion, with a boyish face, blue-gray eyes, light hair and beardless cheeks. He proved to be one of the most intelligent, energetic, capable city editors ever possessed by the *Times*.

One of his qualities was a courage that defied all odds, despite his slight build and almost effeminate appearance. One night he entered Foley's saloon and called for a glass of whisky. Standing next to him was a notorious "tough" and bruiser, the well-known "Jim" Tracey, a rough-and-

tumble fighter and a vicious brute. He was "fighting-drunk" ugly, and, seeing the small figure of Botkin beside him, he thought it was a good opportunity to insult him. When the latter had poured out his drink, Tracey glared at him, and, growling, "That isn't good for boys!" picked up the glass and emptied it on the floor.

Botkin turned, surveyed his big opponent, and, without an instant's hesitation, struck him in the face. The ruffian was astounded at the unexpected assaults, but, recovering himself, launched out his heavy fist, and sent Botkin on his back to the floor. Botkin was on his feet in an instant, and faced his opponent. Again he was felled by a powerful blow, once more he rose to his feet and rushed at Tracey, and was sent down a third time by a tremendous blow.

He was not yet conquered, and tried once more to reach the rough, when the crowd interfered and separated the men.

Botkin did not like the gruff manners of the "Old Man," although the latter valued him as indispensable.

"I am waiting impatiently," he said to me, "for the time to come when I can walk into Storey's office and say to him, 'You damned old scoundrel, you may go to sheol with your paper!'"

He was with the *Times* several years, and then the hoped-for time came. He received a fine offer from a Milwaukee daily, and resigned.

"I can't get along without you!" said Storey.

I visited Botkin in Milwaukee, and went with him to the composing-room, where the forms were being "made up."

"Let this article break at such a point, if you please," said he to the foreman.

"That's Storey and not Storey," I remarked.

"What do you mean?"

"It was Storey ordering the break at the top of the column, but the 'please' was not Storey."

Botkin was a Republican during his service on the *Times*. He was afterwards made Marshal of the Territory of Montana. After a year or so, he was totally paralyzed below his hips, and tried the physicians of the East for cure, but gained no relief nor any hope of recovery. One would think that such a condition would discourage and send any man into retirement.

Not so with the plucky, ambitious ex-city editor of the Chicago *Times*. He is a busier man than ever. He practices law, has held important municipal positions in Helena, and has traveled thousands of miles, stumping the country in the interests of his party. He attends the theater and other public places, riding to and from his home in his own carriage, into which he is carried by an attendant, as also in and out of all places which he visits.

He has accumulated a large property, lives in fine style, has excellent general health, is the husband of a charming and devoted wife, and the father of lovely children.

Any other, or almost any other man, who had encountered the experience of Mr. Botkin, at the time of his paralysis, would have long since been dead and forgotten.

John W. Sickles was the chief of the commercial depart-

ment, and his assistant was a man named Rock, who was always smoking a black, ill-smelling pipe. He was one of the divorced men of whom there were so many in the establishment.

Sickles was — and is — a stalwart man, six feet tall, full-chested, erect, with a ruddy complexion, and vast legs. He was regarded as one of the finest commercial editors in the West, and had the peculiarity that, when he came into the office in the morning, he always went straight to the cold water faucet, and swallowed a couple of quarts — more or less — of the *aqua pura*, as if he were possessed of a tremendous thirst.

"John" was my benefactor. In reporting the prices he had no superior for accuracy; but in the commercial and financial editorials he was weak, or else he had engagements somewhere else on the nights when this class of editorials needed to be written. It was in this direction that he became my munificent patron. On these evenings he would say:

"I have an engagement to-night, which I must keep. You write the editorial, and here is five dollars."

Many, many, and many were the five-dollar bills which the liberal giver passed over my shoulder.

Hugh McCulloch was then being advocated for Secretary of the Treasury. "John" was an ardent supporter of the Indiana candidate, and the five-dollar bills continued their inflow as I argued his appointment in strong editorial articles in the financial department. McCulloch was duly

appointed, and then John told me he was going to Washington.

"What for?"

"McCulloch is Secretary of the Treasury. There's going to be a big ring, and I am going to get in it. There'll be no trouble about it, for the Secretary knows that I supported him, and how well it was done."

"Shall you tell Mr. Storey as to your trip?"

"Yes, for I want him to be in it, too."

He informed the senior what he wished to do. The latter hesitated so long in answering Sickles that I am inclined to believe that he was disposed to take a hand in the proposed deal. Caution, however, prevailed, and, while not forbidding the journey, he advised against it.

Sickles went east, and Storey discharged him by telegraph.

John afterwards returned to Chicago to plague the man who discharged him.

XXXIII.

Newspaper Men of Chicago.— *Continued.*

In the autumn of 1861, on my way to the front, then at Cairo, I stopped in Chicago and had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Andre Matteson, then co-editor of the *Morning Post* with James W. Sheahan. Mr. Matteson, at that time, looked very much as he does to-day, despite the lapse of years: his hair and beard were white, his face stern, his utterance harsh, and his expression repellant. His general reputation was that of being a man morose in character and inclined to misanthropy.

Despite this popular opinion, I have since learned that he has another and pleasanter phase to his nature. There are times, at long intervals, perhaps, when his voice can become as soft as that of a woman, his mouth wreathed with genial smiles, and his utterances full of warmth and kindliness — but not often.

I like Mr. Matteson for several reasons: one is that he stated in his paper that I was the greatest army correspondent in the world, and another was that he gave me transportation to Cairo. In consideration of a great compliment and a pass, I agreed to write a letter from the front to his paper. Whether he paid me the compliment with a view

to get the letter from the front, or I was induced to write the letter on account of the free transportation, I am not prepared at this distance to state.

However that may be, it led to the formation on my part of a strong liking for him, which was strengthened by the fact that, in the early part of February, 1862, at Cairo, where he had come in the interest of the distribution of his paper, and to pick up some news from the army of Grant operating up the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, I met him again and resumed the acquaintance. The *Morning Post* did not circulate quite as well as he expected, and, as a consequence, he was a little gruff in his moods and humors.

It was on the second day of the investment of Fort Donelson by Grant that I landed from a steamer a couple of miles below the Confederate fort and started up on the left bank of the Cumberland to reach the Federal troops, which were located on the heights around Dover, about three miles above. The weather was of the most atrocious description.

It was thawing very slightly, but was frightfully cold. The snow was a semi-frozen slush, into which the feet of the pedestrian sank above the ankles. The sky was black as Erebus. Keen winds coming from the bluffs pierced the marrow like arrows of ice.

It was about a mile from where I landed that occurred the incident which strengthened my already warm liking for Mr. Matteson. Half a mile ahead of the point where I was passing along, a gully ran down from Dover, squarely inter-

secting the road that I was traveling, and which, at the point of intersection, was being vigorously shelled by a couple of Confederate twelve-pound guns on the Dover bluffs.

The road led from the landing to Grant's headquarters. As I came within sight of this gully, I saw a solitary figure emerge from it and move with a fairly rapid step along the road in my direction. His head was bent to protect his face from the wind, and the pose of his body was that of a weary man. He was dressed in citizen's clothes and carried a small portfolio. When he came close enough for recognition, I discovered, to my intense surprise, that it was my Chicago friend Matteson.

The sternest look which face has ever worn in civil life; the most disgusted expression that human eyes ever looked upon, characterized his countenance.

"Great heavens, Matteson! Is that you?"

"Yes, what little of me is left," he replied in a most lugubrious tone. "Have you anything to eat? I'm nearly starved to death. I haven't had a mouthful in fifteen hours. I have wandered all over these cursed woods and hills to find Grant's headquarters, and never caught a glimpse of them."

Fortunately I had in a haversack some fried pork and hardtack, which I divided with him. He admitted at the time that I had saved his life.

Mr. Matteson has a great many of the qualities of Thomas Carlyle, among them his obstinacy and a suggestion of what some people term crankiness. He is a thoughtful

and forcible writer, a fine linguist, a well-read lawyer, and withal somewhat notional.

I think in a sense it is to Mr. Matteson that Elliott Shepard owes his peculiar religious journalistic practices. Many years ago, in a conversation with me, Mr. Matteson stated that, if he had a newspaper to suit himself, he would make each issue of the week the organ of some particular religious denomination ; say, on Monday, Baptist — being wash-day ; Tuesday, Methodist ; Wednesday, Presbyterian, and so on.

Who would suppose that the grave, stern, philosophical student, the admirer of Herbert Spencer, Huxley and Tyndall, was, in the fifties, a rollicking humorist who kept the town in a roar over the signature of " Gee-Willikins ! " Or that one, for many years a leading writer on the Chicago *Times*, was the young man who, long ago, in reporting the council proceedings, invariably, in every alternate speech, simply used the three words :

" Deacon Bross spoke."

In 1867, Storey asked me one day what I knew about Andre Matteson.

" I have known Mr. Matteson several years, and know him to be a man of fine ability as a journalist, versatile, well-informed politically, and a most desirable man for an editorial writer. You will find, however, that you will have to hold him under very strict discipline, for he is very opinionated, stiff-necked and set in his own way."

" I think," responded Mr. Storey, " that we can manage that part of it."

Mr. Matteson was employed and wore the yoke for many years with all the meekness and unresisting docility of a well-broken ox. He was one of the most valued members of the staff.

XXXIV.

Newspaper Men of Chicago.— *Continued.*

In 1856, two lanky students from Union College took advantage of the possession of an extra five-dollar bill to run down to New York. Fares on the Hudson River were only half a dollar from Albany, and this rendered it possible for even students to travel.

These two went wandering about in the streets of that great city, staring around with "open-eyed wonder," until, in the course of their tramp, they found themselves in front of a time-worn building — the New York *Tribune.*

At that period Horace Greeley was the most gigantic figure of the day. His eccentricity, his queer dress, his white hair, his fringe of whiskers next to his throat, his babyish face, his small, innocent blue eyes, his pug nose, his one trousers leg caught on the top of his boot, his shocking white hat — all had aided to add to his notoriety.

The students halted in front of a narrow stairway, wooden, worm-eaten, worn, dirty, which led between dirt-covered walls to the upper floor of the building. This the two students climbed, and, with the *insouciance* of country-bred youths, began the inspection of the upper floor. They entered various rooms without the formality of knocking,

and, among others, one large room with a low ceiling, very dark and very dirty, and in which were seated half a dozen or more men at different tables, all busily engaged in writing, or in reading newspapers or books.

The students stood watching the crowd as might the visitors the animals in a menagerie. Not one of the men looked up or paid the slightest attention to the two strangers. Among them was one man conspicuous for a massive head and a great cataract of brown hair that flowed down below his shoulders. After a short stay, the two students left the room, and, meeting a man in the hall, asked him if he knew who was the man with the long brown hair in that room. He said that was Charles A. Dana.

This was the first time that I, one of the two students, saw a man who was destined to become famous as an editor, an encyclopedist, a member of the Federal War Department and a horticulturist.

In May of 1862, I followed a Federal detachment along a narrow road through a bottomless swamp, until we reached an open country beyond. In the distance was a small log house, half tumbled down, into which I directed my steps. Some Federal cavalry were standing about the house. The door was open ; I entered. There was one occupant — a man seated at a table with his back toward me, and who was engaged, as I learned from the clicking, in working a telegraph instrument.

With the freedom assumed by the army correspondent, I

strode across the floor, my heavy cavalry boots making a tremendous clatter, when a voice roared out from the table:

"G—— d—— you! Keep quiet!"

The figure never turned its head. This was the second time I saw Charles A. Dana, encyclopedist, horticulturist, etc., and who was at that time Assistant Secretary of War under Stanton.

The region was Farmington, distant a few miles from the famous battle-ground of Shiloh. Beauregard was on one side of the swamp, and Halleck on the other. Two hours after I saw the Assistant Secretary, I, in common with several thousand Federals, was falling back through the swamp, with Beauregard shelling the fugitives and making the brief retreat one of the most frightful that I encountered during the war.

One day in the city of Chicago, in 1865, I was going along Madison Street, when I met a fine-looking gentleman whom I recognized as the long-haired writer of New York, the telegraph operator of Farmington who swore at me, the man who had come to Chicago to start the *Republican* — Charles A. Dana, editor and member of the Federal War Department.

He had come here at the instigation of a large number of Republican capitalists for the purpose of running out, extirpating, the Chicago *Tribune*.

Everybody knows the result of this experiment. He had a wonderful newspaper, the very best of machinery, the

cleanest and most artistic of type, and brought with him some intellectual assistants of a high order of ability. The *Republican* was the first octavo printed in the West. The *Tribune* stood; the *Republican* went down, and was sold to J. B. McCullagh, who reduced it in size, and made it a penny paper, which soon afterwards disappeared in the conflagration of 1871.

It was soon after the establishment of the new paper that John W. Sickles "got in his work" against the *Times*. He quietly came over to the *Times* office late in the twilight, and, at all hours when darkness obscured his movements, he put his lips to the ear of the best talent on Storey's staff, and insinuatingly informed them that a large increase in wages would accompany the transfer of their allegiance to the *Republican*. Several of the old employes were thus seduced, among others the famous news editor, Harry Scovel.

The tempter approached me among others, and offered pecuniary inducements of substantial dimensions, if I would leave Mr. Storey and join my fortunes with Mr. Dana. The politics of the new organ did not suit me, and I temporized with Sickles long enough to convey the fact of the offer I had received to Mr. Storey, who, as I expected, "raised" Mr. Sickles and "went him" five dollars a week better.

Then Mr. Storey went for Mr. Sickles in the obscurity of the twilight and the darkness of the night, and drove him with many curses and blasphemies into the street.

One of the most valuable men on the *Times* was John F.

Finerty, who was, at times, a reporter in city matters, a social writer, and a species of factotum.

His greatest work was his correspondence from the front during the Indian war in the seventies. He showed himself to be the possessor of undaunted courage, and of an endurance which no hardship could impair.

In the numerous bloody contests which occurred in the columns which he accompanied, he was always on the skirmish line, handling his Winchester as effectively as the best of them. He was complimented by commanding officers in their official reports for his daring, his coolness, his willing participation in the savage fighting, the long marches, the furious storms, the mud, the living on horseflesh when starvation was pending.

He has been elected to the Federal House of Representatives, and is now the editor of the *Citizen*, a journal mainly devoted to advocating the independence of Ireland.

XXXV.

The Newspaper Roll Continued.

Many years ago, before the great fire, I strolled one day into the court-room in which was being tried the world-renowned divorce case of Stewart *vs.* Stewart. The plaintiff was the daughter of the wealthy grocer Washington Smith, and the defendant, Hart L. Stewart, son of the famous divine of the same name.

Taking a seat at the reporters' table, I first noticed the gigantic father of the plaintiff; then the blonde complainant herself, almost as high in stature as her father; and the two Harts, neither reaching middle height — an array of Brobdingnagians and Liliputians.

There was a large gathering of reporters present. There were many famous lawyers and jurists engaged in watching the case, which, owing to the high social position of the litigants, and the many curious scandals involved, attracted a lively and universal attention.

At the farther end of a large table devoted to the use of the press, there sat a young man who had some points which attracted my notice. He was apparently quite young, not more than perhaps twenty years of age, and with a dense, bushy, close-cropped, dark beard that so

widened the lower part of his face as to give it an oval appearance with the narrow end upwards. There was paper before him and pencil, indicating his connection with the newspapers. He seemed, however, to pay no attention to the case: he was closely engaged in reading a bulky pamphlet in a paper cover, which I saw was printed in German.

He was slender, with brilliant dark eyes, dark hair and a preoccupied, studious face. The next issue of the *Republican* had a full and well written account of the proceedings of the trial, and I learned that the reporter who handled it was the bearded young person whom I had noticed the day before, engaged in reading the German pamphlet.

This is the first time I saw a journalist who has since won an enviable reputation in his profession. It was Frederick H. Hall, who had been brought west by Dana, and who remained with the *Republican* until May, 1867, when he went over to the *Tribune* as a reporter. Mr. Hall, who, as is well known, was many years the city editor of the *Tribune*, has many qualities which have given him a high public estimate in his profession, and has other phases of character quite unique which have contributed almost as much to his fame as has the brilliant manner in which he discharged the arduous duties of the position.

One of his accomplishments is developed in a memory whose retentive power is probably without a rival. In all the facts connected with his professional career, from the very beginning up to date, there is probably not a single incident of great or small importance that he has not filed

away in the magazine of his mind. He is like the assistant of a librarian at Washington who has the faculty of finding at a moment's notice any book, at any hour of the day or night, of the hundreds of thousands of volumes in the collection.

In the same way Mr. Hall possesses a remarkable ability, without using the files of his paper, to refer to the date of any occurrence and all the details connected with it. In this respect he is a complete index and an encyclopedia in one. He reads and writes a dozen or more languages with entire facility. He is very retired in his habits, hardly ever being found apart from his official desk except when at home.

Several years ago he was promoted from the position of city editor to one on the editorial staff, his successor in the city department being John E. Wilkie, son of the writer of this work.

Mr. Hall is somewhat noted for the possession of a fine vein of mild sarcasm, and in some of his phases he develops a trait somewhat cynical in its composition. There is related of him an anecdote which admirably illustrates the delicate, sharp and severe quality of his sarcastic ability.

A new reporter had been employed, an entire stranger to Mr. Hall, who, within a day or two after being engaged, entered Mr. Hall's room, and with a genial smile addressed the city editor:

"Hello, Fred!"

"My dear fellow," responded Mr. Hall, in an engaging

tone, but with a peculiar glitter in his eye. "My dear fellow, pray don't be so formal! Call me Freddie."

Mr. Hall is one of the plainest and most unpretentious among the journalists of the city. In the summer-time he may generally be seen wearing a straw hat "of the vintage of '67," as his *confreres* describe it, and now and then satisfying his desire for nicotine with a plain, long-stemmed, red clay Powhatan pipe, of a more ancient "vintage" even than his straw hat.

When interested, he is a facile, intelligent and most agreeable conversationalist; his range of knowledge is as broad almost as the universe: there appears to be no fact in philosophy, politics, science, religion, physics, law, history, and all other themes, with which he is not on familiar terms.

He has done much by his admirable management of the city department to aid his newspaper in securing the high position it occupies in the handling of local news.

It may be added that, before coming to Chicago with Mr. Dana, Mr. Hall was the private secretary to Secretary of War Stanton. In addition to his numerous accomplishments he is a most expert stenographer.

Among the journalists whom I met occasionally and knew with some degree of intimacy and admiration for his sturdy, upright character, was "Deacon" William Bross, a man with a massive frame, a superficially stern face and immense overhanging brows that fell over his eyes like the mane of a wild horse. He was especially remarkable during the war,

particularly at its opening, for his unbounded and somewhat crude enthusiasm in the interests of the North. The soul of the good Deacon was vexed beyond endurance by the delay of McClellan on the Potomac, and thereupon Mr. Bross took the management of the campaign in his own hands and gave as the watchwords:

"Let the boys go!"

His soul was wearied with the delays of generalship, tactics and strategy; he wished to abolish all these and trust the ending of the war to "the boys.". So great was his confidence in the patriotism and enthusiasm of the masses, that he fully believed and urged that an undisciplined mob, if loosened and permitted to carry out its patriotic inspiration, would march on and capture the Confederate capital without difficulty. It is, perhaps, well that his suggestions were not adopted by the military authorities.

Under his rough exterior he had a kindly soul, was a man of great benevolence — in the toleration of political opposition — and was regarded as a substantial and patriotic worker for the interests of Chicago and of his newspaper. He was very active and energetic in the development of the resources of his State. He was well received by historians and geologists, in whose labors he took a strong personal interest. So well was this fact recognized that a prominent peak in the Rockies, not far from and but a trifle smaller than that named after the famous Pike, now bears the name of the late editor.

XXXVI.

More Chicago Journalists.

One of the journalists of Chicago who attracted my favorable attention was Dr. Charles H. Ray, who, at the time I knew him, was one of the editors of the *Evening Post*. He had been, as I understand, associated with Joseph Medill in the *Tribune* as a partner and an editorial writer. When connected with the latter journal, he wrote an article entitled, "Nig, Nig, Nigger!" which was a most bitter invective against Catholicism for its alleged union with the Democrats in their political course toward the negro. It excited universal comment among all, and intense indignation in the religious body attacked.

The Catholics remembered the article when he died in 1870, and something of the same class picture that has been painted of the death-bed of Voltaire by a religious body was given of the last moments of Dr. Ray. It was a picture a trifle less revolting than that of the French infidel, but it was one full of horrible suggestions.

Dr. Ray was a man of very strong convictions. His head was large and massive, with gray hair, a large jaw, and every evidence in his eyes and bearing of an invincible determination. He had the torso, neck, thighs and legs of

an athlete, and his writings were an excellent reproduction in their vigor of the physical make-up of the man.

While connected with the *Evening Post* he sent for me to come and sup with him one evening at a restaurant. He took a private room, ordered a fine supper, including a bottle of wine, and then proceeded, after considerable desultory talk on men and politics, to make me a guarded proposition to the effect that I should receive an interest in the *Post.* I gave a partial consent to the consideration of the offer, and at the parting it was the understanding that I was to hear from him within three weeks. Whether it was the fact that then, having an abstemious fit, I refused to join him in drinking the bottle of wine, or that, after the conversation, my sentiments did not suit him, or he found that I was not up to the grade which he had supposed I possessed, I do not know. I never heard from him after that on the subject.

There was one newspaper man who was for a time a proprietor of the *Evening Post*—a tall, finely formed man of about thirty, always handsomely dressed, his watch chain shimmering with Masonic jewels; a man with a dark, clear complexion, black mustache, very thick, black hair, with a broad-brimmed, black slouch hat of a brigandish pattern, and who was exceedingly good-looking and seemed to be perfectly well aware of it.

This was David Blakely, who was the Apollo of journalistic Chicago. His paper was burned in 1871, since which time he has devoted himself to musical matters, having attained great eminence as an impresario, and bringing to

this country many of the most prominent of the musical attractions of the Old World, notably Strauss, and others of world-wide reputation.

One of the journalists of that day who attracted much public notice was brought here by Charles A. Dana. He was a man of wonderful genius, of unequaled ability in certain classes of composition, and withal an inveterate drunkard. He was the famous George T. Lanigan, whose exploits and eccentricities were sufficient to fill a book. Inebriety was his normal condition; he was rarely or never sober, and was capable, when in the profoundest stupor of drunkenness, to be rallied by the application of cold cloths to a condition in which for a time and at once he was capable of the finest work. The moment his task was completed he resorted to the bottle constantly until such time as his services should be again required.

He left Chicago shortly after the fire and became an attaché of the New York *World*, and, as such, continued his customary methods until death finally ended his career.

In 1863-4 there was a reporter whose *nom de plume* was "Beau Hackett," and whose real name was J. L. Bowman. He was a tall, swarthy man, erect, and with black hair that gave him somewhat the appearance of an Indian. He secured during his stay here a wide reputation as a humorist, whose products, however laughable and entertaining, were not always of the most delicate character. For instance, in one of his pieces, which kept the public in a roar of merriment, the main incident related to an event

which occurred when he was supposed to have disguised himself as a woman and in that guise gained entrance into a meeting composed exclusively of ladies. At a certain period in the imagined proceedings he forgets for a moment his feminine dress and says: "I reached down and drew up my dress to get a chew of tobacco, showed my trousers to the women and produced a tremendous uproar."

He was married to a beautiful wife, but was very much addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, and had frequent broils with his pretty helpmeet, which often wound up by his taking a dose of poison and being pumped out by a doctor, this process being followed by a reconciliation. He went to St. Louis, where he attained some further notoriety, but broke himself down by intemperance and was taken in charge by the Sisters of Mercy, in whose hospital he died.

He wrote a small book called "Me and You," which was made up of his miscellaneous sketches, and which met with a fair success.

There were many other journalists of the period who were more or less remarkable in some particulars. One whom I recall was a young man named "Shang" Andrews, who was, for some time, connected with Mr. Storey's newspaper. His tendency was in the direction of the nasty, the lecherous, the slums and their contents.

He finally drifted into the publication of a sheet devoted to prostitutes — the kind of paper usually spoken of as "flash," "sporting," or something of the sort. It was sold by newsboys on the streets, and had a large patronage.

It was a personal organ of the Cyprian element. It defended the proprietresses of some bagnios, and attacked those of others. It was to the "levee," to "Cheyenne," to "Biler Avenue," what the society journals of London are to Belgravia and the West End.

"Shang" was an overgrown animal with coarse features, dull eyes, heavy, sensual lips, and disproportionate limbs. He was lumbering and shambling in his gait. He spent much of his time in the society of the women whose cause he championed, and of whose business his paper was the exponent.

Personally, outside his profession, he was what is termed a "thoroughly good fellow." He was amiable in his disposition, genial, benevolent, and a warm friend. There were people who despised his occupation while they liked the man. He was temperate, and, strange as it may seem in view of the character of the women with whom he was in constant contact, he was believed to be chaste in his habits and practices.

Several times his sheet was suppressed by the authorities, and as often it reappeared on the streets. He saved no money, although his paper was at times lucrative in its returns. When he died, a few years ago, he was not weighted down by age, but he was a white-haired old man in appearance. The charity of some of his former newspaper associates contributed to the expenses of his interment.

M. L. Hopkins, the senior editorial writer of the *Times*, was an out-and-out believer in the doctrine of State's rights.

He never alluded to the *Tribune* save as "the poor old black Republican newspaper concern of this city."

There were quite a number of journalists who were prominent during the period between the time when I came to Chicago and the fire of '71. Horace White, as editor of the *Tribune*, assisted by James B. Runnion as managing editor, gave that journal a wide reputation for its newsy enterprise and its literary excellence.

Elias Colbert was known all through civilization for his astronomical knowledge and researches; George P. Upton, Guy Magee, Joseph Forrest, J. M. Ballantyne, Henry M. Smith — known later as "Jubilee" Smith — were among the active workers of the ante-fire decade.

PART SECOND.

I.

The Work of Reconstruction.

Saturday, October 7th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I entered Mr. Storey's room in the *Times* building. This was in the year 1871. I laid before him on the desk the manuscript of an article, about a column in length, which I had just written, on the "Goodenough" system of horse-shoeing. He glanced at its head:

"We will not use this to-morrow, for there is a surplus of Sunday matter. Sit down!"

I seated myself, and he began to chat. For the past two years, when absent from the city, he had left the charge of the editorial matter in my hands. This had brought me in closer contact with him. He would often discuss the policy of the paper, projected improvements, and other similar matters, before me.

He was quite communicative on this occasion. I thought he was looking younger, and in other respects better than usual.

He dwelt at some length on the prosperity enjoyed by the *Times*, and spoke hopefully of the future.

Monday, the 9th, I crossed Madison Street bridge from the west, at about noon, and plunged into the hell of flame and smoke beyond. After much difficulty, and with many detours, and dodging tumbling walls, I succeeded in reaching the locality in which I supposed the *Times* building had stood. I could not find a vestige of the structure, nor pick out the lot on which it had been erected.

The walls of the *Tribune* were still standing, but the interior had been gutted by the flames.

I retraced my steps to the West Side, went to Rounds' establishment and engaged the only press suitable to print a newspaper. Then I started for Mr. Storey's residence, on Michigan Avenue, which was south of the line of the flames.

I met George Atkins, foreman of the *Times* printing department. He handed me a bundle of manuscript.

"I snatched this from the 'old man's' desk," he said, "and had to run. It was the only thing I brought away."

It was the manuscript of the Goodenough horse-shoeing article. So far as I know, it was the only thing that was saved of the contents of the *Times* building.

Again I crossed the Madison Street bridge, and plunged into the ruins for the purpose of reaching Mr. Storey's house. Each moment there was a thunderous roar and crash as the walls of some burned building tumbled to the ground. The air was so filled with smoke as to blind one, but still I could discover blackened bodies here and there to the number of eighteen.

When I reached Mr. Storey's house on Michigan Avenue,

I saw three men sitting on the piazza. One was Judge Lambert Tree, another A. L. Patterson, business manager, and an elderly man who leaned forward in his chair in an attitude of dejection, whose mouth was pinched, and about whose eyes there were innumerable wrinkles. It took a second glance to recognize in this third person Mr. Storey, who seemed ten years older than when I had left him Saturday afternoon. He greeted me with a faint smile and shook hands with a languid clasp.

There was a short period of silence, all apparently stunned by the stupendous calamity, not knowing what to say. Finally I said:

"Mr. Storey, I have engaged a press at Rounds'; I have seen Atkins, and asked him to get his men together, and have come up here to get the type in the barn."

There was an old font of the *Times* type stored away in the loft of the barn in the rear of his house.

"What for?" asked Mr. Storey, with a kind of a half-surprised air.

"Why, to resume the publication of the *Times*."

He rose feebly to his feet, and said:

"I shall not resume the publication of the *Times*. The city is destroyed. Everything is played out. I am now an old man." (He was only fifty-one.) "I have about eighty thousand dollars with which I can live comfortably for the rest of my life. If I put that into a new paper, I would be a pauper in less than a year."

"I think, Mr. Storey," said Mr. Patterson, "that you are

mistaken as to Chicago being played out. In fact, the real Chicago has not been touched by the fire. We still have our immense system of railways, our sewers, our miles of water-mains, our pavements, our lake navigation: in short, all that constitutes the real Chicago has not been disturbed."

"Well, that may be so," said the old gentleman; "but where is business to come from?"

"There are ten thousand business men burned out here," I said, "all or a majority of whom will start again. As I came along I saw on a board in the ruins the words: 'All lost but wife, children and pluck.' That is the spirit which prevails everywhere. You can at least allow me to take the type and make a start, and a week or two at most will show whether there will be a resurrection or not, and if there be a failure, the cost of so short an experiment will not be a very large one."

He finally consented, and to Patterson was delegated the duty of securing the room for publication and the moving of the type.

Rooms were secured, the type moved after tremendous difficulties in the way of obtaining transportation, a squad of printers was drummed up from various saloons, most of them in a state of intoxication, and the work of type-setting began. Notices were put in the other papers giving the place where the *Times* had resumed publication. Mr. Storey did not appear until three days after I had seen him at his house, and then he had come apparently to satisfy himself that there was no prospect of success. He

found, upon meeting the business manager, that an enormous number of advertisements had been taken, amounting to several thousand dollars.

Every business man in the city who intended to start again had brought in a notice of his new place, and in that way there had come a mountain of advertisements. Storey's face brightened, and he at once became interested. We had a short consultation, in which it was agreed that the first thing to be done was to secure larger and more spacious quarters.

I at once started out in search of a site, and found a vacant space on Adams Street just west of the bridge, and which was owned by John Kline, an old settler who is married to a relative of mine. On account of this relationship, I got a lease of the lot at a ridiculously low figure. A rough plan of a building was drawn, and, employing a carpenter, I commenced operations in building.

I went to a certain firm of lumbermen with a bill of what was needed, and they refused to trust Mr. Storey for the amount. One of the firm, a gentleman whom I had known for a great many years, said that, while they would not trust Mr. Storey, they would let me have the lumber if I would myself assume the responsibility. Then the shanty, "two and a half stories long and one high" — as was said of it at the time — was constructed, an engine was purchased, and a Bullock press obtained, and all of the necessary material was moved into the new building.

At this point I wish to relate another instance of the inef-

fable meanness which characterized so many of Storey's actions. As soon as the first issue of the *Times* was made I suggested to Storey that I would be willing to throw off one-half my salary for a period of five weeks, and that I had no doubt that the majority of the employes, except the printers, would be willing to do the same. A canvass was made, and about thirty men entered into the agreement on the half wages, except Patterson, the business manager, who insisted that for five weeks he should work for nothing.

At the end of the five weeks, Mr. Patterson reminded Mr. Storey that the time had expired, and asked him if it were not best to resume full payment. Mr. Storey insisted that the arrangement should extend through another week. Now, the meanness of this transaction is in the fact that during the five weeks that had already expired the paper had been clearing $4,000 a week. Yet, in view of this immense profit, Storey had the effrontery to "bilk" his employes out of the additional amount of a half-week's salary.

II.

Building Operations.

After the shanty had been occupied, the question of a permanent site and building came up, and became the subject of discussion. Mr. Storey, for a long time, insisted that a plain, cheap structure of brick would answer every purpose, and it was only after much persuasion that he consented to erect a first-class building.

A lot eighty feet square was purchased on the site since occupied by the *Times*, and the work of construction began.

In my younger days, I had been trained in mechanical directions, and naturally on me fell the burden of the work to be done. Plans were invited, and my selection from the many presented was adopted.

The fire had proved that many kinds of stone had little power to resist heat. Limestone walls, and sidewalks of the same kind of stone, had been turned into lime under the flames, ground into powder, and blown away by the savage gales. Granite speedily cracked under the heat; sandstone best withstood the fiery test.

I traveled all through the quarry regions of Canada and the Northern States, and at last, while in Michigan, learned that a stone was in use for fire-grates, and was not impaired

by heat. Tracing the stone to the quarry, I found the one from which the *Times* walls were built. This quarry had never been worked for anything more important than the lining of fire-places in a limited area of Michigan.

I was given the superintendency of the erection of the new building. I negotiated all the contracts, and personally supervised all the work. I do not believe that a stone, scarcely a brick was laid, a pound of mortar mixed, or a nail driven that I did not see. The wood-work of the building was all done by the day, and to it I gave as close attention as to the other departments.

Mr. Storey subsequently purchased and built on one hundred and three feet north of and adjoining the eighty feet which I had handled, and it gratifies me to be able to say that at this date, twenty years later, there is not a single crack in the external walls of the portion under my charge, while the other, with which I had nothing to do, has shown many gaps and wounds more or less serious in their dimensions.

I discovered and applied some valuable improvements. Before the date of the fire, the pits under printing-presses were built of heavy plates of iron, which were riveted together, and, having to conform to several inequalities in the outlines of the bottom of the presses, they were costly, clumsy, and hard to transport from the shops to the press-rooms.

I ignored this style of construction, and substituted pits of pressed brick, laid in concrete. By the aid of a siphon,

they are always kept dry, and in their construction cost but a fraction of the amount paid for the old iron lining.

I also introduced a novel and inexpensive system of ventilation, in which I availed myself of the air-ducts in the fireproof partitions for the transmission of foul gases, and which, while it cost nothing, and worked beautifully, was ruined by Mr. Storey, who, at the end of a year, changed the forms of the rooms on the upper floors, breaking the connection of the foul-air ducts.

Mr. Storey, when he was about the building, was a perpetual nuisance, especially after the shell was completed and the task of laying out the rooms was being performed. He showed at this time some initial evidences of mental weakening. He would come down one day and point out what he wished done, for instance, in the height of the walls and the distances between the gas-stubs, and next day, finding the work done, would declare that it was not all as he had directed.

There were many such instances that showed an impairment of his memory. When the time came for final settlements with contractors, there was always trouble. Extras that had arisen from his shifting of purpose in the constructing of various things, and on his orders, he invariably disputed; denied having ordered them, and refused to pay for them. Many lawsuits resulted, and many years elapsed before they were settled.

I remember one suit in which he was summoned as a witness, and which he resented as an insult to his dignity.

It was an additional proof that his mental condition was changing for the worse.

The suit was by the Cloggston Boiler Company, whose boilers had been put in and failed to do the required work. Storey declined to pay for them. When on the witness-stand his voice shook with rage and nervous excitement.

"What business is that of yours, you damned puppy?" he replied to some ordinary question asked by the attorney for the plaintiff.

Several times he made the same kind of an insulting reply to legitimate interrogatories, and was three or four times rebuked by the judge.

He had a very annoying habit of doing certain things when I submitted plans to him. The Cloggston boiler case furnishes an instance. He looked over the plans, heard the statements of the contractors, and said:

"Wilkie, I will accept this boiler on your recommendation."

Now, this was totally untrue, for I had persistently advocated the "Root boiler," as I believe it is termed, and which is built up of tubes, each of a single horse-power, which can be increased by the addition of more tubes, and an explosion in which can not include more than a single tube. This was the boiler finally adopted on my recommendation, but Storey always insisted that he had taken the Cloggston apparatus at my suggestion.

The faster he made money the more exacting and penurious he became. At the end of the first ten weeks after

the starting of the new paper, the business had netted him a profit of $40,000, and it continued to make money at the same rate for years immediately following. And yet he haggled over every cent, fought contractors in the courts, and delayed the trial of cases on one and another pretense with a view of tiring out the men suing him, and to force them to a compromise at a low figure, and which, in many instances, he succeeded in accomplishing.

III.

Cumulative Blows.

In 1870 Mr. Storey went to Springfield to attend a convention. Going to the train, he stepped off a platform and broke his leg. He was taken home by Dr. Fowler, who set the leg, and as soon as possible he was brought back to Chicago. Further attention to his leg was given by Dr. J. Adams Allen, and when Storey finally got up on his feet again, he found that under the manipulation of Dr. Allen it had been left slightly out of line.

As Storey was very proud of his figure, the condition of his limb was a frightful mortification, and created a feeling against Dr. Allen, with whom he had been on intimate terms for many years. This was one blow.

In 1871 the occurrence of the fire was the second blow, which, coming after the incident just related, was more damaging than it otherwise would have been. The final blow was the illness and sudden, and entirely unexpected, death of his wife.

She died in January, 1873; the Christmas before, in company with her husband, she had spent at South Bend with his sister and nephew — the latter, Ed. Chapin, and the former, the wife of a lawyer named Anderson. She caught

a violent cold which settled into rheumatism, and less than a fortnight later she was dead.

The death was not anticipated. She was apparently improving when the rheumatism, which was of the migratory character, struck her heart, and her life was extinguished as a candle is blown out. She died in the night, and Mr. A. L. Patterson, the business manager, was the first one at the office to learn of the event. He immediately went up to the house, and he relates what he saw as follows :

"I found Mr. Storey sitting in front of the grate before a fire that was giving out but little heat and light. It was very cold, the sky was cloudy, the room was dark and cheerless, and Mr. Storey was entirely alone. He seemed to have grown many years older. I expressed my regret over his loss, when he broke into a passionate fit of sobbing, the only time that I have ever seen any exhibition of the kind on the part of a man who had always prided himself on being impervious to blows or to misfortunes of any description."

There was no lot for burial ; no preparations whatever had been made for the funeral. Mr. Patterson asked Mr. Storey if he should take charge of matters, and consent was given. Mrs. Storey had been attending the cathedral of Bishop Whitehouse, and Mr. Patterson suggested that he be secured for the services. This seemed very agreeable to Mr. Storey, and was accordingly done The Bishop expressed himself as very willing to officiate.

Before leaving the house, as Mr. Patterson was going out,

he met the female domestic, who asked him if he would not like to look at the body. She conducted him up-stairs to the room.

"The sight," says Mr. Patterson, "was a frightful one. She lay on her bed just as she had died, her only garment being a nightgown, through which her form was perfectly revealed. I could not help noticing that she was the possessor of a magnificent figure, whose outlines suggested a grand voluptuousness."

The day of the funeral was a horrible one. A savage snow-storm was raging, and a fierce wind drove the snow into the faces of the people until sight was almost impossible. Through this dreary storm the sad *cortege* moved to the depot, and thence to Graceland by cars, and the body was deposited in the vault.

One can faintly imagine the desolation which afflicted Mr. Storey when he returned to his empty home. Although his wife had been a woman of questionable reputation when he married her, she became faithful and gave to him devoted attention and affection. She so endeared herself to him that he grew fond of her, and, as far as his nature permitted, came nearer loving her than any other woman.

She made herself indispensable to his comfort. She studied his needs and peculiarities, and how to gratify them. She coddled him as if he had been an infant. Having lived the most of his life by himself, the new situation was especially delightful. It was at this time, when he was surrounded by all kinds of gentle attention; when, perhaps,

for the first time in his life, he was entirely happy, that his wife suddenly sickened and died.

This blow nearly drove him insane.

Let me summarize the various causes, culminating in the death of his wife, which were so many assaults on his vitality. The first and perhaps most potent of them all was his life in the Portland and in Speed's block, in both of which his existence was a continuous debauch, with lewd women and excessive drinking as the principal elements.

For years, without intermission, he followed a course which was calculated to sap his vitality and impair his mental strength. This, added to the fire, the breaking of his leg, the death of his wife, constituted the combination that began an impairment of brain and body whose results were full of disaster. This aggregation of calamities wrought serious evils on his nature, and he grew moody and morbid He could not forget his wife; he missed her smiles, her soothing voice, her caressing hands every moment. He could not give her up.

It was while he was thus in mourning for the loss of his wife that he became possessed by the belief that Dr. Hosmer Johnson, who had attended Mrs. Storey in her final illness, had not given her due attention; that, instead of calling at long intervals, he should have devoted his entire time to her case. This conviction in time developed into one to the effect that the physician had given her cumulative doses of aconite — that is to say, that, instead of delaying one dose until the effect of the other had passed away, they lapped on

each other, and produced the effect of a single one. He said to me one day, in discussing the matter, that he believed that it was his duty to murder Johnson. Once possessed of these ideas, he proceeded to attack the physician through his paper with the malignant virulence which few of the citizens of that day will fail to remember.

Dr. Johnson stood the attacks for some months in silence, and then replied to them in an article of a column and a half in the *Tribune*, one of the most terrible things of the kind which ever appeared in public print.

He gave his notes of the case of Mrs. Storey, the dates of his visits, the medicine administered, its quantity, and succeeded in amply refuting Mr. Storey's charges in every particular.

He was not satisfied with a vindication of his professional conduct of the case; he became aggressive; from defending he turned into the assaulting party, and charged on his enemy with terrific force. He asserted that the malady which cost Mrs. Storey her life was the direct outcome of a licentious life. This was an awful blow, but was no more annihilating than another which crushed his antagonist with the assertion that he was impotent.

Fancy the effect of these two withering assertions on the nature of a man with the inordinate pride of Storey! He was then but fifty-four years of age; to publish his impotence must have created a shock which shattered one of the most sensitive feelings in his soul — that feeling which every man, irrespective of age or the real facts in the case, enter-

tains, and that is that his manhood, his virility, shall stand unchallenged.

That Mr. Storey was not driven into an insane asylum by the terrible *riposte* of Dr. Johnson is something provocative of astonishment.

He believed that Horace White was the author of the article. He showed me, a few days after the appearance of the Johnson paper, a reply which was one of the most beastly and abominable attacks on Horace White that ever could be conceived. That gentleman had some discoloration of the face in blotches, which Storey used as having been caused by contact with a person whom to particularize would be at once a scandalous libel and a gross insult.

The public, as a rule, extended no sympathy to Mr. Storey in his overwhelming humiliation and defeat. It was said by a prominent lawyer, who was the editor's professional adviser:

"For years Storey has been on the summit of a great height from which, with entire impunity, he has been tossing missiles on the heads of the crowd below, careless whom he wounded, and secure, owing to his elevation, from anything like reprisal. At last, an expert slinger plants a stone directly in the middle of his forehead, and the world rejoices as it hears his shrieks of pain. The general verdict is, 'Served him right!'"

I induced Mr. Storey not to print the calumnious article concerning Horace White. But he redoubled the number, and, if possible, the venomousness of the attacks on Dr.

Johnson, declaring in an editorial: "The world may set me down as a dog if I do not ruin the man who killed my wife!"

IV.

Storey's Spiritualism.

Some months after the death of "Bonnie," which was his pet name for his second wife, I was spending the evening at his house. He alluded to her in a caressing tone, and, after some reminiscences of pleasant evenings we had passed together when she was alive, he asked:

"Have you ever given any attention to spiritualism? If you have, what do you think of it?"

"Yes; I have given the 'ism' considerable examination, but I have never been able to reach anything like a positive conclusion. On the whole, I am rather disposed to doubt its genuineness. For three years I had a standing offer of $100 to be given to any spiritualist in Chicago who could produce a 'manifestation' which I could not reproduce by natural means. Several attempts were made to secure the prize, but all were failures."

"I don't take any stock in it," he said, "but I would like to test it. I have heard of a 'medium,' as it is called, that is said to have some mysterious power, and I'd like to look into the matter. Suppose we go this evening? I know where a circle is to be held over on the West Side."

I was considerably amazed that he should have so much

information as to the whereabouts of a medium, but learned later in the evening that he had before visited the place where we went that night.

I consented to go, of course; he ordered his carriage, and, accompanied by Dr. Fowler, of Springfield, we drove to a house whose locality I do not remember.

A "circle" was in operation when we entered. There were two "mediums" or *media* — whichever it should be — a man and his wife.

The circle broke up, and was re-formed by the addition of the newcomers. Mr. Storey wore an air of solemn anticipation. The light was turned down; there was some singing, and then a guitar, which had been lying on the table, rose in the air and floated over our heads, its strings being twanged with vigor.

There were palpable raps all over the room: a tattoo which was heard from the walls, the ceilings, on and under the table. "Spirit fingers" touched the hair and caressed the lips of the sitters. Many messages were received, one of which was the following:

"I see," said the female medium, "a spirit hovering over the head of one of this party. He has a noble head and face, and has white hair and beard."

I sat next to Mr. Storey and could feel that he was agitated. His hand shook, but he said nothing.

"The spirit," continued the medium, "is a woman with brown hair, red lips, a stout figure. She is about forty

years of age, and smiles on the man with the white hair and fondles his beard."

It was the old, old "racket," the twanging of the guitar, the rappings and tappings, the spirit fingers, all of which I had often seen, and which I knew to be gross deceptions. I was trying to smother an expression of contempt, when there suddenly appeared, directly over our heads, on the ceiling, a space illumined by a pale blue light. Everybody glanced up, and saw, written across the lighted space: "Wilbur F. Storey."

The trick was so stale that unconsciously I uttered, in a tone heard all over the room:

"Oh, hell!"

The light was at once turned up, and Storey, glancing at me sternly, said, in an indignant tone:

"You must have drunk too much of that claret at dinner!"

He never again invited me to join him in visiting spiritual seances. In fact, for several months he did not ask me to dinner, as he had been in the habit of doing at least twice a week since the death of "Bonnie."

I learned that, during this period of my absence, the man and woman who acted as mediums at the spiritual meeting referred to were installed as guests in the Storey residence.

About six months after the death of his wife, while the attacks on Dr. Johnson were being continued, he said to me:

"We must let up on Dr. Johnson."

I was about to say I was delighted to hear it, but changed my mind and asked if I might be permitted to know the reason.

"I have just received a communication from 'Bonnie' in which she asks me to stop the attacks on the doctor."

"Indeed! How did you get the communication?"

"Through an old Chicago man named Sampson, now living at Denver. He received a message from 'Bonnie,' through a medium, with a request to forward it to me."

Those people who may recall the sudden and surprising cessation of the attacks of the *Times* on Dr. Johnson, may now, for the first time, learn the reason.

At this period Mr. Storey gave up spiritualism, and resumed it some years later, and which phase will be alluded to in a subsequent chapter. One day, about six months after the death of "Bonnie," I noticed that he seemed very disconsolate. I mentioned the fact to him and asked him if he was not feeling well. To this he replied:

"I am feeling lonely. The fact is I must have a woman about me. I cannot get along without one."

This reply brought to my mind an event that had taken place in Mr. Storey's life several years before. There was a young lady in Kentucky, the daughter of a family of bluest blood, who was very beautiful, accomplished, and possessed fine literary attainments. Mr. Storey made her acquaintance through some letters which she wrote to the *Times*, and which were so exceptionally fine that his

attention was attracted to the writer. He opened a personal correspondence with her, and in a brief time became very much enamored with the writer. He went to Kentucky to see her, and was infatuated with her beauty, her charms of mind and person. I think that the result of the visit was a qualified engagement of marriage. It was followed by a correspondence of some length, which was suddenly broken off, and a couple of months later information came that the lady had been married.

This affection of Mr. Storey was probably the only pure one that, up to that period, he had entertained for any woman save his first wife. His remark in regard to the necessity of having a woman around suggested his connection with this Kentucky girl, and I said:

"Do you suppose that ——— ———," naming the young lady in Kentucky, "is living happily with her husband?"

He seemed surprised at the question, and said:

"I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I ask because I heard that she does not live on good terms with her husband. He is much older than she; he is coarse, unrefined, a sporting man, and there is an entire lack of concord between them. You say that you must have a woman about you. Suppose that I go down to Kentucky and look over the situation. It may be that ——— ——— may be anxious for a separation. If so a divorce might follow, and then you could have 'a woman about you' who would make you a most admirable and congenial wife."

A glow of pleasure flashed over his face when he heard this remark, and then, after a few moments' thought, he said:

"I have already been concerned in two divorces — one from my first wife and another for my second wife — and I don't hardly care to mix myself up in any more transactions of the sort."

A curious, ludicrous and scandalous phase was developed immediately after Mrs. Storey's death. There was a great rush of elderly virgins, simpering widows, young girls, semi-courtesans and all sorts and classes of women who were determined to marry Mr. Storey. Even the charming Tennie C. Claflin — now wedded to a wealthy and blooded Englishman — had aspirations for the place that had just been vacated by the death of Mrs. Hattie Dodge Storey.

Being considered rather more in the confidence of the bereaved widower than anybody else, I was an especial subject of attack by many women who were in search of the relict of the widow Dodge. I was inundated with letters and personal calls, all imploring my influence in aiding them to marry the sorrowing widower. There was one young and very handsome, refined girl who had set her heart on marrying the old man, who was then more than sixty years of age, and she wrote me and called on me several times. She seemed infatuated with his wealth and conspicuous position, and would have married him at any risk.

It would be infinitely amusing, and not at all creditable

to the applicants, were I to relate some of the many conversations that occurred. Most of them, especially the elderly ones, did not hesitate to state that they would only marry Storey because he was rich. One of the ladies who honored me by asking my assistance was a *divorcée* well known in Chicago. She was a woman of about forty-five, quite obese, with coal-black hair and eyes, a perceptible mustache and side-whiskers — a noted termagant, whose furious temper had made her home a hell for her husband till he secured relief in the divorce court.

She opened the conversation without any preliminary skirmishing.

"I want you to help me to marry old Storey."

"Me? I have no influence with Mr. Storey in matrimonial matters. If you wish to marry him, walk right into his room, and tell him what you want. He is of age, and you can talk to him just as you might to your grandfather."

She continued to insist on my aid.

"It is impossible! I could not consent to put you into the power of a tyrant who would eat you up inside of a week. He is a man with an awful, a tremendous temper. He hates women."

"I don't care for all that! I can manage a dozen like him."

"How, may I ask?"

"I'd break his old head with a rolling-pin, that's what I'd do."

There were regular agencies established to marry him. There were two or three families where he was in the habit of dropping in of an evening to play cards. At each of these would be a widow or two, or an aspiring old maid, who had come at the invitation of his entertainers. A prominent lawyer undertook to push the efforts of some of the claimants. Letters were received by myself and others from different cities as to the prospects of securing him for a husband.

There was a partial engagement between him and the tall, stylish widow of a prominent citizen, and a marriage would have undoubtedly resulted had it not been that some mischief-maker hinted to Storey that there was a scandal connected with the lady, whereupon the engagement was broken. There is no reason to believe that there was any truth in the story as to the taint on her record, but the scandal was probably conceived in the interest of some rival.

There were months during all that period when I scarcely ever entered his room without finding some woman with him who was bent on a matrimonial venture. One or two whom I thus saw were holding the hand of the white-haired sexagenarian, and trying to fascinate him with their fond glances. The old man seemed to enjoy this siege. He was not in the least moved by it, further than it excited his dull sense of the ridiculous. He invented all sorts of names for the women who surrounded him. One was "Old Jim's

Leavings;" another was the "Calcimined Widow," and there were equally characteristic names for still others.

I have no doubt that his love for the Kentucky girl was the most profound and sincere that he ever entertained for a woman. He married a third time, in 1873, the next year after the death of "Bonnie," on account, as he stated, that he must have a woman about him, and for the further purpose of ridding himself of the tremendous pressure that was being brought against him.

V.

Visit to a Paris Newspaper.

In my visit to Paris, in 1874, I made a brief inspection of some of the principal French newspaper offices.

The French journals are entirely unlike those of any other country in all material particulars — in appearance, kind of paper, make-up, quality and selection of matter. There is no editorial page, no department devoted to telegraphic news, and no space given to matter scissored from exchanges. One-third of the paper — the lower portion — is cut off by horizontal lines from the upper portion, and is known as the "feuilleton," which is devoted to light literature, being generally a continuous story running through several numbers.

The leading or principal article appears in the first column of the first page, and is signed by the writer, who usually appends his real name. Among the French newspapers *Le Figaro* is probably the best known in Paris and in other countries. A brief account of the visit to the office of this journal may be of interest.

One proceeds a short distance along the narrow and crowded Rue Drovot, in Paris, and suddenly finds oneself in front of a building so unique and fanciful in its appear-

ance that it forces the visitor, if a stranger, to pause for an extended survey. It is gorgeous in colored glass, parti-colored stones, niches, statues, gargoyles, balconies, bas-reliefs, allegorical groupings and ornate pilasters. It is dwarfed somewhat by the high buildings on both sides of it, but asserts itself and attracts attention after the fashion of a diminutive but exquisitely dressed and beautiful woman sandwiched between a couple of substantial, stout, plain dowagers.

This gorgeous creation, blazing with the splendors of a richly decorated branch of the Spanish renaissance style, is the façade of the Hotel Figaro — as it is termed — the office of publication of the newspaper selected as the representative of French journalistic enterprise and civilization. Its guardian genius is the statue of the Spanish Figaro, which occupies a roomy niche just over the grand entrance. Above the left shoulder is seen the key-end of a guitar. The hands are engaged in sharpening a quill pen. On a black marble pedestal on which the statue stands are golden letters carrying this legend:

"*Je taille encore ma plume, et demande a chacun de quoi il est question.*"

Freely interpreted, this means that *Figaro* is once more on deck and ready for business. The original *Figaro* office had been burned, and he once more sharpened his pen for work.

One naturally expects a corresponding interior after viewing so resplendent an exterior, and is not disappointed.

Ascending some wide, broad steps of marble, the visitor finds himself in a grand vestibule, from which rise, on the right and left, two spacious staircases most elegantly decorated with bronzes. About the capacious vestibule are statuettes of the guardian genius, Figaro, each of which is the work of a master, and each of which represents the figure in the act of composition. One of them is a Figaro on a full run, who writes as he speeds along — an attitude which proves that the French have the correct idea as to enterprise, however much they may lack in putting it into execution. Another vestibule, with more statuettes, more carved panels, more stained glass, leads to the central room of the structure. It is grand in dimensions, and beautiful in proportions, extending to the roof of colored glass. It is an atrium of Roman style, which opens into every room of the building. Below is the business office, and above, a gallery running all around the interior.

This rotunda glows with rich, warm coloring, and is as ornate and resplendent as art, taste and wealth can make it. Graceful columns spring up, supporting semi-circular arches, each of which is ornamented with exquisite carving of characteristic reliefs. The counter in the counting-room is a marvel of beauty and richness. The floor is a fine mosaic; a stately bust of Beaumarchais occupies a conspicuous position; and from above unique and marvelously constructed candelabra ornament the room, and at night inundate, with a flood of mellow light, every part of the imposing rotunda.

The moment the visitor passes the second vestibule, he is met by an obsequious attendant in livery, who wishes to know what can be done for monsieur. If monsieur be an advertiser, he is bowed to the proper clerk ; if a subscriber, he is guided to the right place ; if he bring some intelligence of real or fancied importance, he is politely shown into the room of an editor, which is immediately adjoining the main entrance.

There are a few American offices in which a person of this kind would be passed from hand to hand with supreme insolence, and would be fortunate if he escaped being kicked down stairs.

At the *Figaro*, such a person is welcomed. There is an editor whose *metier* is to attend to this class. He occupies an elegant apartment ; he is courteous and listens patiently to what each has to say ; he invites them to be seated, and is not sparing in thanks, even to the one whose communication is worthless. He knows his business thoroughly ; he readily separates the wheat from the chaff of intelligence ; his suavity pleases the caller.

The prompt admission to an editorial room flatters the vanity of the people, and, as a result, considerable information of value, *bon mots*, and the like, are collected in the course of the twenty-four hours. What is better is that people who have a real grievance are never snubbed by insolent subordinates, so that the very best feeling is everywhere entertained for the journal.

Opening from the gallery that encompasses the Spanish

patio, or rotunda, are halls that lead to the rooms of the various employes. These are all magnificently furnished with rosewood furniture, rich tapestry, bronzes and marble statues. Some rooms contain a single writer, others two or three. The principal editor, Villemessant — since deceased — then occupied a small room on the ground floor to the right of the main entrance. There is also a superbly furnished council-room in which all the literary force meet once a month. There are bed-rooms, bath-rooms and breakfast and dining apartments; for a majority of the literary attaches, except the editor-in-chief, eat, live and sleep in the building.

There is also a very large room whose walls are covered with glittering foils. Each day at two o'clock all the employes assemble in this hall and receive lessons from an expert in fencing. This practice is obligatory, for the reason that each member of the staff is required to hold himself ready to call some one, or be called, at a moment's notice, to the field of honor. Any hesitation in such a case is met with instant dismissal.

"You have none of these in your country?" queried my conductor, as he pointed to the implements of offense and defense on the walls.

"No!"

"What do you employ in America?"

I thought of all the weapons in use in American editorial departments, from horsewhips to fists, canes, bludgeons, boots, and thumb-nails, and found my French unequal to a

lucid explanation. As a compromise which meant everything and nothing, I looked ferociously mysterious and made no reply.

"Ah," he said, "I understand! You do these things *here!*" As he spoke he brought his hand around on his hip and slapped that portion of his body where a Yankee wears his pistol pocket. I did not undeceive him.

On its literary staff at the time of my visit *Le Figaro* had one editor-in-chief, fourteen assistant editors, ten reporters, and seventy men who included compositors, feeders and stereotypers. All this force was engaged in getting out a newspaper about one-half the size of the New York *Herald*, and which contains not more than one-quarter as much matter.

Each editor and reporter is furnished with a *carnet*—an ingenious protection against imposition which ought to be introduced into Chicago. It consists of a small folio of morocco, bound with silver and shaped like a cigar case. It contains a photograph of the employe in one compartment, and in the other a written authentication of his position by his superior. The ordinary star can easily be imitated; the photograph of the owner prevents anything like deception.

H. de Villemessant, the *redacteur*, or editor-in-chief, was, next to Cassagnac, the most noted journalist in France. His position as second to the other was due to the fame of the latter as a duelist. As a successful administrative journalist, Villemessant was the superior of all his French contemporaries. So highly is he regarded that every issue

of *Le Figaro* bears the statement in a conspicuous place at its head: "H. de Villemessant, *fondateur.*"

He received me very graciously. He was then about fifty-five years of age, stout, with a gray beard and hair which bristled in every direction like the extended quills of an enraged porcupine. He had large, kindly eyes, and a face suggestive of determination, great intellectuality, geniality, and good living. His residence was just outside Paris, and of a palatial character. He was known as a generous and accomplished host and largely entertained his friends.

When I related to him the enormous outlay of many American newspapers for news, he said:

"That seems to me absurd! What! Thousands of dollars for a single dispatch!"

"Yes, often. The first-class American newspaper must have all the important occurrences in the entire world of the day before, in each morning's issue, regardless of expense."

"That is very droll! I have no use for any such expense in Paris. Here, with over half a hundred competing rivals, I can often increase the circulation of *Le Figaro* up to 200,000 copies without the expenditure of more than a hundred francs."

This was proved by the *Figaro* at the time when Bazaine made his escape. The paper published an exclusive account which ran the circulation from 80,000 to 200,000. The entire article was less than half a column. An American

newspaper would have published an entire page of a similar occurrence.

Some further chat took place, and then the great *redacteur*, after presenting me with his autograph, gave me a cordial grasp of the hand, and, with many expressions of good will, bowed me out.

The attaches of *Le Figaro* are a family. As said, they live, eat and sleep in the same building. They are attached to the office, and in constant waiting are carriages to be used, in case of a necessity, for a hurried trip to a remote part of the city.

Among these employes there exists a strong and cordial *esprit du corps*, which secures excellent results by the creation of a unity of purpose when some great end is to be achieved. I saw nowhere in this office, nor among other French journalists, of whom I met many, any vestiges of that contemptible jealousy so common on this side of the Atlantic, in which one believes that, by pulling another down, one builds one's self up.

It may interest readers to know the compensation received by French journalists. For the year ending at the date that I saw Villemessant his share of the earnings of his journal was 400,000 francs, or about $80,000. The person in charge of the city department is paid 50,000 francs; the chief reporter, 40,000; the manager, 30,000. The critic is given an annual stipend of 12,000, while other reporters are paid by the piece. If a writer secures the "leader" he is paid 250 francs for it, regardless of its length. Other writers are

paid from four to twenty cents a line. It is thus seen that French writers are paid from three to five times as much as writers in this country; at least this was the fact when I visited *Le Figaro*, whatever it may be at the present date.

People outside of Paris have no comprehension of the nature of a journalistic sensation in that city. A *bon mot*, in a three-line paragraph, will create more excitement and sell more papers than would a Cronin murder case, including the finding of the body and the detection and punishment of the criminals.

There was a series of financial incidents connected with my visit to Paris, one of which has been alluded to, and which, with some others, deserves a brief mention.

I went over with the two base ball nines — the Bostons and Philadelphias — not to report their trip, but for the reason that I could purchase a passage over and back for about two-thirds the regular rates.

I wrote an account of their first game at Lord's Cricket Grounds in London, and then left the nines and ran over to Paris, where I had some acquaintances. I had only about $300 when I started, intending when I ran short to draw on Storey, who owed me, on account of my extra private salary, $1,000.

When I reached the French capital and had been there a week, my funds ran low, and I telegraphed Storey for a thousand francs. He did not answer; that he received it admits of no doubt, for Judge Lambert Tree was in the office when my cablegram came, and it was read to him.

I learned afterwards that he was offended over a portion of my London letter in which I made some allusion to the substantial dimensions of the feet of English women. Some English ass, stabled here in Chicago, went to Storey and brayed a complaint to the effect that I had insulted English women. Storey, who always believed the last one of several contradictory statements, took umbrage at this "insult" and undertook to punish me by paying no attention to my request for money.

I waited a week, and then drew for a thousand francs on Dan O'Hara, one of my warm friends and admirers, who promptly honored the draft.

I was training with a pretty expensive set, and just before the time came to leave my funds were again at a low ebb. Seeing that I was rather glum, Mrs. Clara Spencer, a wealthy artist from St. Louis, who was in Paris studying music, and at whose house I was spending the evening, asked what was troubling me. I told her I had to leave for home, that I had heard nothing from a draft which I had drawn on Chicago, and, as a consequence, felt a good deal embarrassed.

To my intense surprise, she opened her *portemonnaie*, and handed me five one-hundred-franc notes, and insisted, against my protestations, that I should take them. I finally consented and took the money.

On the route from Paris to London was Charles Weldon, an artist from New York, and with whom I had associated

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a good deal in Paris. As we separated at Charing Cross station, he said:

"I shall stop here a few weeks to make some studies in the British Museum. I have more money than I need. Have you all you require to get home in good shape?"

"I have some — enough to carry me through if I am very economical."

"Oh, hang economy!" he broke in with. "Here are ten sovereigns; take them; they'll help you out."

I took them.

On the steamer Pennsylvania, when I was returning, there were three semi-toughs from Brooklyn, hard drinkers and jolly fellows. One of them approached me and said:

"See here, old man, when most Yankees come home from the old country, they are short of greenbacks. I have a bundle left over, and you'd best take some. Here, take this!" And he put two tens and a five, greenbacks, in my hand.

I kept them.

When we landed, the first man I met whom I knew was James Stewart, Recorder of Cook County, who had come to meet John Healy, the principal man in the office next to himself.

"Of course, you fellows are short after your trip; here's two tens to take you to Chicago in good style."

I took that twenty just the same as I had taken the twenty-five, the fifty and the one hundred.

VI.

A Case of Treachery.—Libel Suits.

Mr. Storey had no use for friends. The allusion to "Dan" O'Hara in the last chapter recalls an incident which forcibly illustrates one of the peculiar phases in the character of the editor.

"Dan" O'Hara was nominated for City Treasurer by the Democrats; the incumbent, David Gage, was a candidate for re-election.

Grave doubts prevailed as to the integrity of Gage, and there was a demand that the funds in his possession be counted. Suspecting that there was a deficit in his accounts, the Republicans, to prevent a scandal in their party, resolved to re-elect him, with the hope that, if there was anything wrong, another term would give him opportunity to square his accounts.

The *Times* supported Gage, as did every other daily in the city. The *Times* was very severe on O'Hara, whom it abused as if he were a common thief. O'Hara remonstrated with me against this scandalous treatment, stating that he was a life-long Democrat; that he had always given the *Times* a cordial support, and that he had rallied his friends about the office when it was threatened with suppression.

For these reasons, as well as for those of common honesty — which included the selection of a man of integrity in place of a defaulter — he thought Storey ought to aid him in his canvass.

I agreed to present the matter to the "Old Man," and did so at the first opportunity. Storey said he had nothing against O'Hara, and that he believed Gage to be a defaulter.

"The only interest I have in the City Treasurer is in connection with the bank with which I transact business. I want it to have a share in the deposits of the City Treasurer."

"Would you support O'Hara if he were to guarantee giving your bank its share?"

"Yes."

I informed Dan, who was greatly delighted, and readily pledged himself to give Storey's bank a fair portion of the funds.

I reported this promise to Storey. The paper said nothing for or against O'Hara for three days; on the morning of the fourth, which was the day of election, the *Times* contained an attack on the Democratic candidate, of the vilest description, and this without a word of warning to me of the change.

It will please those who are not familiar with the result of that election, to learn that O'Hara was given the office by a majority of twelve thousand votes.

The outcome of the contest was not complimentary to the

boasted power of the press, as every newspaper in Chicago vehemently opposed him.

O'Hara, though scandalously maligned, did not begin a libel suit; other victims, however, were not so considerate. The *Times* had a libel suit almost constantly in progress. It became so common a matter that Storey paid little attention to them, seemingly considering them a matter of course and of no particular consequence. He always lost in a libel case, but the amounts of the verdicts were never very large, until one day a jury returned a verdict against him of $25,000. This was the famous Early case, which will be mentioned at length in another place.

The amount of this verdict was so monstrous, so unwarranted, that the judge reduced it to $15,000. In talking the matter over with Mr. Storey, I suggested that he allow me to look over the cases of libel pending, and he consented. I visited Dexter, the lawyer who had charge of all of the libel cases, and to my astonishment found that there were twenty-four suits pending, twenty-one civil, and three criminal indictments — one for libeling Sam Ashton, a lawyer and "boodler;" one obtained by "Jim" McGrath, a fifth-rate politician, and one for the publication of an indecent newspaper.

By consent of Mr. Storey, I took charge of this department of litigation. I found that under the management of his attorney there had been a large amount of intentional delay in the conduct of the cases. Mr. Smith, the junior partner, who had charge of a portion of their law business,

when asked why the cases were permitted to drag so, said:

"The purpose of delay is to worry and wear out the plaintiff."

"How do you do it?"

"Oh, by filing demurrers and taking action which we know will not be sustained, but which will delay the final trial, and in that way we sometimes drive a man from the field."

I looked over some of the legal bills of the firm for the conduct of libel cases, and found the largest portion of the accounts was for the securing of dilatory action.

When a case was finally reached and decided against the *Times*, as it always was, it was then appealed to the Supreme Court, not with the expectation of securing a reversal of the verdict, but solely to delay final action. At rare intervals a new trial would be ordered, and then the same system of demurring and pleading, absence of witnesses and the like, to secure delays, was repeated.

It may be observed here that the juries invariably considered Storey as a mine of wealth, and, whether the libel was justifiable or not, they concluded that, as the "Old Man" was rich and the plaintiff poor, he would not miss it if they gave a verdict against him. "Old Storey won't miss five hundred dollars out of his millions, and it will do Flaherty a heap of good," was the way they argued.

The indictment for the publication of an obscene paper was one caused by the printing of the particulars of a nude dance in a house of ill-fame. On the grand jury that found

this indictment were two young men well known about town, Fred Erby and George Brown. The *Times* proceeded to "lambaste" these two young men in the most approved style and to cite some alleged facts in their private lives that were not complimentary, and, in addition, to abuse the entire grand jury in a most scandalous manner.

For these publications Storey was arrested and brought before Judge Williams for contempt of court. The trial was a very imposing one. A lawyer who was the attorney of Sheriff Agnew opened the case for Storey. He was followed by William C. Goudy, in one of his long constitutional speeches, and then Emery A. Storrs closed the case with one of his very best humorous, effective, brilliant efforts.

The *Times*, anterior to this indictment, had attacked Williams on many occasions, and it was felt that, when the case of contempt came before him, no eloquence or logic, or even law, would prevent his finding Storey guilty, for the sake of revenging himself by sending him to jail. He pronounced the sentence of imprisonment; Storey's lawyers vainly pleaded for a fine, but Williams curtly refused, and ordered the sheriff to lock his prisoner up. The bailiff took the "Old Man" across the famous bridge traveled by so many criminals of all descriptions, and in a few moments the key was turned upon him, and the great editor of the *Times* was a prisoner in a common jail.

Anticipating this action, Goudy had arranged with a railroad to have a locomotive ready with steam up, which

he mounted and flew with lightning speed to Waukegan, where Judge McAllister of the Supreme Court lived, and secured from him a *supersedeas*, with which he returned to Chicago in time to present it and secure Storey's release in the course of the evening.

The old gentleman was not confined behind the bars, but was held in the jailer's office.

It is a curious fact that Erby and Brown, instead of being responsible for the indictment, had both fought against it when the matter was discussed by the grand jury.

It so happened that among the spectators of the nude exhibition for the description of which the *Times* was indicted was the city editor of a prominent daily newspaper. After Storey's release, I addressed a private note to this young gentleman, assuring him that when the case came to trial we should need him as a witness, and that if he had any objection to appearing as such, possibly it would be well for him to use his efforts to squelch the case. Whether or not he did so, I don't know, but in any case the matter never came to a trial.

I obtained a hint from an anonymous letter about some facts rather derogatory to the early career of Sam Ashton. I secured by correspondence some further facts in regard to the same person, and had a copy sent to him, telling him that it would be used on trial of the criminal libel. For some reason or another his prosecution was abandoned without trial.

The remaining criminal libel, that of "Jim" McGrath, was called. When the trial was finished the jury remained out all night, and returned into court with a disagreement, standing six to six.

It was well known that McGrath's case had no foundation in justice, but was a malicious personal and political persecution.

These three cases were the only ones in which I took a personal interest. The *Times* changed its legal advisers in the management of its libel cases, and during Mr. Storey's control of the paper lost but one other case, and that one which involved a verdict of a few hundred dollars.

Since that sagacious lawyer, Alfred S. Trude, took charge of the libel business of the *Times* and *Tribune*, neither has been afflicted with the malady of adverse verdicts.

VII.

The Alice Early Libel Suit.

There came by the late mail to the *Times*, in 1876, three letters from Rockford, Ill., each reciting the particulars of an alleged scandal involving a young lady and a prominent citizen. The letters were signed by well-known citizens, the hand-writing of two of them being familiar to Charles Atwood, of the composition department of the *Times*.

The letters substantially agreed in their statements, and, not having the smallest reason to doubt their truthfulness, Atwood gave them out to the printers, and they duly appeared the next morning.

The consternation and indignation which took possession of the beautiful town on Rock River when the *Times* reached there can scarcely be imagined as to their dimensions. The young lady involved belonged to one of the best families in the place, and her reputation was spotless.

Warned at once that a terrible mistake, a blunder, a crime, had been committed, the *Times* sent a reporter by the first train to Rockford and found that the letters were forgeries, and that there was not even a trace of truth in the atrocious scandal. These facts were published in full

in the *Times*, together with ample apologies for the publication.

This should have ended the matter, but bad advisers seized the opportunity to foment mischief. The retractions and apologies were rejected, and suit was begun, with the result of the astounding verdict of twenty-five thousand dollars. It is but the truth to admit that a majority of the community was a unit in saying, "It served old Storey right!"

The case was appealed to the Supreme Court; the judgment of the lower court was affirmed; then a rehearing was asked for and granted, and the case was remanded.

Meanwhile, under the instruction of Storey, and the advice of his counsel, A. S. Trude, I instituted a series of quiet investigations into the private life of the plaintiff. There were some vague rumors afloat, which I traced up, and found to be without foundation. A worthless character, who had once lived at Rockford, but who carried on an apparently respectable business in Chicago, was approached by me and asked as to his knowledge of some of the rumors referred to.

He professed to know something, and the next day went to Rockford, told the interested parties about my seeing him, and presented my statements in a light that produced the conviction that I had offered him money to testify to some damaging facts in regard to the young lady.

The grand jury was in session; the Chicago witness was taken before that body, and I and an ex-sheriff of Rock-

ford, whom I had employed as detective to assist in the tracing of the rumors, were indicted for a "conspiracy to ruin the character" of the young lady involved in the suit.

The feeling against the *Times* in Rockford was exceedingly bitter, and concentrated on me when the finding of the jury was made known. Arrangements were made to secure a public triumph by arresting me in Chicago and taking me through the town by daylight to afford the community a sensation.

A friend notified me by telegraph of what had occurred, and that night, on a late train, I went to Rockford, stayed at the house of an acquaintance, and the next morning, at the precise hour that Sheriff Peake rang the bell at my door in Chicago, I entered Judge Brown's court with a bondsman and gave bail.

The gentleman who furnished bail resided in Rockford, but had once lived in Chicago. It was Anthony Van Inwagen, father of James Van Inwagen, formerly the partner of Hamill on the Board of Trade. When I first came to Chicago, I was fortunate enough to secure a home for two years in the family of the elder Van Inwagen.

He had entire confidence in my innocence of the infamous charge contained in the indictment, and became my bondsman with the sincere belief that I was being wronged.

Sheriff Peake came back empty-handed, and considerably chagrined to find me out on bail, although he was one of my friends, and believed that there was a conspiracy against me on the part of some Rockford politician.

I remained in Rockford several days in order to show the people that I was not ashamed to face them. Robert Porter was then the reporter of the *Inter-Ocean*, and morning after morning flooded that sheet with the most scandalous calumnies of me and the other defendant. In his public career as a tariff correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and in all his connection with the bureau of statistics, he has proved his unreliability to be no less, and himself no less an outrageous liar than when he was reporting my case at Rockford.

Believing Rockford to be prejudiced, I secured a change of venue, and the case went from Judge Brown to Judge Thomas Murphy, of Belvidere. W. W. Woodward, the prosecuting attorney, an old college friend, refused to conduct the case against me, and the task was performed by William Lathrop, a lawyer of Rockford, a politician, and who secured an election to Congress on the strength of acting as the prosecuting lawyer.

I got even with him two years later, when he was a candidate for renomination, by publishing some political information of a damaging nature, which reached the delegates a couple of hours before the opening of the session.

I was defended by an imposing array of counsel: A. S. Trude, W. C. Goudy, Judge Coon of Marengo, Brazee of Rockford, and Emery A. Storrs, all personal friends of mine.

Storrs made a masterly effort, speaking a day and a half.

The jury disagreed. Judge Murphy told Storrs, after the trial, that, "if the jury had brought in a verdict of guilty, he would have set it aside before their bottoms had struck their seats."

The case, after a time, was struck from the docket.

The Early libel suit was eventually tried before Judge Rogers, Mr. Storey making his last appearance in court, and a verdict for $500 was found. This was paid after a motion for a new trial was overruled, and thus terminated a very famous case.

VIII.

The Russo-Turkish War.

In 1877, war broke out between Russia and Turkey. Having had a taste of army correspondence, I suggested to Mr. Storey that it would be an additional feather in the cap of the paper to have a representative in the field. The matter was discussed at some length, and seemed to impress him favorably. He said he would think it over.

At the time I spoke to him, war had not been declared, but the situation was menacing, and the indications were that hostilities might be declared at any moment. I was anxious to visit the regions involved, and urged on Mr. Storey that, if the *Times* should conclude to have a representative, I would be the best within his reach, from my experience in military operations and my knowledge of foreign languages.

It was finally agreed that I should go, if war was declared, and he instructed me to hold myself in readiness to start at a moment's notice.

The proclamation of the Czar was flashed across the ocean. I immediately saw Mr. Storey, who told me to go at once. I announced that I would be ready to start the next morning. Early the following day I appeared at the

office with my grip packed, and stopped on my way at the business office, to say good-by to Business Manager Patterson. He informed me that I needn't be in a hurry, for the reason that Mr. Storey had sent another man.

"Another man? You're joking. Who is the other man?"

"Keenan."

"I don't understand it. Mr. Storey ordered me yesterday to get ready to start this morning."

"I know," said Patterson, "that he did. But Keenan came down a couple of hours ago, rushed into Mr. Storey's office and urged that you were a very expensive man, and that he could do the work for much less money."

Who is Keenan?

About a year before, I happened to be in Indianapolis on business for the paper, when I became acquainted with Colonel Wilson, who had charge of an extensive department in the business of the Pullman Sleeping Car Company. He was showing me about the town, and finally said:

"Would you like to see a new editor we have in the city?"

I expressed a willingness to meet him, and thereupon he took me to one of the newspaper offices and entered the editorial rooms. The only occupant was a young man who was sitting within a railed enclosure, facing us as we entered, and whose head was just visible above a paper that he was reading. We walked up to his immediate vicinity, when the Colonel said:

"Mr. Keenan, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Wilkie, the senior editor of the staff of the Chicago *Times*."

Mr. Keenan never raised his eyes from his paper, and did not appear in the least to notice our presence. We stood for a moment awaiting some sign of recognition, and it was perhaps a full minute before we discovered that the action on the part of Keenan was a deliberate cut.

I don't think there was any situation in my life when I was so much mortified, humiliated and enraged. It was a distressingly awkward situation. We twisted around on our feet, felt extremely silly, and finally sneaked out — sneaked is the only word that describes the manner in which we left the room.

A few weeks before the negotiations with Mr. Storey about going abroad, I noticed a stranger flying around the hall of the editorial floor. I recognized the head as that of Mr. Keenan. The head was a spherical one — what is popularly termed a "bullet head." His hair was thick and black, his neck short, his form stubby, and his stature below the average. He was active as a cat, extremely energetic, a hard worker, a fairly good writer, as he took and filled acceptably a position on the editorial staff, and was the possessor of an audacity which equaled that of Lucifer.

When he first came he was assigned a room some distance from that occupied by Mr. Storey. In less than a week he had moved himself into the ante-room through which everybody had to pass who wished to see Mr.

Storey. This was the gentleman who had supplanted me as the correspondent for the Russo-Turkish war.

Of course I was frightfully humiliated by the occurrence and entertained no kindly feeling for Mr. Storey or Mr. Keenan. I gave up the idea of going entirely, and went on with my usual work, and all the time was careful to avoid seeing Storey.

A month passed. One morning as I was going through the counting-room Patterson called me into his office, and said, a broad smile illuminating his face:

"Well, old man, you pack your carpet-sack for Bulgaria, and this time there won't be any mistake about it. You are to get ready to start by the first train."

"What are you giving me?"

"Oh, it is all on the square. Keenan has been discharged."

"'Discharged?' What do you mean?"

"Keenan has slopped over. This morning we got a cable of two solid columns from London and found after it had been set up that we had the same matter which had been standing on the galleys for several days, and which was a verbatim dispatch which had appeared in the columns of the London *Times*. Storey was so angry that he instantly discharged Keenan by cable."

I went up to Storey's room, and he said:

"You will have to go abroad after all. Keenan has made a botch of it."

He then related to me substantially what Patterson had

told me. He gave me some instructions as to what I was to do. To my surprise I was told that I was not expected to go to the scene of operations, but that I was to make my headquarters in London, and use such means to obtain information as I found to be most available. Later in the day I dropped into Mr. Storey's room, when he read me a dispatch from Keenan, saying: "What shall I do with the men and the office?"

"'Men and office,'" repeated Storey, with supreme contempt. "What the hell does the idiot mean by 'men and office'?"

He never replied to Keenan's dispatch. When I reached the cable office in London, I made some inquiries about my predecessor. I learned that he had rented and fitted up an office in a building, and had employed a man and sent him to the front.

"'E was a rahther queer chap, was this 'ere Keenan," said the clerk. "'E comes in 'ere one mawnin' and 'e ses to me: 'Aw, you don't know nothink about telegrawphin' news, you don't. Hi'm goin' to show you 'ow we do it in Hamericar,' ses 'e. 'Hi'm goin' to hinundate you with stuff,' ses 'e. And blest if 'e didn't, for one day! But 'is message 'adn't more than reached the other soide w'en back comes one for 'im that lifted 'im out into the street. That's wot it did."

"Do you know where he is now?" I asked.

"No, I don't know w'ere 'e is, but I do know that 'e went away without payin' 'is rent or for 'is furniture."

I may as well as not finish with Keenan at this point as to the "men and office" to which he alluded in his dispatch to Mr. Storey immediately after his discharge. It involves an element of great hardship and manifest injustice.

Some weeks passed when there came a letter to me, signed D. Christie Murray, claiming that the writer had been employed by Keenan to go to the seat of operations, and had suddenly been informed by Keenan that he had been removed as the agent of the Chicago *Times*, and could do nothing for him. I sent his letter to the home office, and so informed Murray. This was in January, 1878. In March I received the following letter from Murray, dated at West Brunswick, Staffordshire:

"My Dear Sir:—I have received a letter from Mr. Storey, a copy of which I enclose. It does not appear to me at all to meet the exigencies of the case, and I have to give you formal notice of my intention to take legal steps for the recovery of the amount of my claim. My first overture towards a prompt settlement of the matter having failed, I shall (since it becomes necessary for me to undergo an exposure of the pecuniary difficulties into which I was thrown by Keenan's default) place a higher value upon my claim and shall add to it such sum for damages as my solicitors may advise. Before proceeding to this very unpleasant action, I shall allow a week to elapse, and I trust that even yet the matter may be amicably arranged. It cannot reflect happily on your journal to find its name dragged into the courts on a question like this."

As the matter was "not my funeral" I did not answer this communication.

As a part of the correspondence, and for the purpose of

shedding some light on one of Storey's peculiarities, I append his letter in reply to Murray's. It is dated February 11, 1878, and bears the characteristic ear-marks of the ukases so often issued from the Czar of the *Times*' dominion:

"D. C. MURRAY, ESQ. *Sir:* — Keenan was authorized to *buy* news for the *Times*, and was supplied during his engagement with money for the purpose. He never had any authority, and knew perfectly well that it was not intended he should have any authority to enter into any contract by which this office should be bound for a debt or damages. He had no more right than you have to sign the name of the undersigned to any paper, or for any purpose.

"Yours, etc., W. F. STOREY,
"Per Dennett."

On the 6th of June, I again heard from Murray. His letter was dated from 4 Davis Inn, Strand, W. It read:

"SIR: — I am somewhat surprised at the want of courtesy you have displayed in ignoring my last letter. I learn that it will be of no avail for me to proceed at law against the Chicago *Times* for the recovery of the £134 I claim from its proprietor. I shall, therefore, attempt no legal action, but I shall take such measures as to me seem most likely to be effectual to prevent my journalistic brothers from being taken in the trap from which I have, with so much damage to myself, escaped.

"In consequence of the repudiation of my claim by the Chicago *Times*, I am most bitterly embarrassed. The sum which that journal owes me would not only set me free from my present monetary troubles, but would put me in a position to continue my own work with ease and profit. In the face of absolute poverty, literary work gathers difficulties which are not natural to it. I could never well afford to be robbed, but at this time the fraud of which the pro-

prietors of the *Times* have been guilty is fatal to my position and is likely to be fatal to me.

"I claim nothing for commiseration, but I submit that my demand against your journal is just and moderate. In a week's time, I shall not only be friendless, but homeless. I am already dishonored by debts for which the Chicago *Times* is alone responsible; but I shall leave a record which will scarcely be flattering to those upon whom the responsibility rests.

"I have, as a matter of course, no feud with you, and, desperate as my case is, I am sorry to have to address you in this way, but I must make my protest somehow, and I can only do it through you.

"D. CHRISTIE MURRAY."

My sympathies were profoundly affected by his condition, but, as I was powerless to relieve it, I felt that silence on my part, while apparently ungenerous and discourteous, would be, in the end, the best. I could not aid him, and I thought that his wounds, if left undisturbed, would sooner heal.

The last communication from Mr. Murray was short and pointed. He wrote soon after the preceding letter, from the same locality, Davis Inn, the following:

"SIR:—You have not troubled to answer my letter. Unless I receive an answer to this, the whole story of my engagement with your journal will be in the hands of the New York *Herald* (who will be glad to use it) by next post. Your least courtesy would be to make some response, if it were ever so coldly official."

I did not reply even to this communication. I believed that his claim was just; that he had been scandalously treated; that the *Times* should have remunerated him to some extent, and, hence, did not care to the extent of a

nickel if the affair should be aired in the American newspapers.

In the following summer, while in Paris to look up the International Exposition, I met Keenan, who was in a position not much more desirable than that in which he had been the means of placing the unfortunate Murray. He was "broke" and among strangers. However, he managed to return to New York, where he issued a novel, "pitching into" financial swells, and which is said to have made a creditable success.

How Murray extricated himself from his difficulties I never knew. He reached London in time, and beyond question gave a bad name to American journalists with his English newspaper friends.

Despite his "bitter embarrassment," "absolute poverty," and being on the verge of "homelessness and friendlessness," he resumed his occupation of novel-writing, in which he had been very successful anterior to his engagement by Keenan, and is now probably marching on the highway leading to fortune.

He seems, however, destined to occasional set-backs. It was announced a few months ago that an English author, D. Christie Murray, had met with some serious misadventure in Texas. All these trials may prove disguised blessings, as they may be used as the basis of many realistic and thrilling novels.

IX.

Russo-Turkish War and Irish Politics.

In the absence of specific instructions from the home office, I did not, at the outset of my career in London, in the early part of 1877, devote very much attention to Russo-Turkish war proceedings. I sent rumors from the front, war sentiment among the English, military preparation, a good deal of Irish news, and some other material by the cable, and wrote two letters a week of men and manners in the capital.

I had taken a letter of introduction to Hon. John Dillon, member of Parliament, from Melville E. Stone of this city. I had also taken one of the same kind from the Pinkerton agency to one of the prominent inspectors of Scotland Yard.

My arrival threw a great portion of London into a fierce commotion. I went to the House of Commons, after mailing my letter to Dillon, to send in a card to him. It was yet winter, and I still wore an American overcoat and cap, the former a long ulster with a wide, flowing collar, and the latter a black "Alexis" seal-skin without any visor. I noticed that as I passed along the halls people seemed to glance at me with something like curiosity in their faces.

The policemen who guard the halls at intervals always spied me for a long distance before I reached them, and always stopped me as if I were an intruder, and seemed astonished to find that I had business with a member. While an usher was absent with my card, I waited in the ante-room, and was the center of curious looks. When Dillon came out, and shook hands with me, there was an increase in the agitation.

The incident might be extended to an indefinite length. The papers — some of them — mentioned the frequent appearance in the lobbies of the house of a stranger, and unmistakably a foreigner, who held secret consultations with the disaffected Irish members.

At the house in Bloomsbury Square where I had a room, the chambermaid, who had become my admirer from the munificence of tuppenny tips, informed me in strict confidence that her young man "was a-watching me;" that he was in the government service. I reported this to Dillon, who made a strong attack, in a speech, upon the Tory ministry, for the employment of spies on his personal friends and associates.

One day soon after this, I was eating a chop in a house in the Strand, when there entered a stout-built fellow who took a seat at a table where he faced me. He ordered something, and meanwhile glanced at me furtively; it was somebody I had seen before, but who, where, or when, I could not recall. At length he addressed me:

"Are you the gent that brought a letter from the Pinkertons to Scotland Yard?"

"Yes, I brought one. Why do you ask?"

"You are a reporter on a newspaper in America?"

"I'm a correspondent of an American newspaper."

He began to laugh with great glee. "Why, blow me," he said, "if they aint been takin' you for some bloody furrin conspirator, and been frightened out of 'alf their seven senses! Ha! ha! ha!"

He offered his hand, and said: "Come up to the Yard and see us. Good-by."

The next morning I saw in one of the newspapers that the mysterious foreigner seen in consultation with certain Irish members had proved to be the reporter of an American journal.

During the remainder of my stay in England, I depended very largely on Mr. Dillon for information on Irish affairs. When he was in London I secured the intelligence from him in person; when he was in Ireland, he sent me frequent dispatches by telegraph — in fact, he acted as the representative of the *Times* bureau. He did not receive any compensation for this telegraphic service; he prepaid his dispatches, keeping an account of them, for which I paid him at intervals.

Mr. Dillon was one of the most interesting gentlemen I ever met. He had the appearance of a Spanish hero of romance. He was tall, erect, slenderly formed, with very dark complexion, black hair and beard, large, dark eyes,

full of a dreamy poetry. The general expression of his face was one of sadness. I need not mention his qualities as a speaker, for the reason that he has been heard on at least two journeys through this country. He is, in brief, a most attractive figure, an acute politician, an honest patriot, a wise statesman, and a polished, agreeable gentleman.

I made several efforts to put myself in communication with Parnell. I wrote him a number of times in regard to current events or possibilities of the future, and either received no answer at all or one of a wholly unsatisfactory nature.

A member of Parliament from whom I received a great deal of aid and attention was J. H. Puleston, who was popularly known as the "American member," he having lived for a time in Philadelphia. He was a member from Wales, thoroughly well-informed on political affairs, a banker, a genial and entertaining host, and an admirable manager in the operation of political plans.

I knew several of the other Irish members, jolly fellows, very fond of "the crathur," tellers of good stories, broadly humorous, but apparently members of Parliament rather for the purpose of filling vacancies than being on hand to vote on the right side of any phase of the Irish question that was before the House.

The Irish question and the Russo-Turkish war covered most of the ground of my cable matter. As I said at the outset, I sent only an occasional short dispatch regarding

the events at the seat of war, and more in reference to Irish politics. Mr. Storey began writing me to extend the size of the dispatches and increase their frequency.

During this portion of my stay in London, he wrote me quite often, suggesting outlines for my work.

X.

Mr. Storey Visits Europe.

During this period of my stay abroad as correspondent of the *Times*, I had no office, no organization, but collected my information from various sources, and used my lodgings as headquarters. It was at a subsequent visit in 1880-1 that a bureau was organized, and this will be spoken of later.

My time was chiefly occupied in letter-writing, although during the winter of 1877-8 the intelligence from the seat of war was very heavy, and that, in connection with keeping watch of English public opinion and probable action in reference to the belligerents, kept me very much occupied. My son, John E. Wilkie, came over in September of 1877 and was of great assistance to me in the collection of information and the conduct of the affairs of the office.

In July of 1877 I was ordered to Edinburgh to witness and report the gathering and proceedings of the great Pan-Presbyterian convention. I have already, in my book, "Sketches Beyond the Sea," elaborated the details of this trip. I refer to this visit now because, as this work is one of my personal experiences in journalism, I wish to put it on record that the editor of the *Scotsman*, and Villemessant, of the Paris *Figaro*, are the only two editors in Europe

with whom I succeeded in coming in contact during the three periods that I resided abroad.

I saw these two face to face; I shook hands with them; they revealed themselves living entities, as being of flesh and blood, in all of which respects they were utterly unlike all the other editors of whom I heard, but whom I never saw. The editors of all the other papers except these two were mysteries, intangible, inaccessible, anonymous, unknown. If there were any men who were realities at the head of the British press, they were railed off within sacred and secreted places, to which the world had no access.

There was an awful solemnity and secrecy about the British editor. A man who is connected with the editorial department of a British newspaper is absolutely debarred from allowing the fact to be known.

In May of the next year, 1878, I was ordered to go to Paris to witness the opening of the International Exposition. There is no necessity of my furnishing any of the details of this portion of my work while abroad, as what I saw was presented at the time of my stay in the French capital.

Meanwhile I had been hearing through my friends in the *Times* office that Mr. Storey's health was failing, that he had spent some time at the Hot Springs in Arkansas, and that the physician in charge had asserted that the former diagnosis of his difficulty — which had been pronounced by Chicago physicians as a stomach trouble — was incorrect, and that the lesion was cerebral in its location.

In the latter part of May I received a telegram dated at

the Westminster Hotel, London, signed W. F. Storey, and instructing me to report to him at once in person. I was a good deal astonished at the receipt of the telegram, as I did not know till then that he had left Chicago, although he had informed me by letter that he was contemplating to make at some time a trip to the Old World.

In one sense Mr. Storey had not been, up to that time, much of a traveler. He went once to Dakota to see a big field of wheat. He went to New York once in 1868 to marry his second wife. Once in two or three years he would visit South Bend, where he had some nephews and nieces. He also, as said, made a trip to the Hot Springs. This was all the traveling he did until he was sixty years of age, when he concluded to visit Europe.

Meanwhile he had been, in his earlier years, a constant and regular traveler along other routes. At a furious gallop he traversed the vine-clad, wine-producing territory occupied by the Corinthian Lais and others of the famous charming, lascivious and indecorous of the gentler sex. His pace was what fox-hunters call a killing one. Together with his ardent labor in his profession, these bursts of speed resulted in what specialists term "sclerosis," or a lesion located in the brain. This condition led him to make the visit to the Hot Springs from which he returned with the belief that he was very much better.

I hurried to Calais, across the channel, and by train to London, and early the next morning sent my card up to the room of the editor. I was painfully astonished when I en-

tered and saw the tall figure that came forward to meet me. His hair had turned to a dead, bleached white; his eyes had lost much of their former brilliancy, and were dull and sunken. The face had a pinched appearance, and the long, slender fingers were thin and cold. He was still proudly erect in his carriage, and in this direction exhibited his matchless spirit. He might pale and bleach and wrinkle, but he would not be bent by the enemy.

His voice had lost much of its old firmness. It was low, and a trifle suggestive of weakness. His step was slower and more hesitating than when I had left him the year before. He leaned heavily on a cane when he moved, and advanced slowly, like a man who had just risen from a long and wearing illness. After a short chat over home matters and things over in Paris, his eyes suddenly took on some of their old light, his face grew stern, and his breath came with a hissing sound through his closed teeth.

I recognized the long familiar symptom. He was mad. When at home in his office, if the staff of writers on the editorial floor heard a quick, firm step in the hall, accompanied by a harsh wheezing, they knew at once that the old man was in a temper. If the step was slow and deliberate, and a monotonous species of whistling was heard, then each listener knew that the skies were serene, and menaced by no storm.

After a few moments, in which his breath came and went in the familiar style, and during which I ran over everything I had done to discover if any of my lightning-rods were

down and left me exposed to the swift-coming tempest, he said:

"We must pitch into the —— line of steamers. It's simply damnable the way they do things!"

I was at once relieved: the storm had passed by on the other side.

"Is that so? The —— line has the reputation of being one of the safest on the ocean."

"It may be all right as to safety; that isn't what I am complaining of. The morning we got into Liverpool, I had just dropped into a sleep, the first for forty-eight hours, when I was suddenly waked up by a most infernal racket on the deck right over my head. I rang for the steward and told him to stop that noise. He said he'd try, but it didn't stop, and then I rang again. The steward then came back and said he couldn't stop it, and then I ordered him to send down the captain. After a long time the captain came, but not until I had sent for him four or five times. When he did come at last, I asked him why in hell he outraged his passengers by allowing such a noise over their heads when they were trying to get some sleep. He went on to explain something or other, but didn't satisfy me or stop the noise."

"That was intolerable!"

"I want to give that line hell, and I want you to attend to it."

"All right; I'll attend to it."

I didn't attend to it further than to learn that the "outrage" occurred when the ship had come to anchor, and, as

usual, a small engine was set at work raising the baggage out of the hold.

His sending for the captain of the steamer was characteristic of one of the phases of his nature. He imagined himself supreme in the possession of authority, and I do not doubt that, had he had occasion in his business to order Jehovah into his presence and to rebuke Him for supposed offenses, he would not have hesitated a second, provided he had a messenger to convey the summons.

He had come over to travel through Europe for the benefit of his health. A route, which included the principal cities of the continent, was laid out, and, very soon after, we started for Dover and crossed over to Ostend. Fortunately, the channel was on its good behavior, and we reached the Belgian coast without his being much upset by the journey.

All along the ride through the beautiful hedges and farms of England he noticed nothing. On the ship he sat with bowed head, as if occupied with a dream.

At Brussels it rained the next morning. It rained for two consecutive days, and then came a clear morning. We drove out to visit the site of the battle of Waterloo, and had just reached the point, when again the rain-clouds enveloped us, and we were obliged to return to the city.

These storms struck me afterwards as being portentous of evil. They greeted us almost immediately on our arrival on the continent, and persistently dogged us nearly every day and night thereafter.

We left Brussels in a furious storm and went to Amsterdam. The hosts of rain pelted the roof and windows of the car without intermission. At Amsterdam a cold, furious norther tore down on us from the Zuyder Zee, chilled us to the very marrow, and drove us shivering back and over to the Rhine. The Cathedral at Cologne, the venerable town, the surface of the river, the swells of the mountains were covered with inky clouds that deluged us with water.

I began to grow superstitious. It was as if a malignant demon were pursuing us, and threatening us with some dire calamity. Mr. Storey seemed to be keenly and unfavorably impressed by the persistent environment of gloom. There was a slight cessation of the storm's pursuit as we crossed from Mayence, by Seidelberg, in Germany, to Basle, in Switzerland, where we halted for the night.

Now, in the high altitudes of Switzerland, I confidently anticipated an improvement in the health and spirits of the traveler. He did not respond to the pure air of the heights. We moved to Lucerne, whose magnificent lake, marvelous geological phenomena, towering mountains and unique antiquities, I was certain, would rouse him from the lethargy that had taken possession of him. He glanced indifferently at the Titanic, snowy Alps, the circle of ancient watch towers, the curious bridges, with their ancient paintings, which span the Reuss, as if they did not interest him. His speech became little more than an occasional mumble, and

his thoughts were fixed apparently as if engaged in introspection. The locality was not benefiting him.

Reluctantly I piloted him to the train, and night found us at Berne, the Swiss capital. The "Old Man" went to his room with a feeble, shuffling step, still silent and preoccupied. I bade him good-night with the assurance that the next night we would be in one of the most famous, beautiful and noble cities of Europe, Geneva. He responded with a faint smile, and some remark so low that it escaped my understanding.

As was my custom at all points on the trip, I had risen at early dawn — for we traveled only during the day — and had been taking notes of the town. At about nine o'clock I returned to the hotel, and when I entered the hall on which the Storey party had rooms, I noticed servants rushing in and out of the apartments. I hurried forward and entered the room.

Mr. Storey was seated in a chair, and was a figure that struck me with horror. His face was as white as chalk. The right side of his mouth was drawn around and up as if it had been caught in the corner by a hook and pulled up by a line. The lower lid of the right eye was drawn upward and twitched with a swift motion. His lips were bloodless and ashen in hue. He was trying to say something, but could only give utterance to a frightful mumbling of incoherent sounds.

The picture was awful. He was dressed in a suit of gray, which formed a dolorous harmony with the white

hair and beard, the colorless cheeks, and the cadaverous ashiness of the lips.

His eyes had changed, but had not grown weaker. On the contrary, they had become stronger. They gleamed with unmistakable rage and defiance. Helpless, immovable as if bound with a network of thongs, his glance alone gave signs of life. He seemed like some powerful animal suddenly pierced through a vital part by the spear of a hunter, dead save as to his eyes, which gleamed, as it were, with a mortal hatred of his enemy.

It was the first time in his life that he had encountered an overmastering hostile force. Used to command, a potentate, an autocrat, a dictator, he had in an instant been met by a foe who, in a single lightning and unlooked-for blow, had reduced him to impotence. He was crushed, nervous, helpless, but his proud nature was unconquered, and his glance evinced his undaunted courage.

I determined at once to take him to Geneva, only a short distance away, with the expectation that the best medical aid could be obtained at that point. He was carried down to his carriage by the servants, and a few hours later was in comfortable apartments in a hotel at Geneva.

Very strangely, within a few hours he began to show signs of partial improvement. He was able to move his right arm, and then speak in a manner which, with extreme difficulty, could be in part understood.

The line of the trip, as originally planned, was to go south into Italy. I found that we had reached Geneva in

advance of the season. It was very cold ; I could find no medical man of prominence in the city, and hence I concluded that we must leave there for some other point, and I proposed that we should at once go to Paris, where I knew Brown-Sequard to be at that time, and whose medical skill I was convinced was what Mr. Storey needed. He was very obstinate, and insisted that we should continue on the proposed route through to Italy. Mrs. Storey insisted that there was no use in trying to convince him that he should go to Paris, and was certain that he would die if we carried out the original programme.

By some means he secured a couple of small bottles of brandy during the absence of his friends, and, considering his paralyzed condition, succeeded in getting into a "how-come-you-so" state which lasted a couple of days, during which he more than ever persistently refused to go to Paris.

A curious little incident occurred in reference to this brandy. I was paymaster of the trip, paid all of the expenses, and was very careful to secure from the hotels detailed bills of the amounts paid out. When the Geneva bill was made out it contained an item for "deux bouteilles fine champagne." The items were all in French, but the eagle eye of Mr. Storey's helpmate caught this one, and she read it as if it were in English, and raised a great disturbance over a charge for champagne when none had been furnished, not knowing that "fine champagne" is the best grade of brandy.

In her thrift she gained the impression that I had been

drinking champagne, and in that way taking an unfair advantage in the expenditure of the funds.

I finally professed to be willing to continue the journey to Italy, and that night Mr. Storey was carried into a sleeper under the impression that we were going south. Next morning found us in Paris. He was taken in a carriage and driven at once to the apartments of Judge Lambert Tree. The latter came down to the sidewalk, and when Storey saw his old friend, tears came into his eyes — for the first time in his life, so far as I know — and the old man wept.

Brown-Sequard was called, who said that Storey would not have lived a week had he gone south on the Italian journey. He prescribed the moxa treatment, and further said that Mr. Storey should immediately be sent back to Chicago, and that he should embark on a French steamer at Havre, in order to avoid the rough passage across the channel to Dover. The tickets held by Mr. and Mrs. Storey came by London and returned the same way. To have returned by Havre might have endangered the loss of the cost of the return tickets, and, in addition to this, Mrs. Storey very naturally wished to do some shopping, with the result that they remained in Paris several weeks.

Up to that period, from the time we left London until Storey had his stroke of paralysis, he was in his dominant mood as far as his wife was concerned. She wished to go directly from London to Paris, which he pooh-poohed. At Brussels she wished to purchase laces, as they are cheaper

there than in any other part of Europe. This desire he overruled with contempt.

During the time that he was confined in Paris, his disposition entirely changed. His autocratic manner disappeared; he became as humble as a Uriah Heap. He urged his wife to buy all sorts of things — diamonds, laces, royal purple dresses — and to expend a fortune in the purchase of luxuries of every description.

Storey became a trifle better and returned to Chicago. His travels did not then end. Some time later he entered a region of darkness where, for months, blind, imbecile, idiotic, he stumbled, fell, groping through God knows what obstacles — a phase of his life that will be treated in later chapters.

XI.

Storey's "Mausoleum" — About Making His Will.

The next year after my return from London I published a collection in book form of many of my letters from the Old World, with the title "Sketches Beyond the Sea," for which name I confess my indebtedness to Fred Cook, a former well-known Chicago journalist, and now a resident of the city of New York. The first edition was sold in advance in Chicago by subscription, and two thousand copies were at once disposed of.

It was, in 1880, put into the hands of a publishing house who claim to have sold about 30,000 copies. The plates of the work were destroyed in a fire which consumed the book-house engaged in its publication.

When I came home in 1878, I heard that Mr. Storey had begun the construction of a residence which was to be a model of its kind, the finest and most expensive on the continent. For some reason he never said anything to me about this building, which, in view of the fact that I had taken charge of all building operations after the fire, somewhat astonished me.

One day, in passing along Grand Boulevard, I noticed, on Vincennes Avenue and Forty-Third Street, the white

marble walls of the basement of the structure. Inspired by an idle curiosity, I strolled over to look at it, and, in five minutes' inspection, saw that a fraud was being perpetrated in the work. Many of the slabs were inferior, and there were serious defects in the foundations.

I reported the condition, with the result that the architect was discharged, a large portion of the work was torn down, and rebuilt in a different manner in some instances, and in different material in others. I was assigned, at intervals, to supervise the landscaping of the grounds and the construction of the lodge. These duties agreeably diversified my editorial work in the building seasons of 1879 and '80.

It has been an almost world-wide wonder as to what induced Mr. Storey to erect this marvelous structure. It was not thought of till he had married the third Mrs. Storey, and, as she is the possessor of artistic qualities, it seems probable that to her genius was due the inspiration to build a palace.

The "architect" whom they selected to make the drawings of the house had been a ticket-peddler at Wood's Museum in old days, and, beyond being able to draw a pretty picture, had no capacity as a designer. Storey's varying mental condition was exhibited as the mansion grew. Again and again were changes made: iron was substituted for wood; the conformation of rooms was radically altered; in fact, the work of construction exhibited all the vagaries of a person laboring under some form of *dementia*.

That the building of this preposterous dwelling injured

his mental condition; that it embarrassed the finances of his newspaper; that it hastened his death, will not be doubted by those who were familiar with the inside facts of this stupendous folly.

In a sense, the result is a monstrosity. It is a Gothic structure in white stone. The Gothic is an ecclesiastic suggestion, and demands the grave colors in harmony with religious ideas. It is as much out of harmony with the intent of a dwelling-house, like that of Mr. Storey, as the thick walls of a prison for the building of a summer arbor or a floral conservatory. Its internal divisions are contradictory, *bizarre*, and the creation of whims instead of taste.

The incessant and costly alterations, the rascality of some of those who were engaged in the building, made the structure more than twice as expensive as it should have been.

The old gentleman was in the habit of driving out to the house every fair day in summer. He worshiped the gleaming pile of marble. He was so infirm that to get in and out of his carriage was a slow, tedious, painful operation. With feebleness paralyzing his limbs, he firmly believed that he would live to move into the palace, and to enjoy it for many years. He was in the habit of citing Commodore Vanderbilt as an example which he would likely imitate.

Vanderbilt had no Portland and Speed's blocks, with their licentious, impairing and debauched experiences, in his career. He had not, in youth and manhood, overdrawn

the funds stored to his credit for his old age in the bank of health.

At sixty years of age, Storey was a far older man than Vanderbilt at eighty.

He was disappointed in his dream of occupying the palatial marble dwelling, and if there was a feminine influence which stimulated him to undertake the work, it, too, encountered a wretched defeat. It was all around a fraud, a monstrosity, a ruinous waste of money, a frightful humiliation, a disgraceful failure.

One day, in 1880, he drove out to the "Mausoleum," as I had facetiously nicknamed the structure. It was one of his bad days; his face was pinched as if with suffering, his eyes had sunk in their sockets and were dull and troubled, and his voice was tremulous.

He descended from his carriage and stood leaning heavily on his cane. To the left was the glittering marble pile; to the front the beautiful grounds reached across to Grand Boulevard, and in the distance extended the broad highway with its double line of trees, and alongside of it masses of green woodlands, revealing here and there, through vistas, and above their tops, the gables and roofs of stately residences.

The contrast between all this growth, strength, beauty and freshness, and his own condition, pale, feeble, aged, seemed to attract his pained attention. His head was bowed with an expression of profound dejection.

A few days before this Judge Lambert Tree had said to me:

"Can't you induce Storey to make his will? He is in a most wretched condition, and if he don't take some action soon, it will be too late."

Acting on this suggestion, I spoke to Mr. Storey, saying:

"Here is all this beautiful property, and your newspaper, which, in case anything should happen to you, would be divided, and liable to become a wreck. Don't you think it would be best for you to make a will to provide for the consolidation and perpetuation of your interests?"

"Yes, you're right. I will make one."

"I hope the newspaper will not be neglected."

"No; I have a plan that I will carry into effect right away."

And then, in a low, quavering voice, he outlined his determination. He said:

"I intend to perpetuate the *Times*." His utterance was low, almost indistinct at times; his ideas were confused. He talked as if he were half-soliloquizing, or addressing some invisible presence in his immediate vicinity. The remainder of what he said, as near as I could catch it, was:

"I intend to provide that, after my death, the *Times* shall continue under a board of management, in which you shall have a commanding position. The profits will be divided among my heirs up to a certain specified amount, and the rest given to worthy charities."

Once or twice afterwards, I called his attention to the matter and inferred from his replies that he still had the project under consideration.

This reply of the weak, trembling old man was very different from one he had made me some years before when I spoke to him on the same subject, when he felt himself strong and was filled with self-reliance. It was at a period when his head jostled the stars that I said to him :

"Mr. Storey, you are childless, and there is no blood relative of your name worthy to inherit your great name, your fortune or your journal. Your friends are anxious that you should make such a disposition of your newspaper that it will go on forever."

"There is no hurry about it! I'm only fifty-six. Vanderbilt is over eighty. Look at Gladstone! He must be nearly or quite seventy, and he is as good as he ever was! Look at John Bright!"

"Of course I didn't speak of it because I think you are liable to give out. You are good for another generation, but the point is that now, while your health is superb, your brain at its best, and all your faculties unimpaired, is the very best time to devise and mature a plan for the perpetuation of the great institution you have erected."

Storey was silent for a minute, and then there came a flush into his face, his eyes flamed, and, in a voice firm and vibrating, he said :

"I don't wish to perpetuate my newspaper. I am the paper! I wish it to die with me so that the world may know that I was the *Times!*"

That this egotism was in the nature of a prophecy will

not be doubted by any one who is familiar with what has since taken place.

There was a touch of the sublime in this assertion, an unconscious repetition of the haughty saying of the French monarch, "*L'etat, c'est moi!*"

XII.

Wanderings in Indian Territory.

In April, 1880, I started out, as the representative of the *Times*, for the purpose of making an extended trip through certain parts of the West and Southwest. As it was laid out, it included the entrance to the Indian Territory, through the Cherokee country, thence through the land of the Creeks, the Sacs and Foxes, and the Pottawattomies, thence north to Denver, to Leadville, to the Gunnison, through the Ute country, and west of the Elk Mountains to a point on the Union Pacific Railway.

It was expected that the trip would occupy several months, but about one-third of the last end was not completed, owing to the fact that the passes through the Ute region were blocked with snow, which would not be melted before the middle of July.

I spent several weeks in Indian Territory among the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws and other Indian tribes, and saw much of novelty and interest. Some of the incidents, scenery, and one or two other things that came under my observation may be presented with profit.

While at the agency of the Sac and Fox Indians, whose reservation lies west of the Creek country, I was invited by.

one of the post traders, a Mr. Gibbs, to dine with him for the purpose of meeting some notabilities. There were seven or eight at the table, among whom was a full-blooded chief, Wawkomo, a man about forty years of age. He was garbed in complete Indian costume.

A rich Mackinaw blanket of blue was belted around his waist, and covered the lower portion of his frame like a petticoat, or something rather like the kilt of a Highlander. Below this garment were to be seen handsome, well-fitting leggings, elaborately fringed, and on his shapely feet beautifully beaded moccasins. His torso was covered with a highly-colored calico shirt, so opened at the throat as to display a considerable portion of his dark and muscular chest. Around his neck was a string of wampum made of shells strung on a cord, and whose actual value, owing to its great length and the scarcity of the material of which it was composed, was, I was assured by those who knew, very great.

He had a half dozen or more heavy German silver rings on the fingers of both hands, and bracelets of the same material on his wrists and above his elbows. His forehead was shaved well back to the crown, but diverging as it went, to leave a promontory on the very summit which was gathered into a long queue and very carefully braided. The ends of this tail were tied with gay, parti-colored ribbons, decorated with feathers from the wing of an eagle, and a very handsome silver ornament, curiously chased and almost as large as a saucer.

Erect as a statue was the chief, broad as to shoulder, and mighty as to torso and thighs. His complexion was not at all the customary coppery hue; a pronounced swarthiness seemed ingrained in its application. The top of the head, where the hair was cut away, was decorated with patches of vermilion, and the same rich tint was applied to each cheek. He was neither over-dressed nor over-painted. In his way he was as faultlessly made up as the most fastidious lounger in the French capital. He was, in fact, one of the handsomest specimens of manhood that I ever saw. He was a most harmonious symphony in age, features, dress, stature, facial expression and surroundings.

Wawkomo had been standing around the store for an hour or so in various picturesque attitudes, and without any other sign of life than the exchange of an occasional grunt with the interpreter — a melancholy half-breed, whose Indian origin was indicated by his coarse black hair, his general reticence and a very bright cord around the crown of his broad-brimmed slouch hat. Somebody announced dinner. The interpreter flung a guttural monosyllable at the chief, who fell into the procession that filed out of the store and into the dining-room at the trader's house.

Mr. Gibbs was a very swell post-trader, which was seen in the fact that there were napkins, and a dinner in courses, led by the regulation soup. Wawkomo took the seat next to me, and thereupon I anticipated that some odd developments would take place when this magnificent savage undertook to eat at a civilized table.

My anticipations were totally wrecked. The chief seated himself with the dignity of a Roman senator, unfolded his napkin, sipped his soup without noise, carved his meat, masticated it silently, and, in short, exhibited all the manners of a well-bred gentleman. During the dinner he never spoke.

"Does Wawkomo live with his tribe?" I asked of my *vis-a-vis*.

"Yes; why?" was answered.

"Because he has all the manners of a gentleman at the table. I supposed he would 'gobble' things Indian fashion."

"Yes, he gets on nicely."

"Where did he pick up his knowledge of napkins, spoons, and other *et ceteras* of civilization?"

"He did it just as well the first time he sat down at the table. The Indians are very observing and see everything, although they appear to see nothing. He saw how others did and then followed their example."

"Well, he is the most finished chap in blanket, leggings and scalp-lock that I ever saw or heard of. He beats Cooper's copper-cclored heroes all out of sight."

Wawkomo apparently never paid the slightest attention to this conversation or to a good deal more of the same import. When he returned to the store, I pulled out a pouch of smoking-tobacco, and touched him on the arm, saying to the interpreter:

"Please tell the chief to try some of this tobacco. He will find it as fine as the finest he has ever smoked."

The interpreter said something to him in the Indian tongue; he filled his pipe, lighted it, took several puffs, and said in perfect English:

"Good tobacco! You're from Chicago."

Had some one hit me with a club I would have been no more astonished.

"You speak English?" I stammered.

"Yes, a little," he replied, with a face as immobile as a brass clock.

I learned later that the chief understands well and speaks fairly the English language, although he is averse to using it unless it is absolutely necessary.

At the same agency I was talking with the superintendent, when there came into view a long string of Indians on ponies. In the case of each there was a quarter of fresh beef on the back of the pony, which was used by the rider as a saddle, on which he or she rode astride. They were blanket Indians and as gorgeous as a rainbow. There were wrinkled, white-haired old bucks, able-bodied young men, who rode their ponies like Centaurs, and now and then a boy who clung to the beef like a monkey. Among them was a squaw to whom the agent directed my attention.

"Do you see that squaw?" pointing to a woman who rode on a saddle of gory beef, and who sat like a statue, looking straight before her as if seeing nothing.

"That particularly dirty one who looks as if she were dreaming?"

"Yes, that one. Very homely, isn't she? About the hardest-looking specimen in the lot, hey?"

"Quite so, I think."

"To look at her you would be likely to think that she was some old hag, mean, savage, bloodthirsty, and all that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, that is about it."

"Well, you are right in some points. She is dirty, bloodthirsty, and would drive a knife into you with just as little compunction as she would slice off a chunk of that beef. But she isn't old; she isn't ignorant. She speaks English as well as you or I; not only that, she speaks French and Spanish. She is a fine pianist and can sing like an *artiste*."

"You are trying to play a joke on me, I take it."

"Nothing of the kind. It is all as true as Holy Writ."

"Be good enough to explain."

"I will. Several years ago that squaw, then a young girl, was sent to a school in Kansas. She developed extraordinary abilities as a student. She became an excellent linguist and musician. There was a young white divinity student in another school at the same town with whom she fell in love. He did not respond. Humiliated, despairing, she left the school, went back to the tribe, selected and married one of the most disreputable old bucks in the reservation, and became the creature that you just saw. Never since she came back has she spoken a word of English."

The Indian ladies demand some notice. The Cherokee women are very shy and retiring; some of the young girls

are stylish, refined and attractive, more especially those with an admixture of white blood — just enough to lower the high cheek-bones and erase the darker shades of the complexion. I saw several of these in Tahlequah — the Cherokee capital — who were dressed in fashionable style, and who were really very charming in their manner and appearance.

The Creek women are of another breed. The majority of them have a half or a quarter negro blood — a cross that is not conducive to symmetry of form or refinement of feature. I was the guest for two days and nights of a Creek notable, being delayed by a flood-swollen ford. His possessions consisted of four or five log houses, which were tumbling down from neglect. In front was the stream we were waiting to cross; behind was a ragged clearing of some ten acres, devoted to the growing of corn, all beyond which was dense timber.

The owner was a burly negro — who called himself a Creek — of about three-score years, with a razeed "plug" hat which must have been a remnant of the Noachic age; a shirt and trousers of the color of the soil, and made up of innumerable patches that seemed to have been fastened together with a thread about the thickness of a clothes-line.

He was a sooty old sultan with an extensive harem. He had a wife or two in each of the log cabins, and in other convenient places; a supply of odalisques to meet the necessities of the situation. I had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with three or four of them, and of securing dis-

solving views of some of the others. The most conspicuous of them was a full-blooded negress, who was over six feet in height and nearly the same in breadth. Her lips were enormous flaps of flesh, and her misshapen feet huge as those of an elephant. Her great jowls hung down like hams, and her nostrils were two capacious openings like the entrances to great caverns.

Another of these spouses was a full-blooded Creek with a mere trace of a forehead, coarse hair, in texture like the mane of a horse, and which fell down around her face and shoulders as if she had been abroad bare-headed, buffeted in a gale; protruding cheek-bones, and a chin and jaw as broad and square as those of a prize-fighter. Her single garment was of calico, streaked with grease and gore, and she had neither shoes nor stockings.

She was seated on a stump, her heels raised, her toes inturned, the wind occasionally revealing considerable areas of her dusky skin. She sat thus, stolid, immovable, impassive, gazing at me with eyes that did not seem to wink, and at intervals squirting, with a robust "whish," a stream of ink-colored tobacco juice through an opening where there had once been teeth.

There was a third, a weazened, skinny woman, some forty years of age, who waited on us at the table, who seemed the bad result of a combination of a demoralized Indian and an inferior negro. In the rear of the main cabin two dark-hued women with disheveled hair stood

over a mortar, dug out of an upturned stump, and with wooden pestles pounded a grist of corn.

At Muscogee, when I came to the "tavern," I asked the landlord where I should register.

"I don't keep any book," he replied.

"You don't? Why not?"

"Because it ain't none of my business who comes and goes. I tend strictly to my own concerns."

"I suppose you have a good many visitors who wouldn't care to leave their names along the line of travel?"

"I reckon so." And we dropped the conversation.

From some information that I picked up at a later day, I learned that strangers visiting the country were liable to disappear now and then. On this account, to prevent tracing them, no registry was kept of strangers who were on their way to the interior of the country. Later in my journey opportunity was offered me to recall this custom under circumstances which made the recollection a decidedly unpleasant one.

At Ocmulgee, the Creek capital, I was furnished with a new driver, of whom my first most intimate knowledge was through my organ of smell. There was a pungent, pole-cat odor about him that was penetrating and abominable. I soon learned from him that his business was skunk-catching when he had no other occupation. Imagine a journey of two days in the company of this redolent person! He was a man of about forty years of age, with a thin face, a re-

treating jaw, a tuft of hair on his chin, while a cascade of tow-colored hair fell far down his shoulders.

"What is your business?" I asked after I had looked him over.

"Waal, I raise a little corn, but I ginerally buy a few hides and furs among the Ingins."

"What kind do you buy? Many skunk skins, for instance?"

"Yep; heaps of skunk."

"I thought so. Is there as much money as there is smell in handling pole-cats?"

"I make some days as high as two or three dollars."

My ill-smelling driver was very reticent at the outset, but in time became fluent, even to the extent of garrulity. He was a white man from the States who had married a Cherokee woman — no white man ever admits marrying a Creek — and was a full member of the tribe. Once he discoursed as follows:

"A white man hain't got any more show in this part of the territory than a cat in hell without claws. Over there," jerking his whip in the direction of the southwest, "there was two skeletons of a man and a boy found last week, with both their skulls broke in, and nobody knows where they are from and who they are. Almost every day a body is found in some slough or stream, and all that's known about them is that, from the shape of the skulls, they are white men."

And then, for interminable odorous hours, he proceeded

to relate incidents of horrible murders which he knew, as well as the names of the victims and their assassins. My blood seemed to shrink in my veins, and cold chills crept up and down my spine, till I wished the Creek country to the devil.

It was then that I recalled with a shock the refusal of the landlords at Muscogee and Ocmulgee to permit their guests to register their names, residences or destinations. Not a soul at either place knew my name; I might be shot, dragged into some thicket, and it would be several weeks before my silence would attract attention. Then no inquiry would reveal the point at which I had entered the Creek region, and the end would be one of those "mysterious disappearances" that are so often recorded in the newspapers.

"You see," he said, "the thing is jest hyar. The Cherokee paper never says anything about these killings, so the world don't get to know of 'em. Ef it's a white man that is killed they are dog-gonned glad of it, and hyar's another thing: Ef one man shoots another, no matter how bad a murder it may be, no one dast say anything about it. Trouble is, no man will be a witness, 'cause he knows that ef he sw'ars agin a man, he has got to leave the country on the jump, or else he gets a charge of buckshot in his back. He's got to hustle when he leaves the place whar the trial is held, or they load him up with buckshot when he passes the first timber."

XIII.

Employment of Women.

The *Times*, from the beginning, under the management of Mr. Storey, was fairly liberal in the employment of women. The first one engaged was early in the sixties, when Miss Sarah Cahill, a young lady living in Faribault, Minn., was given piece work. She covered a vast amount of ground, having a marvelous versatility, handling innumerable topics with graceful delicacy. She became the wife of a Texan, Col. Worthington, who soon after left her a widow, with one child, a boy, now a young man.

Some years after closing her connection with the *Times* as a resident of Chicago, she resumed it as its correspondent from St. Paul, which position she held for several years. She has been always a liberal contributor to St. Paul journalism, and even yet wields a pen that has lost none of its earlier point and delicacy of touch.

Miss Anna Kerr, a young lady of Scotch origin, was for many years the librarian and book-reviewer. She was immensely popular with the force on the *Times*, and when she suddenly sickened with quick consumption and died, she was mourned as if she were a younger and favorite sister.

For a time, Mrs. C. W. Romney, when she was Miss Caroline Wescott, had charge of the books, and proved herself a painstaking and hard-working employe. Her adventures since she left the *Times* would fill a volume the size of a Webster's unabridged dictionary. Her first effort, after leaving the *Times*, was the institution of a ladies' walking-match, *à la* Dan O'Leary, in which she brought into prominence Bertha Von Hillern, a capital "walkist," and who has since attained distinction in other directions.

Miss Wescott next turned her attention to real estate, and opened an office on Dearborn Street.

She then tried the far West, marrying Mr. John Romney, who soon left her a widow. She began operations at Leadville in its booming days, canvassed for advertisements, wrote for the newspapers, dealt in mining stocks, was editor of a Durango newspaper, in Colorado, and, after a trip or two to Europe to place some mining securities, she settled down in her old home, Chicago, and is now in charge of a trade journal.

Miss Marian Mulligan, the daughter of Col. James Mulligan, was, for a time, literary editress, and, although young, she performed her duties with all the judgment of a veteran.

Miss Margaret Buchanan, now Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, was connected with the *Times*, both before and after her marriage, mainly in an editorial capacity. I need not dwell on her marvelous intellectual ability ; she is too well known to need eulogy. I will only say of her that I regard her as the ablest woman in the United States.

For many years, over the signature of "Cameo," Mrs. Longstreet-Smith acted as the New York correspondent of the *Times*.

Mrs. Maria Storey, between the date of the separation from Mr. Storey and the divorce, contributed many bright articles to the *Times*. She always sent them to me, and I turned them over to Mr. Storey, who never failed to have them published. She used no signature, but he must, of course, have known from the handwriting who was the author.

Miss Agnes Leonard, in the '60's, was frequently represented in the columns of the paper in poetical and high-grade compositions. She is now, and has been since her connection with the *Times*, dependent on her pen for support. She is now Mrs. Agnes Leonard Hill, having been married to Mr. Hill soon after the fire of 1871.

Perhaps the most sprightly, vivacious and piquant feminine contributor the *Times* ever had is Blanche Tucker, at present Madame Blanche Roosevelt Machetta d'Algeri, singer, authoress, and, withal, the most beautiful woman in Europe.

Blanche was a poor girl, living in Chicago at the time of the great fire, and escaped with but a single garment. She was passionately devoted to music, and finally succeeded in getting one of the Washburnes of Wisconsin to send her to Europe, with the understanding that he was to allow her fifty dollars a month for half a year, the allowance to be continued if she gave promise of success.

At the end of that time Washburne withdrew his support, and then I took up her case, and organized a club here in Chicago, composed among others of Judge, then Mr. Egbert Jamieson, Tom Brenan and Dan O'Hara, supplying a total of fifty dollars a month.

When she was about to leave for New York, I said to her among other things:

"Write to me often about whatever strikes your fancy: men, women, fashion, art, music, theaters; in fine, anything, everything that interests you. Your voice as a singer may fail, and then you can fall back on your pen!"

She had had but little schooling, and her first letters, while they had abundance of snap, fancy and promise, were crude, ungrammatical, badly spelled, and, in many instances, undecipherable. But her improvement was rapid. Her English, her grammar, her form of expression, her observation, all became of a better quality, and the *Times* began to use her correspondence.

For many years she wrote weekly letters from London, Paris and Milan, which were filled with musical and art gossip, racy personal characterizations, and replete with nice touches of humor and ironical delineations.

She made a successful *dèbut* at Covent Garden Opera-house under Gye, but her health gave out, and after a long struggle she gave up music, and fell back on her pen. Her books are numerous and as a rule successful. She has written and published "The Home-Life of Longfellow;" "Marked in Haste," a society novel; "The Copper

Queen," also a society novel, a considerable portion of which is located in Chicago, and which includes many incidents connected with the great fire.

Her most successful work is her "Life of Gustave Doré," which has been translated into half a dozen different languages.

Her last work, "Verdi, Milan and Otello," I believe to be one of the very best of her literary productions.

She was married in 1877, in Chelsea, London, to August Machetta, a very handsome young Italian, the son of the general director of the Italian system of telegraphs. Her mother and one of her sisters and a few American friends were present at the ceremony. On me devolved the honor of acting as the guardian of, and giving away, the bride.

One of her most valuable books is entitled: "She Would be an Opera-Singer." It is a record of her own experiences, and presents in a graphic and most realistic style the trials, sufferings, vexations, mortifications, the arduous labors, and all the rest, that make up the life of an aspirant for honors on the lyric stage.

Madam Machetta has had an eventful life. Longfellow's "Pandora" was set to music for her benefit, and brought out as an opera in New York. She traveled for a time with Gilbert, the composer, and created for his operas the leading feminine *rôles*.

She has the *entrée* of the best social circles of Europe. She speaks half a dozen languages with fluency and correctness. Her life is a romance.

PART THREE.

I.

Another Trip Abroad.

I returned from the old country in the autumn of 1878, and resumed my connection with the *Times*. Young J. E. Chamberlin, who had been acting for a year or so as managing editor, failed in health, and was succeeded by Clinton A. Snowden, who for some years had been city editor. This change took place near the close of 1880.

Snowden was a young man as ambitious as he was huge in bulk and immense in stature. He determined to make the *Times* the "biggest thing" on the continent. Mr. Storey's mental balance was somewhat unsettled, and he listened with avidity to the solicitations of his enthusiastic lieutenant. The number of the pages was to be increased; the news was to be doubled in quantity, and improved in quality. The "Old Man" was delighted, and entered into the scheme with his whole soul.

I took advantage of this favorable condition of feeling to state to Mr. Storey that no first-class journal could be established without a European bureau. The suggestion

caught with the rapidity with which gun-powder explodes at contact with fire.

"Just the thing!" said Mr. Storey. "All the great American newspapers have bureaux of news in the old world!"

"Exactly what I have been studying," said Snowden, as if he had been giving the establishing of a bureau in Europe his entire thought for at least six months.

An understanding was soon reached; it was to be no temporary or ephemeral matter. I was to go to London and establish a bureau, with the option of remaining three years, or longer, if I chose. I rented my house for three years, stored the furniture at a sacrifice, and took my family with me, my son, John E. Wilkie, going as a paid assistant in the purposed enterprise.

I went over in January; my wife, daughter and son came later. I sold, when I left, a valuable young horse, a fine top-buggy and a sleigh.

When I shook hands with Mr. Storey the day I left, and bade him good-by, it was the last time I ever saw his face.

I determined upon a system of organization, and proceeded to put it into effect at once. An office was procured at No. 6 Agar Street, Strand, and fitted up with so much celerity that Mr. Storey did the unusual thing of expressing satisfaction. Under date of February 28, 1881, he writes:

"DEAR MR. WILKIE:—I have yours of the 15th. You seem to be getting on famously, and evidently mean business. Your plans all

strike me as admirable. Your suggestions shall be faithfully fulfilled. I have no doubt that our most sanguine hopes of the branch will be realized."

The system adopted in the bureau had, I think, some valuable features in the matter of economy, and also efficiency in the supplying of news. I started out with the idea of paying only for services actually rendered. No person connected with the bureau outside of its managers received any regular salary. Geographically, all the different parts of the continent, and portions of Northern Africa, were represented by the bureau.

I began by writing to the American legation at each capital in Europe, asking them to give me the name of some person connected with their own body, or a native resident, who would furnish the bureau information. In this way we secured Sigmund Wolf for Cairo; Frank Mason at Berne, Switzerland; Madame Marie Michailoff for St. Petersburg; Belle Scott-Uda for Italy, and to keep an eye on Vesuvius; Hourtz for Berlin; William Robeson, ex-consul at Leith, for Tripoli, covering Northern Africa generally; Hon. John Dillon and Wm. Wall, Dublin, and John Joline Ross for Paris.

Each attache was instructed that in case of some very unusual occurrence, like the burning of the opera-house at Nice or the assassination of the Czar, a brief account was to be sent at once by telegraph, and, if more extended reports were needed, they would be ordered from the

bureau. As said, the payment for this work was special; that is, according to its importance.

The New York *Herald* employed a force to which large annual salaries were paid, and in many cases a furnished house was supplied. Of course the difference between that system and the one adopted by the London bureau of the *Times* made a balance in favor of the latter of several thousand dollars per annum. The contrast will appear in a stronger light when I state that Mr. Connery, who was managing editor of the *Herald* at that time, informed a friend of mine that the cable service of the *Times* from the old country was fully equal to that of the *Herald* in many respects, and in some others was greatly its superior. Albert Brisbane and Frank Gray, both of whom are journalists of great judgment and experience, paid me the high compliment of pronouncing the work of the bureau of the Chicago *Times* the very best that had ever been done for an American newspaper.

The bureau also included a system of soliciting advertisements, and which, during its short existence, had succeeded in laying a very substantial foundation for future business. Just before the bureau was discontinued, I had made a partial agreement with a noted horse-breeder for a notice of his place, for which he was to pay £500; but as I was recalled at the very time that negotiations were pending, I gave the office no information in regard to the projected contract.

As it was, quite a number of well-paying advertisements

were secured and published in the Chicago *Times*. I have never doubted that, had the bureau been continued another year, I could have placed it upon a self-sustaining basis.

There was a great rivalry among the leading American papers in the winter and spring of 1881 to secure an advance copy of the revised edition of the New Testament. The Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Herald*, *World*, *Times*, and many other papers, all had representatives in London, some of them with blank checks, prepared to pay any amount for the coveted object. None of them, of course, avowed the purpose of their visit. They were all there for some other object.

I met Charles Harrington, a reporter of the Chicago *Tribune*, one day on the Strand, and the moment he saw me a look came over his face which said as plainly as if in so many words: "I'm after the Revised Testament." What he did say after the customary commonplaces was that he had just come from Paris, where he had been to leave his sister, who was in poor health. He left me just as soon as he could conveniently, and I saw him no more.

I spared no effort to secure the document. I called upon several of the most prominent detective agencies in the metropolis to enlist their services. I sent an agent to the house of a bishop who had been concerned in the revision, who was to gain admission to the episcopal residence on some pretext or other, his instructions being to look over as much of the library as he could, in the hope that he might light on a copy and bring it away with him. It was

supposed, of course, that the official would be received by the bishop in his study, and if there were any of the books in the bishop's possession, they might be found in that room.

For a long time I worked in every possible direction without achieving the slightest result. I had a friend, an American doctor, permanently located in London, with whom I was on terms of great intimacy, and with whom I used to take long trips up and down the river. On one occasion, when we were going to Greenwich, he noticed that I seemed very much preoccupied. He asked what was the matter, and I told him of the fierce rivalry that was in existence among the American papers, of the great number of agents in London in search of the book, of the large sums of money with which they were intrusted to prosecute the work, and of the fact that the *Times* had given me no margin in the shape of an outlay; and yet that my anxiety to win was all the more intense in view of the tremendous odds that I was compelled to encounter.

"Why," said he, "I think I can give you a lift in that direction."

"You don't mean it!"

"I certainly do."

"Well, if you can assist me in this matter you will make me your everlasting debtor. How much of it do you think you can get?"

"I can't tell you just yet, but I will look into the thing and let you know to-morrow."

The next day I met him at the Grand Hotel, when he

informed me that he could obtain so many manuscript pages of the revised copy. I at once flew to the cable office and telegraphed to the home office:

"Can get large part of Revised Testament. How many words?"

The answer came:

"Four thousand."

Everybody in the Northwest will remember the appearance of the Chicago *Times* one morning in April, 1881, when it was an enormous mass of paper which contained the entire contents of the New Testament and thousands of changes taken from the revised English edition.

The matter appeared in the Chicago *Times* Friday morning. The changes were telegraphed back to New York and appeared in the *World* Saturday morning. The next Tuesday the New York *Herald* published the matter which had been sent by its London representative.

The jealousy of the rival papers was vicious and tremendous. The Chicago *Tribune* asserted that the dispatch was bogus and had been made up in the office. Storey met this by publishing the receipt of the telegraph company for the payment of a cable message of four thousand words. A few days later the revised edition reached here, whereupon the *Tribune* tried it again. It took portions of my cable and published them and corresponding portions of the revised version in parallel columns, showing a sum total of seventeen differences, and again asseverated that the proof of fraud was incontestible.

The matter had been handed me by my friend, the doctor. He would tell me no more than that he had copied it from notes handed him by a clerk of one of the members of the Board of Revision. That clerk, of course, had to make a copy for the doctor. I took the manuscript furnished by the doctor and copied it on the type-writer. It then went to the cable office, where it was copied once more. When it reached Valencia, Ireland, it was copied again. It was copied again at Newfoundland, again at New York, again at Chicago, where it went into the hands of the printers and proof-readers, and doubtless underwent the changes and alterations which are almost always inevitable in the handling of copy.

Inasmuch as it was handled and copied or repeated nine times, the seventeen errors made an average of less than two mistakes in each repetition. And, in addition, the copy came in such shape from New York that much of it had to be repeated.

The next month after the victory on the struggle for the first copy of the Revised Testament, I accomplished another feat which, so far as I am aware, has never been equaled. The Oxford and Cambridge boat-race was rowed, the start being at nine o'clock A. M. I sent over the event, the time, the name of the winning crew, in season to be printed in the morning edition of the *Times*, whereby its readers were able to read the result several hours, according to the clock, before it had occurred.

The explanation is simple. There is five hours and

fifty-eight minutes' difference in time between London and Chicago. The race which takes place at nine o'clock in the morning in London is occurring when the watches in Chicago mark 3 A. M.

Soon after these two signal triumphs, I received, under date of May 30, a letter from Mr. Storey, in which he said:

"Your dispatches are marvels; still they are too costly. A quarter of a column, or half a column, ought to suffice on all ordinary occasions — indeed, on all extraordinary occasions, unless it be a very extraordinary occasion. Of course, you can not elaborate, even, unless the world comes to an end on your side of the Atlantic — then you might enlarge a little. This matter is *vital*, for the present cost is *more than we can stand*."

He then devotes a page or two to abusing McNeil, the contractor, for the reason that some coping placed around his lot by McNeil had become uneven. He had written me a letter on the same subject a month before, accusing McNeil of being a swindler. I replied in a sharp letter, in which I stated that neither McNeil nor I, who had employed him to do the work, was to blame, but he, Mr. Storey, for he had insisted on having the coping put down in November, when the ground was full of frost, and, as a matter of course, when the frost came out in the spring the stones would be thrown out of place.

In a letter of May 31, he concludes as follows:

"Do not be disturbed by trifles. I didn't mean to disturb you about McNeil's *faux pas*, but I was vexed, and

am yet. I know — I am sure — of your loyalty, and I appreciate it. Do not ever doubt it.

"I hope you are happy; you have your family with you, and ought to be.

"I hope that your mission will be successful, so that you shall neither wish to come home, and neither that I shall wish to have you."

II.

A Financial Collapse.

It will be supposed by most people reading these extracts from Mr. Storey's letter that I was highly pleased with their kindly tone.

On the contrary, the letter thoroughly alarmed me. I knew him so well that I was perfectly aware that his purring was the prelude to a vicious scratch with every nail in his paw. Circumstances tended to give a sinister meaning to some of his words, especially concerning the cutting down of dispatches.

During the period I had been running the bureau, I had been cramped for money. I had to use my private funds; the remittances from the office were always behind, and when they did come were often in driblets.

At first I was very much embarrassed, and wrote savage complaints to Mr. A. L. Patterson, the business manager, whom I half suspected of hostility to my bureau. I discovered later that it was not in the least his fault; he was carrying a burden that would have crushed half a dozen common men.

At the time I began to receive warning to cut down my telegrams, as I learned afterwards, the *Times* was in a

desperate financial strait. There were twelve hundred correspondents throughout the country to whom the office was some months in arrears. Cash at the rate of sixty thousand dollars a year was being diverted to the "mausoleum" on Forty-third Street and Vincennes Avenue. My bureau was costing from $3,000 to $5,000 a month. To meet this enormous outlay the earnings of the paper were insufficient.

Snowden, inexperienced, immature, reckless, inundated the pages of the *Times* with news matter much of which was costly and utterly valueless.

In a letter dated April 12, 1881, Mr. Storey writes:

"I am not surprised, of course, nevertheless I am glad you are getting on so well. I have confidence that you will make your bureau a success that no other American paper can approach. . . .

"I am still improving in health. I thank you for your congratulations and anticipations. I think now I shall go to Europe in 1883, and I fondly hope that I shall find you in London.

"With all my wishes for your happiness, I am very truly yours."

A brief note from Mr. Storey, dated February 7, 1881, will present an idea of his lack of knowledge of current events:

"MY DEAR SIR:—Failure on such an occasion as the event of yesterday is practically to make your whole mission a failure. The Russians in Constantinople, and not a word from you!"

The rumor was that the British fleet had moved in front of the city, and not that the Russians had captured it.

The warnings given in Mr. Storey's letter of May 31, concerning the reduction of dispatches, finally grew into a tremendous clamor. The managing editor wrote me at least three times a week, under "instructions" from Mr. Storey, to cut down the quantity of matter. Snowden thundered at me for a couple of months, and then the same class of ominous correspondence continued in another handwriting, commencing, "Mr. Storey instructs," and ending "per C. Dennett."

The removal of Snowden was a very peculiar transaction. For months Mr. Storey had been indirectly indorsing the extravagance in news of Snowden. The facts in the case show that in this stage the mind of the "Old Man" was becoming impaired. Snowden would go into Mr. Storey's room and say to him:

"Mr. Storey, such and such a thing has happened in Southwestern Texas. Shall we send a man down to work it up?"

"Yes, if you like," would be the reply, apparently without any conception of the subject. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Patterson, the business manager, succeeded in arousing Mr. Storey's attention to the ruinous condition of the finances of the *Times*. Finally Storey seemed to awaken to an actual conception of what was in progress, and said that he would take measures to check the extravagance.

The manner in which he proceeded to "check the extravagance" was one entirely in harmony with his treacherous and unfeeling nature. He had been praising Snowden extravagantly for his enterprise. He wrote him the most flattering letters from Green Lake, was kind and cordial to him to the last minute, even smiling as he drove his knife into the victim's heart.

One morning he sent orders to all the heads of departments to be at his room at a certain hour. All had assembled except Snowden, and a messenger was sent to summon him. When he came in he had the expression of one who expects a cordial reception, and undoubtedly, on the way in response to the summons, he ran over in his mind the good things which he had done, and for which he doubtless anticipated that he was about to be complimented.

The door closed behind him. Said Mr. Storey, looking at him with a half-smile:

"Snowden, I am going to take the bull by the horns. You are a failure. You are too extravagant. I shall put Mr. Dennett in your place."

One can, perhaps, imagine the reaction in the mind of the big blond manager. One of those who was present told me that Snowden's face first grew pale, then flushed scarlet; he sank down visibly as if he had lost the strength of his legs, and he had the appearance of one who has received a mortal blow. How inconceivably fiendish, thus summoning the chiefs of all the departments to be present to witness the degradation and humiliation of one of their own number!

The first practical step toward cutting down the expenses of the London bureau was the stopping of the salary of my assistant, John E. Wilkie. This was cut off some time in August with the understanding that it would be held back for one month and at the end of that time restored. This would save to the office a trifle over $100, but at the expiration of the time it was not restored, in spite of the fact that he continued to serve the paper for that month and the two succeeding ones. That saved the *Times*, in the aggregate, three hundred dollars.

The unfavorable portents which I had inferred from Mr. Storey's purring letter of May 31 came to a realization some time in October, when I received a letter from the managing editor stating that he was instructed to have me discontinue the bureau and report in Chicago. I was so outraged at this treatment that upon reaching the office I made a settlement of my bureau accounts and left without seeing Mr. Storey, the managing editor, or any one else except the business manager.

As before said, I had an option of staying at least three years, or permanently, if I so elected, but I was in London only from January to October. The loss to me in the transaction, on account of moving my family over and back and the sale of property, amounted to about $2,800, which was an amount not very much less than half the sum I received for the ten months' services.

During 1882 I wrote a large book entitled "A History of the Great Inventions and their Effect on Civilization," for

Ruth Bros., of Cincinnati and Chicago. I contributed daily editorials to the *News*, and also for several months editorial matter to the St. Paul *Globe* by telegraph.

When Mr. Storey became idiotic, which he did within a few months, and a conservator was appointed, I was asked to re-attach myself to the *Times*. This I did, and remained with it under Conservator Patterson and Receiver Hurlbut, retiring permanently when the *Times* was taken possession of by West and his gang of blackmailers. My connection with the Chicago *Times* and Mr. Storey commenced in September, 1863, and extended in an unbroken line to 1881, was resumed in 1883, and terminated finally in 1888, being a service of twenty-three years.

Of all the results of my journalistic career, the Chicago Press Club is one concerning which I feel great pride and gratification.

There is an erroneous impression regarding the origin of the Press Club — the one that attributes it to Mark Twain. He was, in a certain sense, the occasion of its organization, but in no sense the cause of it. In December, 1879, he was in Chicago, and some of the newspaper men suggested giving him a little reception and entertainment. The only place available at the time was a basement saloon, damp, odorous, redolent of sawdnst and mephitic with stale tobacco smoke.

After the gathering had adjourned, Melville E. Stone and myself happened to walk away together, when one of us remarked: "What an infernal shame it is that the press of

Chicago has no better place to entertain a distinguished visitor than a foul-smelling subterranean den!" On the strength of this it was decided that an effort should be made to form a club.

A half-dozen prominent journalists were notified; a preliminary meeting was held at the Tremont House, the result of whose deliberations was a resolution to institute a Press Club to be composed exclusively of members of the literary department of the newspapers. A charter was obtained, a constitution was drawn up, officers were elected, and on January 8, 1880, the Chicago Press Club began its existence in the rooms which it has ever since occupied. The club did me the honor to elect me the first President, a distinction which I have always recalled with much pleasure and satisfaction.

Before the present club was instituted, there had been no less than six efforts made to establish press clubs, but none succeeded, principally for the reason that, when their finances became low, they admitted outsiders — lawyers, actors, and other professional men. The ten years' existence of the present club is due in part to the universally excellent management that has controlled it, and the further fact that it is homogeneous — the constitution expressly providing that no man is eligible for membership unless for at least one year prior to his application he shall have supported himself by his pen in literary work.

The club has proved to be a great missionary force. Before it was instituted, the Bohemian element predominated

among the newspaper men of the city. This class had no home, and when off duty, partly from necessity and partly from inclination, resorted to the beer-hall for a place of shelter and recreation.

Now the club furnishes them a splendid home. It is so much more attractive than the old places of resort that it draws its members as a matter of taste and comfort. It has a fine library, hundreds of costly paintings, pianos, billiard-room, restaurant, reading and writing-rooms, and spacious parlors for lounging and receptions. The club has vastly improved the habits and morals, especially of the reportorial element; it has instituted receptions which are attended by ladies, and which afford some of the reporters the only opportunity they have for contact with the refinements of feminine society.

III.

Storey's Other Spirit.

When Mr. Storey was married the third time, he entered a family that had a private, special spirit of its own. The bride brought it with her along with her other household furnishings, and it became a part of Mr. Storey's domicile.

As has been related, Mr. Storey, after the death of his second wife, gave a great deal of time to spiritualism. In that case his motive was a desire to secure communication with the woman whom he so tenderly loved. In the case of the new spirit the motive for resorting to it was one of health.

It was after his health had failed that he took into his keeping this family spirit, in order, perhaps, that he might always have one on hand and accessible. It was, as claimed, the spirit of an Indian girl that now obsessed and then possessed him. It was known as "Little Squaw," and Mrs. Storey was its trainer, exhibitor and mouthpiece.

"Little Squaw" made her appearance in 1875, about a year after Mr. Storey had been married the third time. From that period it, or she, clung to him till his consciousness was obscured by imbecility. She followed him everywhere, night and day, giving him suggestions as to the origin of

his ill-health, where to travel, how to dispose of his property, who were his friends and who his enemies. Strangely enough, the infantile spirit had some malignant qualities, and she so influenced him that she alienated all his friends and left him to die by inches in a sad isolation.

Whoever came to see him at the office, on no matter what business, was compelled to listen to Mr. Storey's conversation, which was wholly devoted to "Little Squaw," what she had said to him and done for him. If the visitor remained long enough, Mr. Storey would relate the same thing in the same language over, and over, and over again.

He moved into the house on Prairie Avenue belonging to Fernando Jones. "'Little Squaw' told me," he would say, "that I am being poisoned by sewer gas," and then he proceeded to make it warm for Fernando Jones in abusive letters.

I would go into his office and remark :

"Good morning, Mr. Storey. You are looking better this morning."

"Yes, I know I'm better. 'Little Squaw' last week ordered me to be rubbed with salt and whisky, and I had it done and am feeling much better."

Or again :

"'Little Squaw' tells me that I shall live as long as Commodore Vanderbilt did. He lived to be over eighty years of age."

Or :

"'Little Squaw' ordered me to go to such and such a watering-place, and I grew better at once."

Such are a few of the thousands of things he said of the Indian spirit, which managed always to flatter his vanity by speaking of him as the "White Chief." It was an omnipresent spirit; it whispered in his ear at the table, in the carriage, on the couch in the night. It never left him for a moment. It never ceased to suggest, to ask, to demand, to cajole, to wheedle, to threaten, till his ears were dulled by death.

Mr. Storey was known to be imbecile long before the fact was admitted. He was entirely incapacitated for the intelligent transaction of business in 1882, or two years before his death. It was given out at the office, when people wished to see him, that he was temporarily ill; at home, that he was improving, and would be down to-morrow. At the house no outsider would be admitted to see him; callers were informed that he was sleeping, or on some excuse or another were refused admittance.

Even an order from Mr. Trude, his lawyer, to the conservator appointed by the court, Mr. Patterson, to see Mr. Storey, was not honored.

"Little Squaw" has the credit of being indirectly responsible for plunging the poor victim deeper into the abyss of idiocy. Among other remedies which this creature suggested for his malady was the water-cure. This was at a time when he still had a few gleams of intelligence. In obedience to the prescription of the Indian practitioner, he

went to the bath-room by himself, filled the tub with cold water and climbed into the chilling fluid. He was at once so shocked by the cold as to become practically helpless. He struggled to get out, but, unfortunately, he had entered the tub reversed, with his feet where his head should have been, so that the steep incline of the head end kept his feet slipping back.

It was a long time before anybody came to his assistance, and when he was finally rescued, the shock had destroyed the last particle of intellect, and left him idiotic.

The last editorial work done by Mr. Storey was three brief articles which appeared in three consecutive issues of his newspaper. They were double-leaded, and placed at the head of the editorial column. All were of the same import: they were a pæan over the unrivaled prosperity of the *Times*.

The closing words of the first were: "Stick a pin there!" of the second, "Stick a spike there!" and of third, "Stick a crow-bar there!" These were the last words, so to speak, of the great editor.

During the months preceding his dissolution, not a soul outside of the house was permitted to see him. Brother, sister, nephews and nieces knocked vainly for admission.

In fact, poor Storey's final illness and death were environed by a scandalous scramble after his wealth. Not a single one of his kin by blood gave a single thought to the preservation of the great institution which the editor had reared: all they wanted was his wealth. They were hun-

gry hyenas, snarling, growling, snapping, tearing each other to get at the carcass.

I had often had conversations with one of them when Storey's condition became alarming, and was assured by him that when Storey died he and all the other heirs of blood would keep the *Times* institution intact, and spare no effort to continue it as it had been conducted by its founder.

The *Times* as an institution, as the growth of years and the result of infinite labor, of brains, patience, and the combined thought and exertions of a high order of intellect, became, in the estimate of these mercenary creatures, simply an article of traffic, like a car-load of pork or a corner lot; and not a grand institution capable of exerting omnipotent influences, but a vulgar thing of purchase and sale, like a cargo of cabbages.

Not a word was uttered in favor of perpetuating this monument of Storey's life-work. They wanted no monument: what they yearned and fought for was cash, or its equivalent. They were anxious to pull down the towering column, so as to break it up and sell it at pot-metal rates.

I have no moral to present, based on the career of Mr. Storey. The essential facts of his life have been given in these reminiscences, and each reader can deduce his own conclusions. It is simple justice to state that much of his greatness and success was due to the men who surrounded him. The majority of his staff in the literary and business departments were with him substantially from the beginning of his career to his death.

The Pattersons — Austin, business manager, and Ira, who had charge of the distribution of the paper — came with him from Michigan and were on duty when he died. John Stridiron, cashier, also came with him from Detroit, remained at his post for nearly thirty years, and left only when incapacitated by total blindness. Michael Henneberry, assisted by Hyde and Foote, had charge of the commercial department for many years, the first-named dying in his harness.

In the editorial department M. L. Hopkins stood by Mr. Storey for eight years, Andre Matteson for about fourteen years, and in my own case over twenty years with Storey, and twenty-three with his newspaper. Charles Dennett was by his side for many years and ended his life in his chosen profession.

It is these men who are mainly responsible for his wonderful rise.

Storey never had the manliness to admit his obligations to the men about him. Hundreds of times did I suggest the adoption of certain plans and measures, and equally often did he apparently give them no attention, and yet within a week or a month would he communicate the identical projects to me as of his own creation. My experience in this direction was paralleled in innumerable instances in the experience of the business management of his newspaper.

IV.

Changes of a Generation.

There have been many very marked changes both in the moral and the practical conditions of the press within the period concerning which I have written, and which covers a little over a generation.

Thirty-five years ago, more especially here in the West, the editor, as a rule, was given no higher title than that of "printer." It was a term as comprehensive as the present one of journalist. The word "printer," in its regular meaning, is entirely respectable, but in the earlier sense it conveyed no very elevated meaning.

At that period, there prevailed very extensively a low state of morals in the newspaper profession. The fact that a man was known as a "printer" seemed to debar him from association with the better class of people. He was rarely, if ever, regarded as a man of intellect; he was looked upon as a good fellow; when he visited the editor of some newspaper, the latter always spoke of him as "our rollicking friend, John Smith, P. B. (perfect brick); before he left the town, some of the boys and ourselves drained a few bowls over at Jake's place, and the night was passed in songs, stories, wassail, and a bully time."

I have known personally perhaps a hundred editors who, every day and night of their lives, after their labors were finished, filled themselves up with bad whisky, and who were always ready, even during business hours, to accept an invitation to go out and "take something."

George D. Prentice was a man who probably was intoxicated more or less for twenty hours of each twenty-four of every day of his professional life. The last time I saw him was in 1862. He sat in his seat, in his office, bent forward, his face flushed, his speech incoherent, his expression approaching the idiotic, and his entire appearance pitiful in the extreme. In his case, a most brilliant life, a supreme genius, unequaled wit and humor, were all reduced to a total wreck by the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants.

The principal editor of the St. Louis *Republican* during the war was a man of great ability, and one of those genial journalists who were willing to lay down their pens in the middle of an editorial, in its most critical portion perhaps, and go out, in response to an invitation from a caller, to some neighboring saloon, take a seat at a table, and remain one, two or three hours, guzzling liquid ruin.

Pat Richardson, of McGregor, Iowa, the editor of the *News*, the brightest paper in Iowa, was an inveterate inebriate all his life, and finally died from the indirect effects of a prolonged debauch. One who knows the newspaper men of Chicago can recall the cases of scores of men who, when not actively engaged in their business, were to be found in the saloons in a state of inebriety.

George Lanigan is a specimen of a class in whom drunkenness predominated. It can probably be said of him with entire safety that he did not draw a sober breath for years. Yet, withal, he was a man of a high order of ability, of wonderful genius, and, had he lived a sober life, he would undoubtedly have attained the first rank in journalism. He was on the *Tribune* here in Chicago late in the sixties, and, when his services were needed, word was sent to his wife as to their nature. She doused him with cold water, wrapped up his head with cold, wet cloths, and in a short time would restore him to a condition of partial sobriety, in which he would do his required work to perfection, and the instant it was done would resort again to the bottle.

One of the brightest reporters that Chicago ever knew was Harry Griffith, who, about 1865, was one of the most promising young journalists in the city, and who ended a career whose possibilities permitted unlimited success by excessive drink.

These are specimen cases, and represent a vast number of the same class.

As a matter of fact, it is, or has been, almost impossible for a newspaper man to resist the temptation to drink. He is universally regarded as a good fellow. Everybody is his friend, or pretends to be. He is looked upon as the possessor of great power to influence the business, the environments, the reputation of the public; hence there is a constant effort to placate him, to please him, and custom seems to have established that the shortest and most effective

route to gain his good will is through the saloon. He goes into a drinking-place to get a glass of beer, intending to hurry back to his work, when he meets a friend as he leaves the counter, who says:

"Hello, Johnny! I'm just going to have a glass of beer. Join me."

"Thanks, I've just had one."

"One! What's one beer? Have one with me. I don't like to drink alone."

The newspaper man yields. While the two are quaffing their potations, one or two other acquaintances come in.

"Come, boys," say the late comers, "we're going to take something. What will you have?"

They all drink. The newspaper man starts to go away, when one of the others says:

"Boys, you must all have a round with me. I haven't bought anything yet."

Of course they all drink again.

Many a time, in my own case, have I left my room to run across the street to get a glass of beer, leaving my door open and everything with a reference to not more than a two-minutes' absence, and have been caught in a "snap" like this, not reaching my room in hours after leaving it, and meanwhile drinking from six to ten glasses of beer. What was my experience has been that of almost every newspaper man who is not a total abstainer.

There is still too much indulgence in stimulants among newspaper attaches; but it can be truthfully said that the

vice is not nearly so prevalent and deep-seated as it was ten years ago. There was a period when many a reporter prided himself on wearing the disreputable title of "Bohemian," abjuring soap and clean linen, making his *habitat* an underground den odorous with the fumes of sawdust, rancid beer, stale tobacco-smoke and fetid breaths.

In Chicago the fine carpets, the walls hung with paintings, the elegant furniture, the cleanliness of the commodious rooms of the Press Club, have, to a very considerable extent, furnished a substitute for the vile dens which formerly secured the patronage of so many literary men.

There is an equally marked and valuable improvement in the matter of the education, the scholarship of men connected with newspapers. The time has about passed when it is *the* thing for the reporter with a dirty shirt, a beer-scented breath, to sneer at the "college graduate." It has not been learned that a degree from a college especially fits one for the ready performance of the duties connected with journalism, but it is becoming known that, other things being equal, the college graduate has much the best of it in the race for distinction.

A college training is not an absolute necessity for reporters, editors, book-reviewers and other attaches of the press; it is, however, as a rule, a valuable assistance.

I am gratified to assert with entire positiveness that, during the period that I have been connected with journalism, there has been an immeasurable advance in the personal habits and in the intelligence and education of the newspaper

fraternity. There has been an accession to the dignity of journalism both in its *personnel* and in the development of its intellectual forces.

Here in the "rowdy West" the improvements in these two directions have been almost revolutionary in their character. Courtesy, as a rule, has taken the place of the savage abuse and vituperation which once found so extended lodgement in editorial columns. Journalists are ceasing to hate and despise each other. There is growing something akin to the mutual knightly deference characteristic of days of chivalry.

Even in the South, the crack of the revolver and the roar of the shot-gun, in and about the newspaper offices, are no longer heard. In New York City, the self-styled head-center of newspaper enterprise, one no more reads on the editorial pages expressions similiar to those applied by Horace Greeley to Henry J. Raymond, when he wrote:

"You lie, you little villain, you lie!"

In practical methods the improvements have been even more marked than those of a moral and educational nature. In 1856, the *Daily Evening News* at Davenport was, for some months, struck off on an old-fashioned hand-press. When we progressed to a Guernsey press, with a Teuton as the motive power, we thought we had reached the limit of progress.

There was no Associated Press in the West; there was no telegraph news, save that now and then a Chicago newspaper

of exceptional enterprise would order a short dispatch concerning some event like the declaration of war.

The transition from the old Franklin lever press to the "Inset" — which is the latest improvement in printing-presses — is great. This is first of all notable for its mammoth dimensions. It requires a good-sized building for its accommodation alone. Where the press of previous years turned out a printed sheet of eight pages, the perfected machine prints eight, ten, twelve, sixteen, twenty-four or thirty-two pages. Its capacity is enormous. It is a monster of towering height, with whirling wheels, flying levers, with the roar of a Niagara, and whose heavy vibrations set the earth in a quiver for blocks around. In New York, where there are several of these Titanic machines, their clamor may be heard for half a mile, and the buildings for two squares around the offices where they are located are shaken from foundation to cornice.

I well remember the pride with which we put into the *Times* an intricate system of speaking-tubes, which permitted an employe in the editorial, composing or counting-room to communicate with any of the other departments. The mouth-piece at the editorial desk was the center of a web which ramified through all the departments.

We were especially pleased with our enterprise and the novelty of the contrivance when we ran from the Western Union Telegraph Company's building, a block away, high up through the air to the room of the telegraph editor, a pneumatic tube, through which the dispatches were trans-

mitted with the speed of light. The telephone has supplanted the speaking-tubes, and the private wire has taken the place of the pneumatic tube.

Instead of sending matter to the office of the Western Union Company, and thence having it shot through the air to the *Times*, the Washington and New York correspondents telegraph their matter directly to the room in the *Times* office where it is to be prepared for the printer.

The hot, yellow, malodorous gas-lights have given way in the composing-rooms to the cool, brilliant arc light or the mellow radiance of the incandescent electric lamp.

In a majority of the great newspaper offices the smear of ink and Faber have disappeared, and in their place has come the clean, musically-clicking typewriter. No more sputtering pens, no more breaking of points or sharpening of pencils; no more Horace Greeley manuscript; no more excuses for the blunders of proof-readers, and such a lessening of the labor of the compositor as to greatly increase his comfort, make type-setting a positive enjoyment, and greatly prolong the life of that important member or the newspaper profession.

The clumsy, old-fashioned "turtle-backs" have been replaced by the light, clean-cut stereotype plates, which have the advantages of great rapidity, multiplication to an unlimited extent, the saving of type, and a more distinct impression on the printed page.

The antiquated, laborious and sloppy method of "wetting-down" paper, by which process much time was con-

sumed, has been succeeded by the modern process of dry-printing, by which much more artistic results are produced. The gigantic labor and waste of time once involved in the cutting of the paper into sheets of a size to be printed has been superseded by the endless roll. The modern press takes the paper, prints both sides at once, folds it, and registers the number printed.

An essential agent in the vast improvement of the press is telegraphy. In the earlier days of journalism, one or two papers in New York furnished the news for the journals of all the principal cities west and south. The news column of a city newspaper outside of its own limits depended on the scissors for its information. Things that happened in New York were known in their detail three days after they occurred. Events transpiring in London required fifteen days to reach Chicago. Occurrences happening in Central and Southern Europe required not less than three weeks to cross the continent to the metropolis of the West. Northern Africa furnished intelligence that was a full month on its passage. Russia, Siberia, India, Southern Africa only revealed their latest doings to us six months or a year after they had happened.

At the present moment there is no point in civilization — that is, any place not a desert — concerning which any development of importance may not be known in Chicago the next morning at the very latest.

I may add relative to my personal journalistic experience that three of my published books are the direct outgrowth of

my newspaper connection. Two of them, "Walks About Chicago" and "Sketches Beyond the Sea," are from matter furnished over the signature of "Poliuto" in the Chicago *Times*, and "Pen and Powder," also over the same signature, was made up from war sketches and correspondence published in the New York *Times* over the *nom de plume* of "Galway."

THE END.